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LABOURS AND SCENES

IN

SOUTHERN AFRICA.

BY ROBERT MOFFAT,

TWENTY-THREE YEARS AN AGENT OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN THAT CONTINENT.

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PREFACE.

The writer offers the following pages to the churches of his country as an humble contribution to their stock of knowledge relative to heathen lands. It contains a faithful record of events which have occurred within the range of his experience and observation, and supplies much that may serve to illustrate the peculiar attributes of African society. It may, he ventures to hope, tend materially to promote the study of the philosophy of missions. It will furnish both the Sage and the Divine with facts for which perhaps they were not prepared, and exhibit phases of humanity which they have not hitherto observed. It will further show that, amid circumstantial differences there is a radical identity in the operations of human depravity in Asia, in Polynesia, and in Africa; and that while the Gospel is the only, it is also the uniform remedy for the distress of a world convulsed by sin, and writhing with anguish. It will present striking examples of the complete subjugation of some of the fiercest spirits that ever trod the burning sands of Africa, or shed the blood of her sable offspring.

The Writer has indulged but slightly in philosophical disquisition, as he deemed it his province principally to supply facts. He leaves it with men of leisure and reflecting habits to analyze, compare, and deduce from those facts such doctrines as they supply. Indeed, little in this way can be added to the luminous works of Drs. Campbell and Harris, and Messrs. Hamilton, Noel, and others, by whom the subject of Missions has been so learnedly and eloquently illustrated. He hopes no apology will be deemed necessary for any imperfections which may appear in the preparation of his Narrative. The collocation of terms, and the polish of periods have made but a small part of his studies. Such pursuits, he conceives, were not the objects for which he was sent to Africa, and they would have but ill comported with the circumstances in which he spent a large portion of his arduous life on that benighted continent. He feels confident that lettered men will look into the pages of an African Evangelist for things far more substantial and important than the graces of composition—an accomplishment which the Author much admires, but to which he makes no pretension. He makes his present appearance before the British public less in the capacity of an Author than of a Witness, who most earnestly desires to establish and to enforce the claims of perishing, and helpless, and all but friendless millions, for whom he has hitherto lived and laboured—whom he ardently loves, and with whom—all black, barbarous, and benighted as they are—he hopes to live, labour, and die!

Inured to active habits, and unaccustomed to sedentary pursuits as the Writer has been, he has found the preparation of the present volume, in addition to the translation of the Scriptures and of other books, and the almost unremitting labours of the pulpit and the platform, an arduous undertaking. This task has been attended with a multiplicity of mental exercises of a very diversified character. Some of these exercises have been solemn and painful, others sweet and soothing. He has been led to retrace the windings of a long and chequered pilgrimage, and to live over again much of his by-gone life. The review has, in many parts, been deeply humbling, but in all highly profitable. It has been refreshing to recount the mercies of the God whom he serves, which have been abundantly vouchsafed to him and his household in distant climes, and amid savage men. He has also ofttimes rejoiced in spirit, when he called to mind the displays of Divine grace, which have attended his very imperfect efforts to save the lost, and to benefit those who had no benefactor. Of time, however, he has often been reminded, that, as much is gone, little remains; while even that little trembles in the balance of an awful uncertainty. Of those who began at the same period with himself the career of missionary toil, the greater number have sunk into the grave; and not a few of those who followed long after, have also been gathered to their fathers. He is especially reminded of one, much honoured and endeared, whose tragical death, of all others, has most affected him. John Williams and he were accepted by the Directors at the same time, and designated to the work of God, at Surrey Chapel, on the same occasion. The fields of their service were both arduous, although of a widely different character. After much trial and many dangers, both have been permitted to return to their native land, and to publish narratives of their respective labours. Thus far they run parallel; but here they part company. "The Martyr of Erromanga" has finished his course, and rests from his labours; while his early friend still lives amidst the conflict. The Writer now feels that his work in England is done, and that the spirit of the stranger and the pilgrim is stealing powerfully over him. He longs once more to brave the mighty ocean; and eagerly anticipates the hour when he shall again reach the shores of his adopted country, and appear in the midst of the children of the Wilderness.

Amidst the dangers of the Deep, and the trials of the Desert, the Author will reflect with satisfaction upon the testimony he has left behind him to the condition and claims of the far distant tribes of South Africa. He is not without hope that it will, in some measure, serve to give him an interest in the sympathies and prayers of the Christian public when he will be "far hence among the Gentiles." He leaves it to the churches of Britain as a memento of poor, degraded Africa. He hopes that all who peruse it, reflecting upon that unhappy and much injured region, will feel the urgency of its claims, and fervently supplicate the Throne of Grace on its behalf!

He bequeaths his book as a legacy of grateful affection to the multitudes of all classes, from whom he has received tokens of personal kindness, which, while life lasts, he will ever remember; and as an expression of a deep solicitude to promote the diffusion of the Gospel in tha Continent to which his labours have been more especially directed.

R. M.

Walworth, London,
May 24, 1842.

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MISSIONARY LABOURS.

CHAPTER I.

The continent of Africa, though probably the most ancient field of geographical enterprise, still is, and there is reason to believe that it will long continue to be, the least explored portion of our earth. Though once the nursery of science and literature, the emporium of commerce, and the seat of an empire which contended with Rome for the sovereignty of the world,—the cradle of the ancient church, and the asylum of the infant Saviour, yet Africa still presents a comparative blank on the map, as well as in the history of the world. Though, according to Herodotus, it was circumnavigated by the Phœnicians long before the Christian era, and its coast was the first object of maritime discovery after the compass had inspired seamen with confidence to leave shores and landmarks, and stand forth on the boundless deep; yet to this day its interior regions continue a mystery to the white man, a land of darkness and of terror to the most fearless and enterprising traveller. Although in no country has there been such a sacrifice of men to the enterprise of discovery—of men the most intelligent and undaunted, of men impelled not by gross cupidity, but by refined philanthropy;—yet, notwithstanding such suffering and waste of human life, we are only acquainted with the fringes of that immense continent, and a few lineaments at no great distance from its shores.

Africa had once her churches, her colleges, her repositories of science and learning, her Cyprians and bishops of apostolic renown, and her noble army of martyrs; but now the funeral pall hangs over her wide-spread domains, while her millions, exposed to tenfold horrors, descend like a vast funereal mass to the regions of woe. Christendom has been enriched by her gold, her drugs, her ivory, and bodies and souls of men—and what has been her recompense? A few crucifixes planted around her shores, guarded by the military fort and the roar of cannon. Had it not been for British power and British sympathy under the favour of Heaven Africa to this day, with scarcely one exception, might have had the tri-coloured flag waving on her bosom, bearing the ensigns of the mystery of Babylon, the crescent of the false prophet, and the emblems of pagan darkness, from the shores of the Mediterranean to the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

"The countries extending throughout by far the greater portion of the vast surface just mentioned, are, as regards soil and capabilities, among the finest in the world; but the population of the whole, with the exception of Egypt in ancient times, and the population of the shores of the Mediterranean when under the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the brighter days of Arab sway, have been, through every age, and are still, sunk into the lowest depths of ignorance, superstition, disorganization, and debasement; the glimmer of civilization, which for a time appeared in Nubia and Abyssinia, compared with the whole, scarcely forming an exception."*

Before entering into a detail of Missionary operations, it may be proper to glance briefly at the position, extent, and character of some of the fields which have been occupied.

The bold and mountainous promontory of the Cape, was first discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, and was taken possession of by the Dutch, in 1652. At that period the whole of what is now designated the Colony, was inhabited by Hottentots proper, whose history and origin, from their physical appearance, language, and customs, continue involved in profound mystery. They resemble none of the Kafir, Bechuana and Damara nations, which bound the different tribes of that remarkable people, extending from Angra, Pequena Bay on the west, to the great Fish-river on the east. The whole race are distinct from all others with which we are acquainted. Taking the Hottentots, Corannas, Namaquas, and Bushmen, as a whole, they are not swarthy or black, but rather of a sallow colour, and in some cases so light, that a tinge of red in the cheek is perceptible, especially among the Bushmen. They are generally smaller in stature than their neighbours of the interior; their visage and form very distinct, and in general the top of the head broad and flat; their faces tapering to the chin, with high cheek bones, flat noses and large lips. Since the writer has had opportunities of seeing men, women, and children, from China, he feels strongly inclined to think, with Barrow, that they approach nearer in the colour and in the construction of their features, to that people than to any other nation. Since his arrival in England, this supposition has been strengthened by seeing two blind Chinese children whom, had he not been previously informed, he would have taken for Hottentots; and if they had had their eyesight, the resemblance would have been much more striking. It is well known that the Hottentots inhabit the southern point of Africa, and spread northward, while the Bushmen, the most northerly, exist among the inhabited regions, where they continue perfectly distinct, and, which is very remarkable, do not become darker in their complexion, as is the case with all the other tribes that inhabit, or have inhabited the Torrid Zone. If they had been gipsies from Egypt, as some have thought, it is another singular circumstance, that they should not, during the successive ages which they must have required slowly to advance through nearly 5000 miles of territory, have adopted one word of the language of the myriads with whom they came in contact, or one of their customs of any description, not even that of sowing seed in the earth. It may not be considered chimerical to suppose that when the sons of Ham entered Africa, by Egypt, and the Arabians, by the Red Sea, that the Hottentot progenitors took the lead, and gradually advanced in proportion as they were urged forward by an increasing population in their rear, until they reached the ends of the earth. It may also be easily conceived of by those acquainted with the emigration of tribes, that during their progress to the south, parties remained behind, in the more sequestered and isolated spots, where they had located while the nation moved onward, and research may yet prove that that remarkable people originally came from Egypt.* At all events, it is evident that they have arisen from a race distinct from that of their neighbours, and extended inland, inhabiting the most fertile spots, till their course was arrested on the east by the bold and warlike Kafirs, and on the north by the Bechuana and Damara. It is probable that they stretched out into Great Namaqualand, along the western division of the colony, till prevented by a desert country, beyond which lay the Damaras; and then again they proceeded from Little Namaqualand, eastward, along the cooling banks of the Gariep or Orange River, richly fringed with overhanging willows, towering acacias, and kharree trees and shrubs, umbrageous at all seasons of the year. Thus, by the localities of the country they became separated into three great divisions, Hottentots, Corannas, and lesser and greater Namaquas. From time immemorial these have been the boundaries of their habitations, while the desert wastes and barren mountain-ravines, which intervened, became the refuge and domains of the Bushmen, who are emphatically the children of the desert.

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* M'Queen's Geographical Survey of Africa.

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* A few evenings ago I was in the company of a Syrian who lately came from Egypt. On giving him a specimen and a description of the Hottentot language, he remarked that he had seen slaves in the market at Cairo, brought a great distance from the interior, who spoke a similar language, and were not near so dark coloured as slaves in general.

All these possess nearly the same physical characteristics, the same manners and customs. I have had in my presence genuine Hottentots, Corannas, and Namaquas, who had met from their respective and distant tribes, for the first time, and they conversed with scarcely any difficulty. All use the same weapons, the quiver, bow, and poisoned arrows, of which the tribes beyond are ignorant, except such as border on them, like the Batlapis, who say they adopted that new mode of warfare in order to compete with them and the Bushmen, from both of whom they obtained these weapons, which they have not yet learned to manufacture.

The Bushmen are the most remarkable portion of the Hottentot nation. Various opinions have been offered on the origin and state of the Hottentots, among which is that of Gibbon, that "they were the connecting link between the rational and irrational creation." If he had been acquainted with the Bushmen, who are unquestionably inferior to the Hottentots, he would have felt more confidence in this strange and long exploded theory. Some say they are the progenitors of the nation; others, that they are an entirely distinct race; and others, again, that they are Hottentots, who have been directly or indirectly plundered of their cattle by the Dutch farmers. That the Bushmen are the people from whom the Hottentot tribes have descended, is irreconcilable

This corroborates the statements of ancient authors, whose description of a people inhabiting the interior regions of Northern Africa, answer to that of the Hottentot and Bushmen.

with existing facts; that they are a distinct race, is still farther from probability; and that they are plundered Hottentots, is, in my humble opinion, a preposterous notion, resulting from limited information on the subject. If this were to be admitted, then we must also admit that the Hottentots, in being deprived of their cattle, and becoming Bushmen, were deprived of their language also; for it is well known, from the earliest records that can be obtained on the subject of their language—which has, in addition to the klick of the Hottentot, a croaking in the throat,—that they never understood each other without interpreters.

Another fact is, that the Bushmen are to be found scattered, though thinly, among all the Bechuana tribes of the interior with which we are acquainted, even as far as the Mampoor lake, about eight hundred miles north of Lattakoo. The Marosa, or Baroa Bushmen, are found of the same description as those just beyond the boundaries of the colony; and from the oldest traditions we can find among the Corannas and Namaquas, who are the unmixed Hottentots, as also from the Bechuanas, it may be demonstrated, that they existed a wandering people without homes, or cattle, or even nationality of character. That they descended from Hottentots, requires little argument to prove. Probably there are connected with all the tribes of Africa numbers of a nomadic character, whose origin will throw light on the history of the Bushmen. A parallel is furnished by the following facts of the case, which have hundreds of times come under my own observation, during a residence of more than twenty years among the Bechuana tribes. Connected with each of the towns among that people, there are great numbers of what are called "Balala," poor ones, who stand in the same relation to the Bechuanas in which the Bushmen formerly stood to the Hottentots, and whose origin doubtless was of the same nature. These Balala were once inhabitants of the towns, and have been permitted or appointed to live in country places for the purpose of procuring skins of wild animals, wild honey, and roots, for their respective chiefs. The number of these country residents was increased, by the innate love of liberty, and the scarcity of food in towns, or within the boundaries to which they were confined by water and pasture. These again formed themselves into small communities, though of the most temporary character, their calling requiring migration, having no cattle of any description. Accustomed from infancy to the sweets of comparative liberty, which they vastly preferred to a kind of vassalage in the towns, or kraals, they would make any sacrifice to please their often distant superiors, rather than be confined to the irksomeness of a town life. Such is their aversion, that I have known chiefs take armed men, and travel a hundred miles into desert places, in order to bring back Balala, whom they wished to assist them in watching and harvesting the gardens of their wives; and in such seasons they will frequently wander about, and fix their domiciles in the most desert and unfrequented spots, to escape this easy, but to them galling duty, which is only required in a year of plenty.

Though in general they are able to state to what chief or tribe they belong, yet, from want of intercourse, and from desolating wars, which are only waged where there is a prospect of plunder, great numbers of them become, in their isolated position, independent. They are never permitted to keep cattle, and are exposed to the caprice, cupidity, and tyranny of the town lords, whenever they happen to come in their way. They live a hungry life, being dependent on the chase, wild roots, berries, locusts, and indeed any thing eatable that comes within their reach; and when they have a more than usual supply, they will bury it in the earth, from their superiors, who are in the habit of taking what they please. Resistance on their part would be instantly avenged with the deadly javelin. When hunting parties go out to kill game, the Balala, men and women, are employed to carry grievous burdens of flesh to the rendezvous of the hunters; in return for which, they receive the offals of the meat, and are made drudges so long as the party remains. They are never permitted to wear the furs of foxes and other animals they obtain. The flesh they may eat; but the skins are conveyed to the towns, for which they obtain a small piece of tobacco, or an old spear or knife. Indeed, all the valuable skins of the larger animals, which they sometimes procure by hunting and pitfalls, as well as the better portions of the meat, they have to yield to their nominal masters, except when they succeed in secreting the whole for their own use. From the famishing life to which they are exposed, their external appearance and stature are precisely to the Bechuanas, what the Bushmen are to the Hottentots. Those, however, who live in places which afford a better supply of food, are generally of equal stature with those who live in towns. The natives I have observed throughout southern Africa are like plants on a sterile soil and bleak aspect, stunted in growth, while in a more genial situation the same species are trees instead of shrubs.

The next problem is the variety of languages spoken by the Bushmen, even when nothing but a range of hills or a river intervenes between the tribes, and none of these dialects is understood by the Hottentots. This may be solved with still greater ease, by again referring to the Balala. The dialects of the Sechuana as spoken by these people, especially in districts remote from the towns, is so different from that spoken by the nation generally, that interpreters are frequently required. In order to account for this, it is necessary to become acquainted with their habits. In the towns the purity and harmony of the language is kept up by their pitchos or public meetings, at which the finest language is spoken, by their festivals and ceremonies, as well as by their songs and their constant intercourse; for, like the Athenians of old, they are ever telling or hearing some "new thing," and the first question a person who has come from a neighbouring village is asked will be, "Lo yélang gona?" What do you eat there? or, "'Mpuléla mahuku." Tell me the news. There is no end to conversation, excepting when sleep overcomes or pinching hunger prevails. With the isolated villages of the desert, it is far otherwise. They have no such meetings, no festivals, no cattle, nor any kind of manufactures to keep their energies alive; riches they have none, their sole care being to keep body and soul together; to accomplish this, is with them their "chief end;" they are compelled to traverse the wilds often to a great distance from their native village. On such occasions, fathers and mothers and all who can bear a burden, often set out for weeks at a time, and leave their children to the care of two or more infirm old people. The infant progeny, some of whom are beginning to lisp, while others can just master a whole sentence, and those still farther advanced, romping and playing together, the children of nature, through the livelong day, become habituated to a language of their own. The more voluble condescend to the less precocious, and thus from this infant Babel proceeds a dialect composed of a host of mongrel words and phrases joined together without rule, and in the course of a generation the entire character of the language is changed. Their servile state, their scanty clothing, their exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and their extreme poverty, have, as may be easily conceived, a deteriorating influence on their character and condition. They are generally less in stature, and though not deficient in intellect, the life they lead gives a melancholy cast to their features, and from constant intercourse with beasts of prey and serpents in their path, as well as exposure to harsh treatment, they appear shy, and have a wild and frequently quick suspicious look. Nor can this be wondered at, when it is remembered that they associate with savage beasts, from the lion that roams abroad by night and day, to the deadly serpent which infests their path, keeping them always on the alert during their perambulations. All this and much more which might be said of the Balala, may also with the strictest propriety be affirmed of the Bushmen. Any one familiarly acquainted with the interior, can have no doubt as to the origin and the correctness of the description given of the "Bechuana Bushmen," as Mr. Campbell calls them, and of whom he says, "they are a people greatly despised by all the surrounding tribes." Their numbers have also been increased by fugitives from other towns and villages, which have been reduced by devastating wars from peace and plenty, to the most abject poverty, and the inhabitants forced to flee to the desert for sustenance, hardly disputed with the beasts of prey. From this class of people, the Tamahas, or Red people, as the etymology of the word imports, who are by the Griquas called Red Kafirs, arose. They formed a considerable body in the days of Molehabangue the father of Mothibi, the present chief of the Batlapis, who, in his commandoes for the capture of cattle, was wont to take them with him. Taught this mode of warfare, and being of an intrepid character, they sallied forth and took cattle for themselves, which Molehabangue's generous disposition allowed them to keep, and they became an independent tribe, continuing the faithful allies of the Batlapis.

That such were the Bushmen formerly, there can be no doubt; and it is equally certain their numbers were increased by parties of Hottentots, robbed, and compelled to abandon for ever the land of their ancestors; and who naturally sought to satisfy their wants by a predatory warfare, and thus taught the Bushmen to become the pirates of the desert. Hence arose that kind of policy, once sanctioned by the Cape colonial government, of extermination, on which it is impossible to reflect without horror. It appears from the earliest records on the subject, and especially from the journals of those engaged in the work, that the Bushmen were once very numerous. I have traversed those regions in which, according to the testimony of the farmers, thousands once dwelt, drinking at their own fountains, and killing their own game; but now, alas, scarcely a family is to be seen! It is impossible to look over these now uninhabited plains and mountain-glens without feeling the deepest melancholy, while the winds moaning in the vale seem to echo back the sound, "Where are they?" In this more enlightened age, the farmers cannot refer to the melancholy history of that unfortunate race without feelings of regret, while it is but justice to add, that many of the farmers made strenuous efforts, and collected thousands of cattle and sheep, which they presented to the neighbouring Bushmen, hoping to induce them to settle, and live by breeding cattle; but these efforts always failed. It was too late; past sufferings, and past offences on both sides, had produced a spirit of hatred so universal, that it was of no avail to pacify one party, while thousands were thirsting for revenge and plunder. Their numbers are now comparatively few, even among the tribes far beyond the present limits of the colony, from the same mutual strife.

It will be evident from the preceding statements, that the Bushmen were originally poor Hottentots, and will in all probability, like their progenitors, in course of time, cease to be a distinct people, by becoming gradually mixed with the tribes among whom they are scattered. Some additional remarks on this people will be found under the head, Missions to the Bushmen.

The Kafirs, the next African tribe to which I shall briefly refer, live beyond the Fish River, on the eastern boundary of the colony. At an earlier period they possessed much of that part of Albany now inhabited by English farmers and Hottentots, though it is presumed, on very good grounds, that the Hottentot country formerly extended a considerable distance into that of the Kafirs. The Kafirs form one tribe of the Great Bechuana family, and probably emigrated from the direction of Delagoa Bay, till they came in contact with the Hottentots along the coast. Their origin must be traced to the same source as that of the numerous tribes of the Bechuanas, from the affinity of languages spoken throughout the eastern part of the continent of Africa. Their national character is bold and warlike, and their maintaining their independence to the present day, after all their conflicts with the colony, and especially in the late war, when no less a sum than 241,884*l*. was expended in the destructive, but fruitless conflict, in order to drive them from the mountain-passes, and the impenetrable jungles, a country over which their ancestors had swayed the sceptre for ages, is a decisive evidence of their martial spirit. Their country is bounded by the ocean on the south, and a range of mountains on the north, and beyond them lie the Amapondo and Zoolu tribes.

North of Kafir-land, between the Winterberg mountains and the higher branches of the Yellow River, lies the country inhabited by the Basutos, a tribe of Bechuanas. Since the days of Chaka, the tyrant of the Zoolus, who oppressed them from the east, while the Bergenaars on the west were exercising dreadful barbarities, and reduced most of the tribes to extreme poverty; they have risen again in a fertile country, to comparative affluence. The commencement of missions among them by the brethren of the Evangelical Missionary Society at Paris, and subsequently by the Wesleyans, is the cause of this improvement in their circumstances.

Beyond the Basutos, to the north of the Orange River, lie the other Bechuana tribes, whose numbers and extent we have not yet been able to learn. There is some reason for supposing that they formerly extended much farther to the southward than their present limits, the 28° south latitude, for the places as far as the Orange River have Bechuana names; and even the Lokualo* of the Bechuana is to be found on stones near the present boundaries of the colony; but this may have been done by herdsmen taken or escaped from those tribes. Few, except Balala, lie farther west than the 23° east longitude. Between 23° and 19°, lies what Mr. Campbell calls the southern Zahara, which, from what I have seen on the east, south, and western boundaries of it, is a fearful expanse of sand, though undulating, and in many places covered with acacias and other trees of gigantic size. The eastern parts are inhabited by the Balala of the Bechuana; the southern, near the Orange River, by Bushmen; and the western, by Namaqua Bushmen, but none of them are able to keep cattle. They subsist on game, water-melons, and roots.

The country from the limits of the desert to the west coast is called Great Namaqualand, containing a thin population of the Hottentot race. To the north of the Namaquas lie the Damara tribes, of whom comparatively little is known, except that from their physical appearance and black colour, they approximate to the negroes and natives of Congo on the west coast. These tribes inhabit a country extending from the tropic of Capricorn to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Atlantic to the shore of the Indian Ocean. The climate varies from that in which thunder storms and tornadoes shake the mountains, and the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun produce the mirage, to that which is salubrious and mild within the boundaries of the colony along Kafir-land to the fruitful and well watered plains of the Zoolu country in the vicinity of Port Natal, while the more mountainous and elevated regions are visited by keen frosts and heavy falls of snow. The colony extends, from west to east, about 600 miles, its average breadth being about 200, containing a variety of climate, the healthiest perhaps to be found in any part of the world. Between the coast and the vast chain of mountains beyond which lie the Karroo, the country is well watered, fertile, and temperate. The other portions of the colony, with few exceptions and without a change in the seasons, appear to be doomed to perpetual sterility and drought. The Karroo country, which is the back ground of the colony, is, as Lichtenstein correctly describes it, a parched and arid plain, stretching out to such an extent that the vast hills by which it is terminated, or rather which divide it from other plains, are lost in the distance. The beds of numberless little rivers (in which water is rarely to be found) cross like veins in a thousand directions this enormous space. The course of them might in some places be clearly distinguished by the dark green of the mimosas spreading along their banks. Excepting these, as far as the eye can reach, no tree or shrub is visible. Nowhere appear any signs of life, nor a point on which the eye can dwell with pleasure. The compass of human sight is too small to take in the circumference of the whole—the soul must rest on the horrors of the wide spread desert.

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* Lokualo, from which we derive the word writing or printing, is formed generally by herd-boys, who with a stone make various figures on stones with a flat surface, without any reference to shape. Marks are made by striking the stone on another till curved lines, circles, ovals, and zigzag figures are impressed on its surface, exhibiting the appearance of a white strip of about an inch broad, like a confused coil of a rope.

This is only a part of the Karroo, viewed from the top of a hill by that intelligent traveller; but even on these hills and sun-burnt plains, thousands of sheep pasture on a thin sprinkling of verdure and esculents. One morning, after travelling several days in those Karroo plains, Mr. Campbell stood still, and remarked with great emphasis to Mrs. Moffat and myself, "Sirs, it would require a good pair of spectacles to see a blade of grass in this world."

The entire country, extending in some places hundreds of miles on each side of the Orange River, and from where it empties itself into the Atlantic to beyond the 24th degree east longitude, appears to have the curse of Gilboa resting on it. It is rare that rains to any extent or quantity fall in those regions. Extreme droughts continue for years together. The fountains are exceedingly few, precarious, and latterly many of these have been dried up altogether. The causes and consequences of the diminution of the rains will be noticed as the writer traverses the different fields which have come under his own immediate observation; and if his long experience and inquiry on that and a variety of other subjects of interest and scientific research, should in any degree throw additional light on doubtful points, he will consider his labour amply rewarded, but his theme is man.

This is a brief sketch of the different tribes which have been the objects of missionary labour, and the limits of which are defined in the accompanying map, intended more as a directory to the position of missionary stations and divisions of tribes, than a minute view of general typography.

I have deemed it proper to be more particular on the Hottentot and Bushman character, as the following chapters present little more than an outline of the labours of missionaries among that people. This section of our operations is so well known from the copious journals and letters so long before the public, as well as from Mr. Campbell's first and second "Travels," and the "Researches" of the Rev. Dr. Philip, besides the works of other writers on the same subject, that it is the less necessary for me to make large additions to the valuable information thus supplied.

CHAPTER II.

The London Missionary Society, on its establishment in 1795, directed its first efforts to the islands of the Pacific; in which the missionaries, after a long period of toil, under accumulated hardships, have witnessed triumphs of the Gospel the most signal, among a race of barbarians and cannibals, which it has ever fallen to the province of history to record. The attention of the Society was next directed to the vast and important field of Southern Africa, then wholly unoccupied, except by the United Brethren of Germany. The small Moravian church of Herrnhut sent forth her missionaries more than a century ago, first to the negroes of the West, and then to the fur-clad inhabitants of Greenland.

> "Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
> The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
> And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
> On icy plains, and in eternal snows."

In July, 1736, George Schmidt, with something of that zeal which fired the bosom of Egede, the pioneer of the mission to Greenland, left his native country for that of the Hottentots. He was the first who, commissioned by the King of kings, stood in the vale of Grace, (Genadendal,) at that time known by the name of Bavian's Kloof; (the Glen of Baboons,) and directed the degraded, oppressed, ignorant, despised, and, so far as life eternal is concerned, the outcast Hottentots, to the Lamb of God, who tasted death for them. It is impossible to traverse the glen, as the writer has done, or sit under the great pear-tree which that devoted missionary planted with his own hands, without feeling something like a holy envy of so distinguished a person in the missionary band. When we remember that actions receive their weight from the circumstances under which they have been called forth, how exalted a glory must such an one as George Schmidt possess in the heavenly world, where one star differeth from another star in glory, compared with a great majority of the present day, who have doors opened to them, and a host of examples before them, with the zeal and prayers of the whole Christian church to animate and support them! Though he could only address the Hottentots through an interpreter, his early efforts were crowned with success, and the attendance at the first Hottentot school ever founded rapidly increased. The Hottentots, with all their reputed ignorance and apathy, justly regarded him with sentiments of unfeigned love and admiration; and so evidently was the Gospel made the power of God, that in the course of a few years he was able to add a number of converts to the church of the first born.

In 1743, the lonely missionary was compelled to visit Europe, when the Dutch East India Company, actuated by representations that to instruct the Hottentots would be injurious to the interests of the colony, refused to sanction the return of this messenger of mercy to that unfortunate people. Every effort to resume the Mission was fruitless, till the year 1792, when Marsveldt, Schwinn, and Küchnel sailed for the Cape of Good Hope. They received every attention, and went in search of the spot where, more than half a century before, Schmidt left his little band. Part of the walls of his house was indeed still standing, and in the garden were several fruit-trees planted by his hands; whilst various ruins of walls, at a short distance, marked the site of the lowly cottages which were once inhabited by his affectionate hearers; and, what must have been overpowering to these followers of so good a man, one of the females whom he had baptized, by the name of Magdalena, was also found out, and appeared to have a tolerable recollection of her former teacher, though she was now about seventy years of age. She also produced a New Testament, bearing the marks of constant use, which he had presented to her. This she had preserved as a precious relic, and, although now bent down with age and feebleness, she expressed great joy on being informed that Marsveldt and his companions were the brethren of her old and beloved pastor.

The Hottentots who remembered Mr. Schmidt, or had heard of his labours of love, rallied around the standard again erected; and though great and many were the trials and distresses of the missionaries, often threatened with destruction and murder, all recorded in the chronicles of heaven, their labours were blessed; and, through Divine help, the Moravian Missions have prospered, and spread their branches through different parts of the colony, and to the Tambookies beyond it, where they have now a flourishing station. What a remarkably display have we here of the faithfulness and mercy of God, in preserving the seed sown by Schmidt in a most ungenial soil, and left to vegetate in an aspect the most forbidding, for such a length of time! Who can doubt the Divine assurance, "My word shall not return unto me void?"

On the 31st of March, in the year 1799, Dr. Vanderkemp, accompanied by Messrs. Kicherer and Edmonds, landed at Cape Town, then in the possession of the Dutch. Dr. V. selected Kafir-land as the field of his operations, while Mr. Kicherer, accompanied by Mr. Kramer, yielded to a call of Providence, and proceeded to the Bushmen on the Zak River. Vanderkemp, who was a native of Holland, seemed, from his experience, natural firmness of character, and distinguished talents, prepared for the Herculean task, at once to force his way into the head-quarters of the enemy, and raise the standard of the cross amidst a dense population of barbarians, the most powerful, warlike, and independent of all the tribes within or without the boundaries of the Cape colony, and who, notwithstanding the superior means for human destruction enjoyed by their white neighbours, still maintained their right to their native hills and dales. He might at once, with comparative little trouble or hardship, have fixed his abode among the Hottentots within the colony, to whom he eventually devoted all the energies of his body and mind, in raising that depressed, degraded, helpless, and enslaved race, to freemen in Christ Jesus, and breaking the fetters that a cruel policy had riveted on that hapless people, the aborigines and rightful owners of a territory now no longer theirs.

The Doctor, having cast his eye over the condition of the Hottentots, concluded that there was scarcely any possibility of making progress among a people so proscribed by government, and at the mercy of their white neighbours, on whom they could not look without indignation, as any other human beings would have done in similar circumstances; he therefore, very naturally, directed his steps to those who were yet free from these unnatural restrictions.

Having received every encouragement from the English government, and recommendatory letters to the farmers, he left Cape Town. The country through which he had to pass was thinly, and in many places newly inhabited. The party arrived at Graaff Reinet on June 29, after having, with their attendants and cattle, experienced many narrow escapes from lions, panthers, and other wild beasts, as well as from Bushmen and Hottentots, of character still more ferocious. Notwithstanding, wherever they went, they were kindly treated by the farmers, although their fears and alarms must have been many, and nothing but Divine power could have cheered them onward in their desert path.

In July, 1799, he proceeded from Graaff Reinet, the most distant colonial town, and the nearest to the Kafirs. This was a daring undertaking, when it is remembered that for a long time previous a dire, and often deadly strife had been kept up between them and the farmers, whom they very naturally viewed as intruders, and towards whom they must have looked with a jealous eye, both they and their forefathers having witnessed the reduction of the Hottentots, once their equals in number and power, to a state of slavery, destitution, and sorrow; the mere fragment of a nation being left.

It would be expecting too much from human nature, and even from the noble and manly character of the Kafirs, to expect that *they* should refrain from laying hands on the cattle of the farmers, a system carried on amongst all the tribes of South Africa. There is, however, much reason to believe that they were excited to this practice to a much greater extent by the conduct of some unprincipled colonists, for we find on one of the earliest missions to Gaika, for the purpose of preventing depredations by the Kafirs, the chiefs stated that these were prompted solely by the example set first, and on a larger scale by the colonists. This, it seems, was an undeniable fact, so that the British could only stipulate for the good conduct of their subjects in future, provided the Kafirs observed a similar procedure. It was among a people inured to war, fierce and superstitious, and often exasperated by the exercise of the superior power of their neighbours, that Dr. Vanderkemp pitched his tent. I have gazed with sacred awe on the spot where he raised the Gospel standard; here he laboured for a season, in company with Mr. Edmonds, who, to his deep regret, afterwards proceeded to the East Indies. He was thus left alone with only a few attendants, among a people destitute of confidence in each other, and fired with jealousy towards every white intruder, with these feelings being frequently increased by the influence of runaway slaves and deserters, who naturally felt that their interest and safety would be secured by fanning the flame of discord.

Under all these untoward circumstances it was impossible that the Kafirs could view Dr. V.'s sojourn among them in any other light than as a spy, or precursor of deeply laid stratagems to get possession of their country and cattle, by the people from whom he had come, and to whom he belonged. He carried no credentials to recommend him, but the Divine commission: his very appearance must have had little to fascinate a savage mind, capable of appreciating only outward pomp, or displays of human power. The Doctor's habits were such as to convey a very different impression, for he generally appeared in the plainest garb, and, according to his own account, without hat, or shoes, or stockings. He had escaped in rough and trackless ravines and plains through which he passed, not only from beasts of prey, but from deserters, who laid in wait to murder him; and when he appeared before the sovereign of the country, he was at the mercy of a tyrant whose mind was poisoned by individuals from the colony, of some influence, insinuating that he was a spy.

Many questions were put to him respecting his object, and political connexions, and they were especially anxious to know if he were sent by the English. To which the Doctor replied with great humility, and referred to the governor's permission and recommendations to the favour of the authorities, in permitting him to proceed. "Did then," continued Gaika, "this plan spring forth only out of your own heart?" "This very question," says the Doctor, upbraided me of my unfaithfulness, and put this answer into my mouth: that this my plan was indeed formed only in my own heart, though it never was formed by it; but that the God of heaven and earth, in whose hand were their hearts, and my heart, had put it into it, to go to this people, and to communicate in his name, things with which their temporal and eternal happiness were connected."

This simple and honest reply, in some measure pacified the jealous spirit of one whose mind was more likely to be moved by the representations made to him that the missionaries were spies and assassins, possessing enchanted and poisoned wine for the purpose of taking his life. Mr. Buys, who had fled from the colony on account of debt, being familiar with the language, was in the first instance of essential service to the missionary. Gaika was evidently struck with the peculiarity of the Doctor's character; being altogether different from any of those he had seen before, and observing he never wore a hat, he asked him if God had ordered him not to do so.

Some time elapsed before the crafty monarch would give his consent that they should remain in his dominions; and when this was at length granted, and a suitable spot selected, he adds, in true Gospel simplicity, "Brother Edmonds and I cut down long grass and rushes for thatching, and felled trees in the wood. I kneeled down on the grass, thanking the Lord Jesus that he had provided me a resting-place before the face of our enemies and Satan, praying that from under this roof the seed of the Gospel might spread northwards through all Africa."

Some idea may be formed of the deplorable ignorance of the natives concerning the object of these men of God, from the following facts, occurrences similar to which the writer has often witnessed in other parts of the interior. After reading their evening chapter, when the missionaries arose to kneel around the fire, with the Hottentots, a native, who was with them, was so terrified, that he seized his spear, and running off to the field, hid himself, supposing they intended to murder him. A few days after, a young Kafir woman going to visit the party, seeing in the distance their tent shaken by the wind, and supposing it to be some rapacious beast which the messengers of peace had let loose to devour her, bolted off through the river into the forest, where, missing the path, she had nearly lost her life by falling into a pit.

The Doctor, with his life in his hand, in the midst of a people among whom the murder of a white man was considered a meritorious deed, continued his onward course, like a ship rising above every succeeding wave which threatens to engulf it, and so completely was his mind absorbed and baffled by the vanity and dull monotony around, that for a time he kept his sabbath on the Saturday. Deeply did he deplore the departure of his fellow-labourer, Mr. Edmonds, to which the Doctor refers in the spirit of Christian charity, and ascribes it not to a diminution of fraternal love, but to an insurmountable aversion on his part to the people, and a strong desire to labour among the Hindoos of Bengal.

After Mr. E.'s departure, which was on the 1st of January, the Doctor in his cheerless abode was instant in season and out of season, eagerly embracing every opportunity of recommending the gospel, and catching each little ray of light that beamed on his devious path. He was a man of exalted genius and learning. He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an inmate of the universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in ancient languages, but in all the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign, in connexion with which he rose to be captain of horse and lieutenant of the dragoon guards. Yet this man, constrained by the "love of Christ," could cheerfully lay aside all his honours, mingle with savages, bear their sneers and contumely, condescend to serve the meanest of his troublesome guests—take the axe, the sickle, the spade, and the mattock—lie down on the place where dogs repose, and spend nights with his couch drenched with rain, the cold wind bringing his fragile house about his ears. Though annoyed by the nightly visits of hungry hyenas, sometimes destroying his sheep and travelling appurtenances, and even seizing the leg of beef at his tent door,—though compelled to wander about in quest of lost cattle, and exposed to the perplexing and humbling caprice of those whose characters were stains on human nature —whisperings occasionally reaching his ears that murderous plans were in progress for his destruction—he calmly proceeded with his benevolent efforts, and to secure his object, would stoop with "the meekness of wisdom" to please and propitiate the rude and wayward children of the desert whom he sought to bless.

In the midst of all his discouragements, when he discovered the faintest image of his Lord and Master in a poor Hottentot or Kafir, he was enraptured. When told by a Hottentot woman that she incessantly prayed to Jesus to reveal himself to her, and teach her what she ought to know, his heart was filled with joy; and he adds, "I prayed the Lord that it might please him to accompany the unworthy efforts of his vile servant with the influences of his Spirit. And, oh, how did my soul rejoice that the Lord had given me, in this wilderness among tigers and wolves, and at such a distance from Christians, a poor heathen woman with whom I could converse confidently of the mysteries of the hidden communion with Christ. Oh, that I may not be deceived. Lo, my winter is past—the voice of the turtle is already heard in the land." In one part of his journal he says, "Satan roared like a lion. It would not be prudent to mention the particulars of his assaults, but it was resolved that I should be killed as a conspirator against the king of this country." While, however, thus exposed to the fury and jealousy of those whose feet were swift to shed blood, especially that of a white man, his whole journal exhibits an unwavering reliance on the name of the Lord, which he found to be a stong tower.

The native magicians having failed in their attempts to make rain, Gaika sent a reward of two milch cows and their calves, soliciting the Doctor to use his efforts. He replied that he could not make rain, but could and would pray for it. His prayers were heard; rains fell abundantly, but the Doctor refused to accept the cattle; on which account Buys and others looked upon him as a fool, and declared, that though he did not like to take them, they would take good care that the king should never get them back. More than this, Buys, another Gehazi, sent word to Gaika, that the number was not sufficient for the rain, which induced the latter to send more, all of which Buys reserved for himself, unknown to Vanderkemp at the time.

It is impossible to take a review of the character of Vanderkemp under these circumstances, without admiring his devotion to his work, and without recognizing him as a pioneer of no ordinary character to all subsequent missionary operations in that country, now carried on by the London, Glasgow, and Wesleyan Missionary Societies. How insignificant have been the privations and dangers of more modern labourers, when compared with those of Vanderkemp, Kicherer, Anderson, and Albrecht, who first entered those regions of heathenism, introducing the gospel plough and casting the seed into an ungenial soil, where, though in some instances it remained long buried, it eventually produced "an abundance of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit whereof shall shake like Lebanon!" To none is this comparison more applicable than to Dr. Van derkemp. He came from a university to stoop to teach the alphabet to the poor naked Hottentot and Kafir—from the society of nobles, to associate with beings of the lowest grade in the scale of humanity—from stately mansions, to the filthy hovel of the greasy African—from the army, to instruct the fierce savage the tactics of a heavenly warfare under the banner of the Prince of Peace—from the study of physic, to become the guide to the balm in Gilead, and the physician there—and, finally, from a life of earthly honour and ease, to be exposed to perils of waters, of robbers, of his own countrymen, of the heathen, in the city, in the wilderness. All who are acquainted with the history of our African missions, must admit these facts, and say, *They*, indeed, laboured, and we have entered into their labours.

The following extract from Kay's "Travels and Researches in Kafir-land," cannot be read without deep interest:—

"The Mission stations in Kaffraria literally constitute folds, surrounded by evil spirits, as well as by beasts of prey; and all that rally round our standard are like so many sheep gathered together out of the wilderness. Within the last few days several have been added to our number; amongst whom one whose case is worthy of particular notice. She is an aged Hottentot, who was baptised by the late Mr. Vanderkemp, about thirty years ago. During the short time spent by that devoted Missionary amongst the Kafir tribes, he taught her, and two or three other females, a knowledge of letters. This she afterwards improved by assiduous application, so that she was at length enabled to read the sacred Scriptures, a copy of which, presented by her venerable tutor, she still retains to this very day. Although, from that time to this she had never enjoyed the privilege of sitting under a Christian ministry, it would, nevertheless, appear that she ever retained a sense of religion, and a very strong attachment to her Bible. On hearing of the establishment of Butterworth, she anxiously strove to get her heathenish husband (Lochenberg) into the mind for removing to the Mission village, that she might once more hear the Gospel, and get her poor children instructed. But to this he would never consent, well knowing that his deeds were of such a character as would not bear the light. The measure of his iniquity, however, being full, the hand of violence was permitted to remove him out of the way some months ago; and the shocking circumstances connected with his death, constitute a striking comment upon that passage of holy writ, 'Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.'

"He was one of the Dutch farmers who fled from the colony, about the time when Mr. Vanderkemp was endeavouring to commence his Mission. Professing great regard for the latter on account of his ministerial character, these fugitives flocked around him, moved when he moved, and encamped where he encamped. They had not been with him long, however, before his faithfulness aroused determined enmity, and they secretly strove to injure him in every possible way. Although some of them had taken native wives, and all been obliged to take refuge in the territories of the natives, their deep-rooted prejudices against the latter still continued, insomuch that Mr. Vanderkemp's preaching to them rendered him contemptible in their eyes. 'Whenever they saw him,' said old Saartje, 'go into the bush for prayer or meditation, one or other of the Christi mensche (Christians) immediately ran into his tent to steal. His chests were frequently broken open, and his money taken away, until at last he had scarcely dublejees (pence) sufficient to carry him back to the colony.'

"It does not appear that any one of this party died a natural death. 'Faber,' said my informant, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances, 'was afterwards hung in the colony as a rebel. Buys wandered about amongst the tribes, murdering and plundering, until he himself was murdered. Botha was killed by the Kafirs, at the instigation of his companion. The hut in which Bezuidenhoud slept was one night fired by the natives, and he was burnt to death. The Irishman, (a deserter connected with the band,) together with one of his children, was also burnt to ashes, while asleep, by one of the native women with whom he had lived;' and, as already intimated, Lochenberg himself, 'whom vengeance suffered not to live,' was literally cut to pieces by the Amakwabi, about the middle of 1829."

At the close of the year 1800, Dr. Vanderkemp, owing to a combination of circumstances, left Kafir-land, for Graaff Reinet, principally to meet the two brethren, Vanderlingen and Read, and remained a considerable time there, during a rebellion among the farmers. He visited Kafir-land again, but, from the unsettled state of the frontier, was compelled to relinquish the mission, and return to Graaff Reinet, where he laboured among the Hottentots. General Dundas offered means of forming a station in the colony, "to endeavour," as the governor expressed it, "to ameliorate the spiritual and temporal condition of that unhappy people, whom, upon every principle of humanity and justice, government is bound to protect."

CHAPTER III.

In February, 1801, Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Read, with more than 100 Hottentots, left Graaff Reinet. Their temporary residence was appointed at Botha's farm, about seven miles west of Algoa Bay, where they continued with the Hottentots for nearly eight months, leading a life of uninterrupted anxiety, perplexity and danger, the Doctor being for some time confined to his bed with rheumatism. Though liberally assisted with necessaries by government order from Fort Frederick, they were continually exposed to enemies of different descriptions, and but for God's protecting arm must have been destroyed root and branch.

Their institution made them an object of hatred to many of the colonists, who described them as taking part with the plundering Hottentots and Kafirs; and representing their station as a refuge for robbers and murderers; while the truth was, that it was an asylum only for those who had separated themselves from such banditti. Notwithstanding this, a government order, to the great sorrow of the missionaries, prohibited the reception of any Hottentots into this asylum, and those thus repelled, chose to maintain themselves in the woods, among brutes, rather than return to their own tribes. General Dundas, approving of the Doctor's scheme, wished the whole party to remove for safety to the fortress, and, regarding the missionaries as dead men if they did not accept of his offer, proposed to them again, as a last resource for the preservation of their lives, to sail with him to the Cape of Good Hope, and defer the instruction of the Hottentots in that region till a more favourable season; but to this the Doctor would not consent.

To the honour of General Dundas, let it be again recorded, that, so fully was he convinced of the duty and importance of what was then considered utopian, that he ordered for the use of the station, from the Bay, (Fort Frederick,) 6000 pounds of rice, 6 casks of salt meat, 200 sheep, 59 labouring oxen, 11 milch-cows, 56 horned-cattle, 3 wagons, 1 fishing-net, 1 corn-mill, 2 corn-sieves, and a smith's-bellows, besides implements of agriculture. Scarcely had this generous action cheered their prospects, when, as they write,—

"A troop of plundering Hottentots attacked our place in the middle of the night, and having fired about fifty times with muskets, took away all our cattle. All our endeavours to persuade them to a friendly agreement were in vain; they did not give any answer but by firing. One of our most esteemed Hottentots approached them, and spoke in a friendly manner; but they cried, 'Look, there comes a peace-maker; kill him, shoot him!' upon which he received a ball in his leg. We hoped they would have been content with our cattle, but it seemed that their intention was to kill us. They made an assault on our dwellings, and, for that purpose made use of our cattle in the Kafrarian manner. Providence so ordered it, that brother Read had laid some newly-sawn planks in the passage, between our house and the next to it. The cattle which they drove before them, were afraid of these, so that they would not go over them, and turned aside. The enemy now saw himself exposed, and our people being in the utmost danger, compelled by self-defence, fired without being able to take aim, on account of the darkness; but the hand of God directed a ball in such a way, that the chief of this troop was wounded in the thigh, by which the artery of the thigh was cut through; the violent effusion of blood put an end to his life in a few minutes; on this the whole troop fled, leaving behind them all the cattle except eighteen, which in the beginning of the assault had been driven away. Nobody could guess the reason of this unexpected deliverance, for the Hottentots fired but twice. On the following morning the dead body was found, and recognised as that of Andries Stuurman, brother of Klaas Stuurman. On the subsequent night we were surrounded again by enemies, but finding that we had moved our cattle from the Kraal within the square, which was surrounded by our houses, and that we had barricadoed all the entrances to it, they left us unmolested. But two days after, having got some reinforcement from the Kafirs, they attacked us anew, in the middle of the day, as a part of our cattle was driven to the pasture. They stabbed one of our wood-cutters during the time of his being gone into the wood to pray; and now they drove away our cattle. All our people attacked them in the greatest confusion, and with fury, leaving the place, with their wives and children, entirely undefended. They put the assailants to flight, and brought the cattle back again, except eight oxen, who were either killed or mortally wounded. We always had instructed our people that it was their duty rather to part with their earthly goods than to save them by killing another; and that it was not the duty of a Christian to kill any body but when the safety of his own life, or that of a third person, should render it absolutely necessary. But our Hottentots took another view of the subject, and looked upon themselves as competent to make use of their arms, as well to defend their goods as their lives; they also showed too plainly that they had obtained a certain degree of pleasure in fighting. We were not at all pleased with this, because our intention was to gain our enemies by a soft and amiable behaviour; and thus by no means to provoke them by a hostile opposition. Besides this, we foresaw that the enemy, reinforcing himself more and more, at last would be able to lead on a superior power, sufficient to destroy us entirely."

These successive attacks induced them very properly to take refuge, with their 300 people, in Fort Frederick. Here they remained for a time, continuing their religious services under circumstances more distressing to the minds of the missionaries than the horrors of savage fury from which they had escaped. They were associated with those who had the misfortune to be comparative strangers to the means of grace, and inured to a recklessness of feeling in regard to eternal realities, which a life of warfare has (we may presume since the days of Cain) produced on tribes once civilized and refined in taste and feeling. This exposed their people to seduction, drunkenness, and other vices.

After the arrival of General Janssen, the colony having been ceded to the Dutch, a spot was granted on which to fix a permanent station; and on the 2nd of June, they took up their abode on Kooboo, which from that period they called Bethelsdorp. This situation, from its sterility and want of water, soon convinced them that it was most unsuitable for a missionary farm; and the only wonder is, that it should have been permitted to continue, and even become, in many respects, a sinking fund, while both missionaries and people (a small number) were compelled to live a hungry, self-denying life. Five years after its commencement, they write to the Directors, that they had been without bread for a long time, and did not expect to procure any for three or four months; neither were there any vegetables, owing to the barrenness of the soil. This, of course, was a grievous impediment to their labours, and an effectual barrier to the very objects for which this station was selected; and it is a kind of madness to expend large sums and great toil on such a waste, except for the purpose of having a modern Tadmor in the wilderness. Yet, notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances, many were the demonstrations of the Divine blessing on their labours. "The progress also of their scholars in learning to read and write, was astonishing to them, and above all, their facility in acquiring religious knowledge, knowing, as they did full well, the peculiar apathy, stupidity, and aversion to any exertion, mental or corporeal, which characterises the natives." Dr. Vanderkemp having, with true Christian benevolence, pleaded the cause of the oppressed,—for there were oppressions, national and individual, which we must leave till that day when every one will receive according to the deeds done in the body;—the great struggle commenced which terminated, through the persevering exertions of the Rev. Dr. Philip, on July 17th, 1828, in the effectual emancipation of the Hottentots. All the contentions, heart-burnings, broken heads, and broken hearts which marked the long struggle, will appear hereafter in the page of history, like the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, the colonization of America, or the *savagism* of our forefathers in their border wars, humbling, but instructive mementos to succeeding generations. Dr. V.'s interference in the cause of suffering humanity, or rather his disclosure of some of the wrongs of the Hottentots, led to his being summoned, with Mr. Read, to Cape Town, to appear before an extraordinary commission appointed by Lord Caledon. This was followed by most important results; for the Doctor having been fully borne out in his facts, his Excellency directed that commissioners should personally visit the several districts where enormities had been perpetrated, and that the guilty should be punished. This was among the last public services which Dr. Vanderkemp rendered to that people, who had now been the object of his solicitude for eleven years. He had long contemplated a mission to Madagascar, and though now far advanced in years, his soul burned with youthful ardour to enter on that perilous undertaking. It was in his heart, but the Great Head of the church had otherwise ordained it; for after a few days' illness, he closed his eyes on this world, Dec. 15th, 1811, after breathing out the Christian assurance, "All is well."

Thus ended the memorable life of Dr. Vanderkemp. Avoiding the extravagancies of momentary feeling, which declares that "His equal is not to be found upon earth, and that he was little behind the chiefest apostles of our Lord," we nevertheless cheerfully concede to him this meed of praise. Few men would have encountered the storms which he braved, and, perhaps fewer still have been more conspiculously distinguished by success in their efforts to emancipate the Hottentots from temporal and spiritual thraldom. Divine Providence, from time to time, in a remarkable manner, raises up men adapted to certain situations, apart from which, they would have been like the flower which "wastes its sweetness in the desert air." Such were Luther, Wickliffe, Knox, and a host of others; and though those who well knew and loved Vanderkemp, would charge us with blind partiality, if we placed him on an equality with those distinguished reformers; yet no less can be said of his labours, than that they were those of an extraordinary man: and considering the time and state of affairs in the colony in which he lived, and the native character of the tribes among whom he laboured, the grace of God made him the honoured instrument of doing wonders. Dr. Vanderkemp was the friend and advocate of civil liberty. The condition of the slaves pressed heavily upon his mind, and the sufferings of those who had embraced the Gospel, made large demands on his almost unbounded generosity; so that he expended nearly 1000*l.* of his personal property in unbinding the heavy burdens, and setting the captives free. It is probably that his extreme sympathy with this enslaved people induced him, with more feeling than judgment, to choose a wife from amongst them. Being a most unsuitable companion for such a person, her subsequent conduct cast a gloom over the remnant of his days of suffering and toil; and as I have heard it remarked by one who knew him well, undoubtedly accelerated his death. It was from his lips that the Kafirs (a nation of atheists) first heard the Gospel, the theme of Divine love; and if we cast our eyes over the history of missions, and the successes of the "Martyr of Erromanga," we see at once the value of a pioneer of almost any description, and more especially of such a pioneer as Dr. Vanderkemp. He was the first public defender of the rights of the Hottentot. Although his expansive sympathy betrays not unfrequently in his writings what may be deemed instability of purpose, it is obviously attributable to a benevolent desire to grasp the whole of the race, while his eyes, wandering around the tempestuous horizon, sought a haven in which to shelter them from the storm. He counted not his own life dear to himself; for when advised for his own safety to leave the Hottentots for a season, his reply was, "If I knew that I should save my own life by leaving them, I should not fear to offer that life for the least child amongst them." In this, though wanting in prudence, he displayed a magnanimity of soul which, in other circumstances, would have called forth the applause of a nation.

But it may be said that this is a partial view of the character of this great man; and it is only just to admit that the Doctor was eccentric; and many, very many of his personal hardships were self-inflicted. Though his mission to the Kafirs was a bold, and, in Africa, an unprecedented undertaking, he was always within the reach of civilized men; and except when Gaika detained him a short time in the country, he had always an asylum open to receive him. His trials in this respect were very different from those of the founders of the Namaqua and Griqua Missions, who were hundreds of miles beyond the abodes of civilized society, and the protecting arm of civil power. In a colonial village, where there were many who admired, and were ready to serve him, the Doctor would go out to the water, washing his own linen; and frequently at home and abroad, he would dispense with hat, shirt, and shoes, while the patron and advocate of civilization. These were anomalies and shades of character, which of course added nothing to his usefulness, while his ultra notions on the subject of predestination left a leaven in some of the African churches, which it required the labour of many years to remove. It is also but justice to add, that Dr. Vanderkemp was not without sympathy; there were many noble-minded colonists who took a deep interest in his sufferings and labours; who felt strong compassion for the spiritual destitution of the Hottentot race, and the slave population; and who were liberal in supporting the cause. Stimulated by the example of Vanderkemp and Kicherer, they laboured to promote the kingdom of Christ among the aborigines. These were noble minds who wept over the country's wrongs; and it is scarcely possible to conceive the Doctor's feelings when on his journey to Graaff Reinet, beyond the Gamka River, he came to the house of Mr. de Beer, who, on hearing the object of the party, "received them with uncommon joy;" and calling his family and slaves together, fell upon his knees, and uttered this remarkable prayer:—"O Lord, thou hast afflicted me with inexpressible grief in taking my child from me, whom I buried this day; but now thou rejoicest my soul with joy greater than all my grief, in showing me that thou hast heard my prayers for the conversion of the Kafirs, and giving me to see this moment the fulfilment of thy promises." He then addressed himself to them, and sang several psalms and hymns, relative to the calling of the heathen.

Dr. Vanderkemp's death was a stroke severely felt; but He who had called him from his labours, continued to bless the seed sown, under the fostering care of Mr. Read and others. Bethelsdorp, under many difficulties and disadvantages, grew and multiplied. New churches were planted at Pacaltsdorp, Theopolis, and other places, through the instrumentality of the Rev. J. Campbell, in his first visit to Africa, who on that occasion was the means of giving a new impulse to the spirit of missions there, as well as among the churches at home.

The Kat River mission was commenced at the suggestion of the Hon., now Sir A. Stockenstrom, and was, so far as the plan went, a measure which will reflect lasting honour on the memory of that enlightened and liberal individual.* To the beautiful and fertile Kafir vales, the principal of the Hottentots from Bethelsdorp, Theopolis, and other places, flocked. This was a seasonable movement, as those stations were no longer, after the emancipation of that people, asylums to those who were active and willing to earn a competence elsewhere. The results of the mission at Philiptown, and its branches, the members of which had been culled from those in the colony, have been such as to prove that the plan was well laid, and carried into efficient operation. The last year's report of Kat River station exhibits 500 members in the church, and 912 children and adults in the schools; while their subscriptions to the support of the mission are liberal,—though, I am aware, far from being equal to the entire expenses, as many of the friends of missions have been led to expect, and which was anticipated at Bethelsdorp many years ago.

The colonial stations, though deprived of the most influential and intelligent of their inhabitants, continue to struggle and prosper. Bethelsdorp still maintains comparative respectability, under the devoted but noiseless labours of Mr. Kitchingman. We have now within the limits of the colony sixteen stations, and about thirty Missionaries. How would the venerable Vanderkemp gaze, were he to rise, and behold the harvest which has been gathered in, from the people whose ignorance and degradation called forth all the sympathies and energies of his enlightened mind!

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* The author does not wish it to be understood that he approves of the policy which deprived the Kafirs of that rich and fertile portion of their territories, and gave it to the Hottentots. Bannister, in his "Humane Policy," makes the following very judicious remark on the subject:—"To obtain land for any portion of that oppressed race, is so good an act, that it would be ungracious to look harshly at the mode of doing it, if our character for justice to others were not involved in the particular way chosen."

> "The troubles of departed years
> Bring joys unknown before,
> And soul-refreshing are the tears
> O'er wounds that bleed no more."*

But to return to Kafir-land, where the veteran sowed in tears, but where Missionaries of different societies now reap in joy. It was not before the year 1816, in the month of July, that a successful effort was made by Mr. Joseph Williams. At that time, with his wife and child, he took up his abode at the Kat River. Short as Dr. Vanderkemp's labours among the Kafirs were, he left a savour of the Gospel behind him, which prepared the way for others, after many long years had rolled by, during which many of the Doctor's acquaintances had been taught, by fearful lessons, not, alas! to admire the nation of whites, but rather to increase their suspicions aud alarms. But Jankanna's (Vanderkemp's) name still diffused a fragrance among the yet untamed and unsubdued Kafirs. Intercourse with the missionary station at Bethelsdorp kept up this delightful feeling; and Messrs. Read and Williams, in their previous reconnoitering journey, were hailed as the sons of Jankanna.

Most auspicious was the commencement of this mission, while the energy and devotedness of Williams, with the party he took with him from Bethelsdorp, were soon likely, under the Divine blessing, to make the wilderness and solitary place rejoice. Temporary houses were raised, ground was cleared for cultivation, a water-course and dam were in preparation, while the Kafirs assembled for daily instruction; and the beautiful vale which had often echoed to the din of savage war, was likely soon to become a peaceful Zion, to which the Kafir tribes would repair to hold their solemn feasts. Little more than two years had run their round, when Williams was numbered with the dead. His beloved partner, (now Mrs. Robson,) a woman of no common fortitude, was his sole attendant in the lonely vale, and saw in her expiring husband the bright prospects they had of permanent success among the Kafirs, and into which she had entered with all her energies of mind and body, blasted for a season. About to be left with two fatherless babes, her circumstances, were such as even her own pen would fail to describe; but the widow's God was there. Take, for example, the following extract from her journal. After being enabled to resign her dearest earthly friend, she asked one of the Kafirs if he had "No wish to see his teacher before the Lord took him to himself? 'Yes,' was his reply, 'but I do not like to ask you, because I think it will make your heart sore.' He then approached, and sat down by the bedside. I asked him if he prayed! 'Yes,' he said. And what do you pray for? 'I pray the Lord, as he had brought us a teacher over the great sea water, and hath thus long spared him to tell us His word, that He would be pleased to raise him up again to tell us more of that Great Word.' I asked, Do you pray for me? 'Yes; I pray that if the Lord should take away your husband from you, he would support and protect you and your little ones in the midst of this wild and barbarous people.'"

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* James Montgomery.

Cheerless and lonely must have been the first days of her widowhood. She instructed her semi-civilized attendants to prepare the wood, and make a coffin; and, with a weeping band, followed the desire of her eyes to the silent dust, there to slumber till the morning of the resurrection, when He who cuts short his work in righteousness, will show that Williams, in his short career, finished the work given him to do. I saw no monument to mark his tomb; but he has left an imperishable one, in having been the means of lighting up the torch of Divine truth, which, notwithstanding the political war, strife, and bloodshed which followed between the Kafirs and the Colonists, was not extinguished, but served to lighten the path of those who followed in his wake. To this every missionary has borne ample testimony; and his labours were blessed to an extent far beyond his most sanguine expectations. So much had this good man gained on the confidence of the Kafirs, that Gaika himself, during the season of political discord, had more confidence in the rectitude of the missionary than in any one of the local authorities, or even in the governor himself.

Thus again was the candle removed from Kafir-land, and the policy of that age refused, at that time, to allow another missionary to proceed to water the seed sown by Mr. Williams. Mr. Brownlee was ultimately appointed as missionary in the service of government, and commenced a mission at the Chumie in 1820.* He was followed and supported by the Glasgow missionaries, and last, though not least, the Wesleyan missionaries entered the field; and now they present a band of labourers whose endeavours, if they continue to receive the Divine blessing, bid fair to subdue that people to the sceptre of Jesus, prevent the rapine and bloodshed which characterised by-gone years, and in the late destructive war, and save a nation from ruin. Already the warrior has exchanged the hoarse war song for the anthems of peace and love, while the printing press is called into operation to transfer into their own language the oracles of God. Let us hail the triumph of the cross, by whomsoever it may be borne, as all have one undivided object, the glory of God in the salvation of man.

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* Mr. Brownlee soon attached himself again to the London Missionary Society, and, continuing at his post, has had the honour and happiness to

"Yes, for a season Satan may prevail,
And hold as if secure, his dark domain;
The prayers of righteous men may seem to fail,
And Heaven's glad tidings be proclaimed in vain.
But wait in faith; ere long shall spring again
The seed that seemed to perish in the ground;
And, fertilized by Zion's latter rain,
The long-parched land shall laugh, with harvests crown'd,
And through those silent wastes Jehovah's praise resound."

CHAPTER IV.

It is of vast importance to notice the first, though apparently obscure indications of the will of Him who, while he

"Rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas,"

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witness the increase of missionary labours in Kafir-land, where he toiled hard, and suffered much, long before any others were permitted to enter that country at all. One of our Wesleyan brethren, fully competent to judge, now in this country, remarks, that "his labours have been indefatigable, though unostentatious; and to place this worthy man in his proper position, it is not indeed necessary to imitate the unhallowed practice of some, who to accomplish a purpose, or to gratify party spirit, invidiously and fulsomely cry up one missionary at the expense of his brethren, whose labours, though *noiseless*, have been far more abundant." The London Missionary Society has now five stations in Kafir-land, including one for the Bushmen in the Tambookie country; the two Glasgow Societies, six; and the Wesleyan Society, twelve.

condescends to stoop from his throne amidst unapproachable glory, to render means the most feeble and unthought of, the guide and pole-star of his servants, whom he has commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature.

While Dr. Vanderkemp and Edmonds proceeded to Kafir-land, Messrs. Kicherer, Kramer, and Edwards bent their course to the Zak River, between 400 and 500 miles north-east of Cape Town.

Who would have supposed for a moment that Kicherer's course, which was originally towards Kafir-land, would have been diverted by Bushmen-ambassadors, the feeblest, poorest, most degraded and despised of all the sable sons of Ham? It appears that some time previous, while the church at home was engaged in prayer, that the great Head of the church would open a door for his servants, whom they were sending forth, a treaty had been made between the Bushmen and Florus Fischer, with other farmers, who had suffered terribly in their flocks and herds, from these depredators of the desert. The Bushmen seeing Florus Fischer, who was a good man, solemnly appeal to Almighty God to witness the transaction, and observing that he was in the habit of assembling his family for worship, morning and evening, were led to inquire into the Divine character, and to solicit a Christian teacher. Mr. Fischer cheerfully afforded encouragement; and, though it appeared something like hoping against hope, he, at their request, took some of the principal of them to Cape Town for this purpose.

They arrived there just before our brethren, a circumstance which left the latter no reason to doubt of being called of God to labour in that quarter. The brethren received unbounded kindness and attention from the government, and assistance from the farmers, who loaded them with things requisite to commence the station; while some accompanied them to the spot they first selected, which they named "Happy Prospect." Here Messrs. Kicherer and Kramer laboured with primitive zeal and simplicity, to raise the most abject of our species; and had not their faith been strong in the promises of God, they must have sunk under the very thought of making an attempt.

At the present period of advanced knowledge in missionary enterprise, however, it is easy to see that according to the common course of events, the circumstances under which that mission was commenced, were ominous of its short duration. God, in his infinite wisdom had other, and far more extensive ends to accomplish, than simply a mission to the Bushmen.

Zak River became the finger-post to the Namaquas. Carannas, Griquas, and Bechuanas; for it was by means of that mission that these tribes, and their condition, became known to the Christian world. Kircherer had great comfor in his intercourse with many good farmers, who exertec themselves with commendable liberality in favour of the object he had in view. He was soon encouraged by the accession of many Hottentots and Bastards to the station without whose assistance it would not have been possible fo him to have lived, as he afterwards found. The Bushmen, with few exceptions, could never appreciate his object; but, as a people, continued to harass and impoverish those who remained attached to the objects of the missionary. Mr. K.'s life was more than once threatened, but his unremitting labours, and those of Mr. Kramer, were signally blessed in the conversion of a number of Hottentots and Bastards; and in the details of the mission, the names of individuals are mentioned, who afterwards became the pillars of the Griqua mission; and from whose lips the writer has frequently heard with delight, the records of by-gone years, when they listened to the voice of Kicherer, Anderson, and Kramer, at the Zak and Orange Rivers. Unhappily the company and countenance of the Bushmen could not be commanded without a daily portion of victuals and tobacco, of which Mr. Kicherer had received an ample supply from the farmers. This practice, however kindly intended, doubtless contributed to the early failure of the mission. The country in which the mission was fixed, was sterile in the extreme, and rain so seldom fell, that they were obliged to depend on foreign supplies. Mr. Kicherer having visited Europe, on his return found the mission in a suffering state. Having little hope of recruiting it, he entered the Dutch church, and was appointed minister at Graaff Reinet. He left the station in charge of Mr. and Mrs. A. Voss; and a Mr. Botma, a farmer, who had sold all he had to aid the mission, and supply the absence of Mr. K. These men not having equal resources with the founders of the mission, though distinguished by exemplary patience, great privations, and hardships, from drought, and the plundering Bushmen, were compelled to abandon the station. This event took place in 1806, and Mr. A. Voss makes the following pathetic remark on that mission's requiem: "This day we leave Zak River, the place which has cost us so many sighs, tears, and drops of sweat!

as they perceive that any of the cattle are too fatigued to proceed, they stab them; and if the pursuers come within sight, and there is the slightest probability of their being overtaken, they will thrust their spears, if time permit, into every animal in the troop. I have known sixty head levelled in this way. This habit, which obtains universally among that unfortunate people, exasperates their enemies to the last degree, and vengeance falls on men, women, and children, whenever they come within reach of their missiles. Though their poisoned arrows cannot take in one-third of the length of a musket-shot, they aim with great precision. I have known men shot dead on the spot with poisoned arrows, and others who did not at first appear to be mortally wounded, I have seen die in convulsive agony in a few hours. It is impossible to look at some of their domiciles, without the inquiry involuntarily rising in the mind—are these the abodes of human beings? In a bushy country, they will form a hollow in a central position, and bring the branches together over the head. Here the man, his wife, and probably a child or two, lie huddled in a heap, on a little grass, in a hollow spot, not larger than an ostrich's nest. Where bushes are scarce, they form a hollow under the edge of a rock, covering it partially with reeds or grass, and they are often to be found in fissures and caves of the mountains. When they have abundance of meat, they do nothing but gorge and sleep, dance and sing, till their stock is exhausted. But hunger, that imperious master, soon drives him to the chase. It is astonishing to what a distance they will run in pursuit of the animal which has received the fatal arrow. I have seen them, on the successful return of a hunting party, the merriest of the merry, exhibiting bursts of enthusiastic joy; while their momentary happiness, contrasted with their real condition, produced on my mind the deepest sorrow. Many suffer great distress when the weather is cold and rainy, during which not unfrequently their children perish from hunger. A most inhuman practice also prevails among them, that when a mother dies, whose infant is not able to shift for itself, it is, without any ceremony, buried alive with the corpse of its mother.*

To the above melancholy description, may be added the testimony of Mr. Kicherer, whose circumstances while living among them, afforded abundant opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with their real condition. "Their manner of life is extremely wretched and disgusting. They delight to besmear their bodies with the fat of animals, mingled with ochre, and sometimes with grime. They are utter strangers to cleanliness, as they never wash their bodies, but suffer the dirt to accumulate, so that it will hang a considerable length from their elbows. Their huts are formed by digging a hole in the earth about three feet deep, and then making a roof of reeds, which is however insufficient to keep off the rains. Here they lie close together like pigs in a sty. They are extremely lazy, so that nothing will rouse them to action but excessive hunger. They will continue several days together without food rather than be at the pains of procuring it. When compelled to sally forth for prey, they are dexterous at destroying the various beasts which abound in the country; and they can run almost as well as a horse. They are total strangers to domestic happiness. The men have several wives, but conjugal affection is little known. They take no great care of their children, and never correct them except in a fit of rage, when they almost kill them by severe usage. In a quarrel between father and mother, or the several wives of a husband, the defeated party wreaks his or her vengeance on the child of the conqueror, which in general loses its life. Tame Hottentots seldom destroy their children, except in a fit of passion; but the Bushmen will kill their children without remorse, on various occasions; as when they are ill-shaped, when they are in want of food, when the father of a child has forsaken its mother, or when obliged to flee from the farmers or others; in which case they will strangle them, smother them, cast them away in the desert, or bury them alive. There are instances of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion, who stands roaring before their cavern, refusing to depart till some peace-offering be made to him. In general their children cease to be the objects of a mother's care as soon as they are able to crawl about in the field. In some few instances, however, you meet with a spark of natural affection, which places them on a level with the brute creation." Oh the miseries to which human nature is heir! Hard is the Bushman's lot, friendless, forsaken, an outcast from the world, greatly preferring the company of the beasts of prey to that of civilized man. His gorah* soothes some solitary hours, although its sounds are often responded to by the lion's roar, or the hyena's howl. He knows no God, knows nothing of eternity, yet dreads death; and has no shrine at which he leaves his cares or sorrows. We can scarcely conceive of human beings descending lower in the scale of ignorance and vice; while yet there can be no question that they are children of one common parent with ourselves, if, during a period of 4000 years, they have sunk thus low, what would the world become if left without Divine revelation, to grope in the mazes of heathen darkness? But, degraded as the Bushmen really are, they can be kind, and hospitable too; faithful to their charge, grateful for favours, and susceptible of kindness. I speak from what I know, having seen all these qualities exemplified. It is also habitual with them, on receiving the smallest portion of food, to divide it with their friends; and generally it is observed the one who first received the boon, retained the least for himself; and a hungry mother will not unfrequently give, what she may receive, to her emaciated children, without tasting it herself. In order to get the people to congregate, Mr. Kicherer found it necessary to give them daily a little food, and especially small portions of tobacco, with which he was most liberally supplied by the farmers. "Without that," he says, "it would have been impossible to bring these poor people to any means of instruction, as they are compelled continually to go from one place to another for food." While, however, the message of Divine mercy at times made an impression so great, that the missionaries were led to suppose that they had surmounted every difficulty; they were again humbled and grieved to see, as they expressed it, the natural inconstancy of the Bushmen reverse every promising sign.

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* The author had a boy brought up in his own house, who was thus rescued from his mother's grave, when only two years old.

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* The gorah is an instrument something like the bow of a violin, rather more curved, along which is stretched a cat-gut, to which is attached a small piece of quill. The player takes the quill in his mouth, and by

The Directors of the London Missionary Society, most anxious to impart to this degraded portion of the human family, the means of grace, recommended the establishment of a station for that object at Toornberg, now Colesberg, south of the Great River; and Mr. Erasmus Smith and Mr. Corner repaired thither in 1814, when about 500 Bushmen took up their abode with them. The missionaries were thus cheered by a people waiting to receive them; but their joy was of short duration. A long and mortal enmity had existed between the Bushmen and the farmers; and they soon began to suspect that the missionaries were employed only

strong inspirations and respirations of breath, produces a few soft notes in the vibrations of the cat-gut.

as instruments to betray them into their hands. Groundless as this suspicion was, it nevertheless so operated for a while as to damp the zeal of the missionaries. They very naturally expected that it would require a long and laborious course of culture and tuition before such pupils could be expected even to apprehend the doctrines of Christianity. This, however, was not the case. The light and power of the Gospel at an early period of the mission, accompanied the proclamation of its glad tidings, and a number of these barbarous people, when they heard the word of life, believed. And here a Christian church arose, extensive gardens were laid out, and these cultivated with the Bushmen's own hands.

Another mission was commenced among that people at Hephzibah, where there was a prospect of permanent success. It was however found extremely difficult, from the Bushmen coming into unpleasant contact with the farmers in their vicinity, and the missionaries being brought into collision on their account. These evils to which their locality exposed them, soon proved the means of blasting their pleasing hopes among that people. An order was received from the Cape authorities, requiring the missionaries to retire within the colony. Thus ceased the operations of the Society among the poor wild Bushmen at these stations; and it is impossible to read the following extract of a letter to the Rev. Dr. Philip, from the Rev. A. Faure, then minister of Graaff Reinet, without deeply lamenting with that enlightened individual, that these stations should have been broken up. "Some of the Bushmen whom Mr. Smith baptized, had acquired very rational ideas of the principles of the Christian religion; and appeared to feel its constraining influence on their habitual conduct. They were zealous in trying to convey the same inestimable blessing to their unhappy countrymen, who live without God and without hope in the world. It was delightful to hear the children sing the praises of Jehovah, and to witness the progress they had made in spelling and reading. These facts, which have come under my own observation, prove that conversion of this race of immortal beings is not impossible."

The last effort of the Society to establish a mission among that people, was attempted in the vicinity of the Caledon River. Captain A. Kok, the late chief of Philippolis, most munificently presented the Bushmen who congregated at that place, with a good supply of cattle, sheep, and goats. This mission, now called Bethulie was afterwards transferred by Dr. Philip to the missionaries of the Paris Society; and it has since become a Bechuana mission, where the word of God has had free course, and been glorified. The proximity of the place to the gradual encroachments of those whom the Bushmen dreaded, influenced them to leave the spot, so that now few remain, nor is it any longer a Bushman station.*

In taking a brief review of the Bushmen Missions, we cannot help being struck with the depravity and ignorance of the people, the zeal and perseverance of the missionaries, the power of Gospel truth, and the dreadful guilt of those who have been directly the cause of frustrating the objects of the Missionary Society, which is the only one that has espoused the cause of that afflicted people. Shall not the Lord require it? for the blood of thousands cries from the dust, and the cry has entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Can we wonder that the Bushmen missions, under the circumstances in which they have been placed, should, upon the whole, prove a failure, though not without important results? We must continue to look for success in attracting the scattered fragments to the Missionary settlements, and forming out-stations among them, a method which has already received the Divine blessing. This plan has been carried on at our Griqua mission, from its commencement to the present day; and those established in connexion with the Kat River are promising. This mode of proceeding with that people cannot be too strongly recommended to those who are labouring among their more powerful neighbours. When once a number of these are savingly converted to God, and feel the constraining influence of the love of Christ, they will become valuable auxiliaries to the missionary, in collecting them around their villages and cattle out-posts, and thus, by kind endeavours, bring them within the benign and transforming influences of the Gospel of love.

'Kindness is the key to the human heart.' I know an individual who was struck with the difficulties the Bushwomen had in rearing their infants after the term of suckling, from the entire absence of any thing in the shape of milk or grain. Dried meat, or Ixia bulbs, is hard fare for a babe. He tried to persuade them to purchase goats, with ostrich feathers, or skins of game procured in the chase. At this proposal they laughed inordinately, asking him if ever their forefathers kept cattle; intimating, that they were not intended to *keep*, but to eat, as their progenitors had always done. He recommended the plan to all who happened to come in his way, but with no better success. It at last occurred to his mind to present some of the principal individuals among them with a few goats a-piece. This he did, promising that, if they took good care of them for a given time, he would add to their number, and make them their own. This proposal, though to them scarcely to be believed, went to their hearts; and the very looks of the men, and the grateful gesticulations of the women, were felt by the missionary as a rich reward. His anticipations were fully realized. They allowed their little flocks to increase, and even took some trouble to make additions by barter; and it was no uncommon thing to see several of these resorting to the house of prayer on sabbath-days, though their homes were many miles distant.

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* For a more particular account of the Toornberg and Hephzibah missions, see Dr. Philip's Researches in South Africa, vol. ii. p. 23.

One of the accompanying sketches represents a Bushman and a woman. The man has his bows, quiver, and poisoned arrows; and both he and the female are fair specimens of the general appearance of that people. The other sketch exhibits a stratagem, by which the Bushman approaches to game, in the garb of the ostrich. The method is ingenious, though extremely simple. A kind of flat double cushion is stuffed with straw, and formed something like a saddle. All, except the under part of this, is covered over with feathers, attached to small pegs, and made so as to resemble the bird. The neck and head of an ostrich are stuffed, and a small rod introduced. The Bushman intending to attack game, whitens his legs with any substance he can procure. He places the feathered saddle on his shoulders, takes the bottom part of the neck in his right hand, and his bow and poisoned arrows in his left. Such as the writer has seen were the most perfect mimics of the ostrich, and at a few hundred yards distant it is not possible for the human eye to detect the fraud. This *human* bird appears to pick away at the verdure, turning the head as if keeping a sharp look-out, shakes his feathers, now walks, and then trots, till he gets within bow-shot; and when the flock runs from one receiving an arrow, he runs too. The male ostriches will on some occasions give chase to the strange bird, when he tries to elude them, in a way to prevent their catching his scent; for when once they do, the spell is broken. Should one happen to get too near in pursuit, he has only to run to windward, or throw off his saddle, to avoid a stroke from a wing, which would lay him prostrate.

CHAPTER V.

Great Namaqua-land, as it is usually called, lies north of the Orange River, on the western coast of Africa, between the 23° and 28° of south latitude; bounded on the north by the Damaras, and on the east by an extensive sandy desert, called by Mr. Campbell the Southern Zara, or Zahara.

In the month of January, 1806, the Orange, or Gariep River, was crossed by missionaries of the London Missionary Society, for the purpose of planting the Gospel among the inhabitants of that wild and desolate region. Before entering into a detail of painful and pleasing events, which marked the whole course of the bold, self-denying, and dangerous enterprise of the two Albrechts and their associates, it will be proper briefly to sketch the character of the country, and the circumstances connected with the early efforts of these men of God, to sow the seeds of the everlasting Gospel in a most ungenial soil.

As an inhabited country, it is scarcely possible to conceive of one more destitute and miserable; and it is impossible to traverse its extensive plains, its rugged, undulating surface, and to descend to the beds of its waterless rivers, without viewing it as emphatically "a land of droughts," bearing the heavy curse of

> "Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Meeting with an individual, on my journey thither, who had spent years in that country, I asked what was its character and appearance? "Sir," he replied, "you will find plenty of sand and stones, a thinly scattered population, always suffering from want of water, on plains and hills roasted like a burnt loaf, under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun." Of the truth of this description I soon had ample demonstration. It is intersected by the Fish and 'Oup Rivers, with their numberless tributary streams, if such their dry and often glowing beds may be termed. Sometimes, for years together, they are not known to run; when, after the stagnant pools are dried up, the natives congregate to their beds, and dig holes, or wells, in some instances to the depth of twenty feet, from which they draw water, generally of a very inferior quality. They place branches of trees in the excavation, and, with great labour, under a hot sun, hand up the water in a wooden vessel, and pour it into an artificial trough; to which the panting, lowing herds approach, partially to satiate their thirst. Thunder storms are eagerly anticipated, for by these only rain falls; and frequently these storms will pass over with tremendous violence, striking the inhabitants with awe, while not a single drop of rain descends to cool and fructify the parched waste.

When the heavens do let down their watery treasures, it is generally in a partial strip of country, which the electric cloud has traversed; so that the traveller will frequently pass, almost instantaneously, from ground on which there is not a blade of grass, into tracts of luxuriant green, sprung up after a passing storm. Fountains are indeed few and far between, the best very inconsiderable, frequently very salt, and some of them hot springs; while the soil contiguous is generally so impregnated with saltpetre, as to crackle under the feet, like hoar-frost, and it is with great difficulty that any kind of vegetable can be made to grow. Much of the country is hard and stony, interspersed with plains of deep sand. There is much granite; and quartz is so abundantly scattered, reflecting such a glare of light from the rays of the sun, that the traveller, if exposed at noon-day, can scarcely allow his eyelids to be sufficiently open to enable him to keep the course he wishes to pursue.

The inhabitants are a tribe or tribes of Hottentots, distinguished by all the singular characteristics of that nation, which includes Hottentots, Corannas, Namaquas, and Bushmen. Their peculiar clicking language is so similar, that it is with little difficulty they converse with the two former. In their native state the aborigines, though deeply sunk in ignorance, and disgusting in their manners and mien, were neither very warlike nor bloody in their dispositions. The enervating influence of climate, and scanty sustenance, seem to have deprived them of that bold martial spirit which distinguishes the tribes who live in other parts of the interior, which, in comparison with Namaqua-land, may be said to "flow with milk and honey." With the exception of the solitary traveller, whose objects were entirely of a scientific character, those who ventured into the interior carried on a system of cupidity, and perpetrated deeds, calculated to make the worst impression upon the minds of the natives, and influence them to view white men, and others descended from them, as an "angry" race of human beings, only fit to be classed with the lions, which roar for their prey in their native wilds. Intercourse with such visitors in the southern districts, and disgraceful acts of deceit and oppression, committed by sailors from ships which visited Angra Piquena, and other places on the western coast, had, as may easily be conceived, the most baneful influence on the native tribes, and nurtured in their heathen minds (naturally suspicious) a savage disgust for all intercourse with white men, alas! professedly Christian. Having little to talk about, when they met, these subjects became their general theme. Such was the long, and deep-rooted impression made on their minds, as a people, that on one of the branches of the Fish River, far east of Mr. Schmelen's station at Bethany, when I asked a native why he had never visited the missionary station; his reply was, "I have been taught from my infancy to look upon Hat men (hat-wearers) as the robbers and murderers of the Namaquas. Our friends and parents have been robbed of their cattle, and shot by the hat-wearers." Many runaways, and characters reckless of law, abandoning the service of the farmers in the colony, fled to Great Namaqualand, and their influence went far in stirring up the native mind against all compromise on the part of their civilized neighbours. It was to such a people, and to such a country, that the missionaries directed their course, to lead a life of the greatest self-denial and privation.

From a variety of untoward circumstances, their experience on the journey from Cape Town to the place of their destination, seemed a precursor, and preparation for future trials, and to them the journey must have formed a striking contrast to European travelling, and the endeared home of the friends they had left never again to behold in the flesh. In their journal they detail numerous difficulties with which they had to contend in their progress. They had a weak and imperfect supply of oxen to draw their wagons, some fainting, and others incapable of being yoked. Their wagons stuck fast in the sand, then in the river. They were compelled to leave oxen behind, and they suffered excessively from thirst, as the water was scarce and nauseous. They were unable to obtain, from their poverty and the locality, a sufficiency of food to supply the calls of hunger. Their spirits drooped, and though their courage did not fail, the following letter shows that they were alive to the nature of their situation, "We had no prospect of being soon among the people, and could easily calculate that we should not have sufficient to last till we had an opportunity of purchasing for slaughter. The Lord brings us now into paths, where we must by experience learn to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' We have not only to take care of our own provisions in the parched deserts, but also of those who conduct the wagons. Besides, the 36 rix-dollars (about 3*l.*) we had remaining to carry us from the Rode-sand, were almost expended, and we were still at a considerable distance from the Kamies Berg. To say nothing of the country of the Great Namaquas, where we hope to find the place of our destination, it is very grievous for me and my brethren, that we are sent to make such a long journey, through the dreary parts of Africa, with so little money and provisions: we being altogether eleven in number, who cannot live upon the air. We acknowledge that through love we gave ourselves up to that service as well as other brethren; and we are also convinced that our worthy brethren, the Directors, would not suffer us first to stand in need, and then be willing to help us when there should be no opportunity, or when it might be too late to deliver us from trouble and danger. We were never in our lives so perplexed, to think what we should eat or drink, as we have reason to do at present; not only to *our* grief, but that also of our people in this dry sandy desert, where we are deprived of human assistance, but must rejoice when able to get just a drink of water, which is mostly brack or saltish. But all suffering we meet with in the journey or in the service of our Lord, we shall patiently bear for the sake of our Lord Jesus. Yet when we and our people suffer by famine, and we think the same *might* have been prevented—and who knows how long we must remain in this perilous situation?—then it is very sorrowful for brethren, who have abandoned their livelihood, country, and friends, and have given themselves up to the service of our great Sender, the Lord Jesus, thus to endure. But we trust God will protect us, and will not let us come to shame."

These were only some of their trials, while yet within the boundary of the colony, and at no great distance from the abodes of civilized men; as they drew near the sphere of their intended labours, their spirits revived, though their troubles and reasonable fears did not diminish; for, having passed the boundary of the colony, they add,—"In this place, which is called Bushman-country, there is as little water as there is grass to be found. One must hunger and thirst, and be in continual danger of being devoured by wild beasts, or murdered."

It is pleasing to see that, amidst these privations, their devotedness to the immortal interests of the heathen continued unwavering, even though they were fully satisfied that much suffering and distress of mind might have been prevented by some whose duty it was to direct and assist.

"Dear brethren," they write, addressing the Directors,* "we have gone through many difficulties, of which nobody can form an idea, who

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* It should be borne in mind, that at that time our missions were principally under the management of the Directors of the South African Missionary Society—Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Kicherer.

never has been in a dry and barren desert. We were not only separated from our friends, but could get no assistance from any human being. If we had not been able to believe that it was the will of the Lord for us to go to the great Namaquas, we could not have gone through such great fatigue and labour. Nevertheless, it was painful to us to observe that even those who are said to have assisted us, have made our journey so difficult by not providing properly for us."

While in some of their greatest perplexities, Cornelius Kok, of Kamiesberg, with his son Adam, (late chief of Philippolis,) appeared to them like an angel of mercy, assisting, comforting, and directing them in their arduous enterprise. These trying times were rendered tenfold more so from their want of pecuniary resources, among a people suspicious of their real motives, themselves in poverty. Though permitted by an austere and mistaken government, as a favour, to exile themselves beyond the boundaries of the colony, to instruct the aborigines in the Christian religion, they were forbidden to teach them to write, without special orders from the Cape authorities.

On reaching the junction of the Hartebeast with the Orange River, they waited some time, till Christian Albrecht, having pioneered to Great Namaqualand, returned with encouraging prospects, and the whole party passed on to that country. Characteristic of the simplicity of their proceedings, they named the spot of their first temporary residence, Stille Hoop, (Silent Hope,) and the next Blyde Uitkomst, (Happy Deliverance.) Their Silent Hope, however, in that country, was long deferred; and, indeed, could scarcely be said to be fully realized, till their Happy Deliverance from a succession of disappointments, mortifications, and hardships, which brought the Albrechts, and Mrs. C. A., formerly Miss Burgman, to a premature grave. Soon after commencing their labours, their prospects were alternately bright and gloomy. Their proximity to Africaner, the notable robber, added not a little to their anxieties. Appearing before them on one occasion, he said, "As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man." So early and so fully was this man, the terror of the country, impressed with the purity and sincerity of the missionary character, that, hearing that it was the intention of the Albrechts to remove to a more eligible situation, he came to the missionaries, (after having sent repeated messages,) entreating them not to leave that part of the country, and testifying the pleasure he felt at seeing the progress his children had made under their instruction, promising to send the rest, which he did eventually, taking up his abode with them, and causing his people to do the same.

Before proceeding with the painful record of events which followed in rapid succession, it may be proper here to glance briefly at Africaner's history and character. In doing this, it will be well to fix the attention on Jager, the eldest son of the old man, who, from his shrewdness and prowess, obtained the reins of the government of his tribe at an early age.* He and his father once roamed on their native hills and dales, within 100 miles of Cape Town; pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds which burst over the Witsenberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the strongholds of his clan. As the Dutch settlers increased, and found it necessary to make room for themselves, by adopting as their own the lands which lay beyond them, the Hottentots, the aborigines, perfectly incapable of maintaining their ground against these foreign intruders, were compelled to give place by removing to a distance, or yielding themselves in passive obedience to the farmers. From time to time he found himself and his people becoming more remote from the land of their forefathers, till he became united and subject to a farmer named P——. Here he and his diminished clan lived for a number of years. In Africaner P—— found a faithful, and intrepid shepherd; while his valour in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on that devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps. Had P—— treated his subjects with common humanity, not to say with gratitude, he might have died honourably, and prevented the catastrophe which befell the family, and the train of robbery, crime, and bloodshed which quickly followed that melancholy event. It can serve no good purpose here to detail the many provocations and oppressions which at length roused the apparently dormant energies of the often dejected chieftain, who saw his people dwindling to a mere handful; their wives and daughters abused, their infants murdered, while he himself had to subsist on a coarse and scanty pittance, which in the days of his independency he would have considered as the crumbs of a table fit only for the poorest of the poor. Demonstrations too tangible to admit of a doubt, convinced him and his people, that in addition to having their tenderest feelings trodden under foot, evil was intended against the whole party. They had been trained to the use of fire-arms; to act not only on the defensive, but offensive also; and Africaner, who had been signally expert in re-capturing stolen cattle from the Bushmen pirates, now refused to comply with the command of the master, who was a kind of justice of peace. Order after order was sent down to the huts of Africaner and his people. They positively refused. They had on the previous night received authentic information that it was a deep-laid scheme to get them to go to another farm, where some of the party were to be seized. Fired with indignation at the accumulated woes through which they had passed, a tempest was brooding in their bosoms. They had before signified their wish, with the farmer's permission, to have some reward for their often galling servitude, and to be allowed peaceably to remove to some of the sequestered districts beyond, where they might live in peace. This desire had been sternly refused, and followed by severity still more grievous. It was even-tide, and the farmer, exasperated to find his commands disregarded, ordered them to appear at the door of his house. This was to them an awful moment; and though accustomed to scenes of barbarity, their hearts beat hard. It had not yet entered their minds to do violence to the farmer. Jager, with his brothers and some attendants, moved slowly up towards the door of the house. Titus, the next brother to the chief, dreading that the farmer in his wrath might have recourse to desperate measures, took his gun with him which he easily concealed behind him, being night. When they reached the front of the house, and Jager, the chief, had gone up the few steps leading to the door, to state their complaints, the farmer rushed furiously on the chieftain, and with one blow precipitated him to the bottom of the steps. At this moment Titus drew from behind him his gun, fired on P———, who staggered backward, and fell. They then entered the house, the wife having witnessed the murder of her husband, shrieked, and implored mercy. They told her on no account to be alarmed, for they had nothing against her. They asked for the guns and ammunition which were in the house, which she promptly delivered to them. They then straightly charged her not to leave the house during the night, as they could not ensure her safety from others of the servants, who, if she and her family attempted to flee, might kill them.

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* The father of the large family of Africaners or Jagers, had resigned the hereditary right of chieftainship to his eldest son Jager, afterwards Christian Africaner; the old man, who lived to a great age, being superannuated.

This admonition, however, was disregarded. Overcome with terror, two children escaped by a back door. These were slain by two Bushmen, who had long been looking out for an opportunity of revenging injuries they had suffered. Mrs. P——— escaped in safety to the nearest farm. Africaner, with as little loss of time as possible, rallied the remnant of his tribe, and, with what they could take with them, directed their course to the Orange River, and were soon beyond the reach of pursuers, who, in a thinly scattered population, required time to collect. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Orange River; and afterwards, a chief ceding to him his dominion in Great Namaqua-land, it henceforth became his by right, as well as by conquest.

Attempts were made on the part of the colonial government and the farmers, to punish this daring outrage on the P——— family; but though rewards were offered, and commandoes went out for that purpose, Africaner dared them to approach his territories. Some of the farmers had recourse to another stratagem to rid the frontiers of such a terror; they bribed some of the Bastards, who were in the habit of visiting the colony, from the upper regions of the Orange River. This gave rise to a long series of severe, and sometimes bloody conflicts between the Africaners, and the chief Berend and his associates. Berend being impelled by a twofold reward, and Africaner by a desire to wreak his vengeance on the farmers, who were once his friends, the instigators of the deeply laid scheme. Though these two chiefs dreadfully harassed each other, neither conquered; but continued to breathe against each other the direst hatred, till, by the gospel of peace, they were brought to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

As soon as Africaner had discovered the origin of the plot, which had well nigh overthrown his power, he visited the boundaries of the colony. A farmer named Engelbrecht, and a Bastard Hottentot, fell the victims to his fury, and their cattle and other property were carried off, to atone for the injuries inflicted by the machinations of the farmers. Africaner now became a terror, not only to the colony on the south, but also to the tribes on the north. The original natives of the country justly viewed him as a dangerous neighbour, even though he had obtained, by lawful means, a portion in their country. They considered him as the common enemy. This led to pilfering and provocations on their part; conduct which he was sure to pay back, in their own way, with large interest. The tribes fled at his approach. His name carried dismay even to the solitary wastes. At a subsequent period, as I was standing with a Namaqua chief, looking at Africaner, in a supplicating attitude, entreating parties ripe for a battle, to live at peace with each other: "Look," said the wondering chief, pointing to Africaner, "there is the man, once the lion, at whose roar even the inhabitants of distant hamlets fled from their homes! Yes, and I," (patting his chest with his hand,) "have, for fear of his approach, fled with my people, our wives and our babes, to the mountain glen, or to the wilderness, and spent nights among beasts of prey, rather than gaze on the eyes of this lion, or hear his roar."

After the general aspect of affairs began to settle in that part of the country where Africaner's head-quarters were, other distant and interior parts of the country became a theatre, in which the inhabitants of the colony were pursuing a bloody game, in shooting the aborigines, and carrying off their cattle. The landrost of one of the colonial districts sent a message to Africaner, requesting him to try and put a stop to these proceedings, and especially those of a farmer, who, with his Bastard attendants, had sconced themselves in a stronghold in the country. Africaner promptly obeyed the call, and as he did not intend to fight them, he went with some of his chief men on oxen, to recommend them peaceably to retire from the country in which they were such a scourge. On approaching the temporary dwellings of these free-booters, and within gun-shot, the farmer levelled his long *roer* at the small party, and several slugs entering Africaner's shoulder, instantly brought him to the ground. His companions immediately took up their arms, and the farmer, knowing that their shots were deadly, kept out of the way, allowing the wounded chief and his attendants to retire, which they did, and returned home brooding revenge.

As soon as the slugs were extracted, and the wound partially healed, though the arm was lamed for life, Africaner, who was not a man to be frightened from his purpose, resumed his campaign; and the result was, that this marauder, under a Christian name, was driven from his stronghold, and compelled to take refuge in the colony whence he had come. The success which, in almost every instance, followed the arms of such a small and inconsiderable body of banditti as that of Africaner, may be ascribed to his mode of warfare. He endeavoured always to attack his enemy on the plain; or, if entrenched, or among bushes, the usual mode of fighting in the country, he instantly drove them from their sheltering-places; where, if both parties were of the same mind, they would continue, from day to day, occasionally discharging their missiles, or firing a shot. By Africaner's mode of warfare the conflict was soon decided. His reasons were these: he did not like suspense when life was at stake: he preferred to conquer a people before they had time to be alarmed, which saved them much agony of mind, and spared the unnecessary effusion of blood. Africaner was a man of great prowess, and possessed a mind capable of studying the tactics of savage warfare. His brother Titus was, perhaps, still more fierce and fearless; and, though a little man, he was an extraordinary runner, and able to bear unparalleled fatigue. He has been known, single-handed, to overtake a party of twenty possessing fire-arms, and only retired when his musket was shot to pieces in his hand. On one occasion Berend's party, who were far superior in numbers, headed by Nicholas Berend, unexpectedly carried off every ox and cow belonging to Africaner; only a few calves being left in the stall. After a desperate though very unequal contest for a whole day, having repeatedly taken and lost their cattle, they returned home, slaughtered the calves which were left them, and rested a couple of days in order to dry the flesh in the sun, ready for the intended campaign. For several days they pursued their course along the northern banks of the Orange River, and having, by spies, found out the rendezvous of the enemy on the southern side of the river, they passed beyond them, in order to attack them from a quarter on which they fancied they were safe. They swam over in the dead of the night, with their ammunition and clothes tied on their heads, and their guns on their shoulders. The little force thus prepared, not unlike that of Bruce at Bannockburn, seized their opportunity, and, when all the enemy were slumbering in perfect security, aroused them by a volley of stones falling on their fragile huts. The inmates rushed out, and were received by a shower of arrows; and before they could fairly recover their senses, and seize their guns, the discharge of musketry convinced them that they were besieged by a host encamped in the most favourable position: they consequently fled in the greatest consternation, leaving the captured cattle, as well as their own, in the hands of the Africaners.

Nicholas Berend, to whom reference has been made, was brother to the chief Berend Berend, (afterwards of the Griqua mission, and now of the Wesleyan mission among the Basuto,) and a very superior man both in appearance and intellect. I have frequently travelled with him, and many a dreary mile have we walked over the wilderness together. Having an excellent memory, and good descriptive powers, he has often beguiled the dreariness of the road, by rehearsing deeds of valour in days of heathenism, in which this struggle with Africaner bore a prominent part, and on which he could not reflect without a sigh of sorrow.

Among the remarkable interpositions of Divine Providence in saving his life from destruction, he more than once repeated the following, with much emphasis. It happened when he was engaged in a desperate conflict with Titus Africaner, from whose lips I had heard the same tale. The two had been engaged for hours in mutual strife, taking and re-taking a herd of cattle. By means of the large drove and bushes, each had managed to conceal himself. Suddenly a passage opening in the troop, which exposed the enraged combatants to each other's view, their rifles were instantly levelled. The moment they touched the triggers, a cow darted in between, and the two balls lodged in the centre of the animal, which fell dead on the spot. But for this interposition, both would, in all probability, have fallen, as they were most expert marksmen. Titus, a man who could take his gun in the dead of night, enter an immense deep pool in the Orange River, swim to the centre, take his seat on a rock just above the surface of the water, and wait the approach of a hippopotamus, which he would shoot just as it opened its monstrous jaws to seize him. A man who would deliberately smile the moment he laid the lion dead at his feet. This man, who appeared incapable of fear, and reckless of danger, could not help acknowledging being most powerfully struck with his escape from the ball of his antagonist, and would say to me when I referred to the fact, "Mynheer knows how to use the only hammer which makes my hard heart feel."

Nicholas finished his Christian course under the pastoral care of the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, Wesleyan missionary at Boochuap. His end was peace.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM the preceding description, which, though a mere glance at Africaner's character, or like a single leaf from which a volume might be produced, it may be seen that it was a most desirable object for the missionaries to make him and his people the centre of their labours, or otherwise to obtain a sphere sufficiently distant to prevent any thing like collision between the people of their charge and so formidable a neighbour. Humanly speaking, had the former plan been adopted, the evils which succeeded might have been prevented. The latter, for reasons obvious to the missionaries, was unfortunately chosen, and they removed to the Warm Bath, about 100 miles west of the neighbourhood of Africaner.

Taking up this place, as likely to become a permanent abode, they pitched their tent, though there was nothing lovely in its appearance, the neighbourhood being bare and sterile; and the small portion of ground capable of being irrigated by the hot spring, so salt that little could be expected to grow. *People* and *water* were, however, the objects of the missionaries' pursuit; and of all places they had seen or heard of, this was the most likely in which to congregate a tolerable, though at most a small, community. Here they resumed their labours of love, casting the heavenly seed in the hearts of their hearers. These were composed of a mixed multitude of Namaquas, and Bastards from the colony, (called on that account Oorlams,) whom they, as well as other missionaries, found it difficult to manage. Originating in the colony, proud of their superior knowledge, and having a smattering of the Dutch language, they stood high in their own estimation, and despised the aborigines. This, in many instances, gave rise to dissension, discord and war, so as even to overthrow the labours of the missionaries, and turn a thriving settlement into desolation.

For a season the prospects of the brethren continued cheering, their labours being blessed. They were "instant in season and out of season" to advance the temporal and and spiritual interests of the natives, though labouring in a debilitating climate, and in want of the common necessaries of life. Their table, for a long time, the lid of a wagon-chest, was covered with the most scanty fare. One feels at a loss, while reading their journals and letters at this season, which most to admire, their zeal, their self denial, or their resignation to a life of hardship. While laboring here, their congregation was increased even by that desperado Africaner, who, with part of his people, drew near, and attended occasionally the instructions of the missionaries, who visited his place in return. It was here, and at this time, that Jager, afterwards Christian Africaner, listened with attention to the first principles of the doctrine of Christ; and it was to this period that he frequently referred in his communications with me; that he saw "men as trees walking." But this was but a transient glimpse; for a degree of jealousy, and perhaps alarm, was excited in the minds of the inhabitants on the station, which influenced Africaner to retire to his wonted distance, with the full consent of the missionaries, who, had it been in their power, would gladly have prevented the separation. Abraham Albrecht soon after married; but, ere long, he was compelled by ill health to leave the station, and proceed to the colony, where he hoped that, by medical advice, and attention to regimen, his system might be restored. His frame was not naturally strong, and his constitution ill able to weather the hardships which had marked his short career. On the 14th of May, 1810, he took an affectionate and touching farewell of the flock at Warm Bath, and, accompanied by his brother Christian, left Mr. Tromp to carry on the work of the mission. After a journey, trying and tedious in the extreme to a sick man, he reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Botma, the faithful and devoted friends of missionaries, at Honing Berg, near Tulbagh, where he finished his earthly course on the 30th of July. Shortly before he fell asleep in Jesus, he read a chapter, and conversed on its contents. To the inquiry how he felt, he replied, "I go to Jesus; I am a member of his body." The writer has stood by his grave with his widow (now Mrs. Ebner) who, pointing to it with much feeling, referred to his tranquil passage into eternity, his deep anxiety for the heathen flock he had left, and the charge he gave his attendants, entreating them to "cleave unto the Lord." Immediately after this event, Christian Albrecht, who had proceeded to Cape Town, was married to Miss Burgman, a lady of superior education and promise, who had long burned with a holy zeal to encounter the perils of the wilderness, to make known the savour of a Redeemer's name among the perishing sons and daughters of Africa. For this purpose, as her biographer states, "she cheerfully relinquished all the gratifications that a pleasing connexion with her pious and respectable friends at Rotterdam afforded, ready to encounter the privations and hardships which she fully expected." Eminently qualified for her intended station, and fondly anticipating many successful years in the work which had so long been the cherished purpose of her soul, she left with her husband for the scene of her labours in Great Namaqualand, taking with them the widow and child of their departed brother. On their arrival she entered on her long-anticipated labour with the utmost ardour; but, alas! a heavy cloud was gathering, which, in a few months, darkened their cheering prospects, and burst on the mission, which had just begun to bid fair for permanent success.

An event so painful and destructive to the mission cause, will require some notice being taken of its origin; which I shall give nearly in the language of the late Rev. J. Campbell, in his tract, "The Life of Africaner," with slight corrections and additions.

> "Africaner being an outlaw, could not visit the colony or Cape Town, and in order to procure supplies, employed others. He entrusted Hans Drayer with three teams, or thirty oxen, commissioning him to purchase a wagon for Africaner, with the twenty, and with the remaining ten, to bring it home: and at the same time allowing an ample reward for Hans. He had not gone far into the colony before he met a farmer to whom he owed a large debt, and who very naturally seized the whole. Hans returned chop-fallen to Mr. Seidenfaden's missionary station at Kamiesberg, of which he had the charge during Mr. S.'s absence. Africaner hearing of what had happened, went in quest of Hans, whom he expected to find humble, but who was insolent to the last degree. On their punishing him with a sambock, he seized a gun, and levelled it at Africaner, but he was instantly despatched."

Mr. Seidenfaden having left debts behind him, among the Great Namaquas, and some of the Africaners, a portion of his property was seized. After this the friends of Hans, with the assistance of the Namaquas, sought revenge on the people of Africaner, but not succeeding, obtained assistance from the people of Warm Bath. This, with a false report that they had taken some of his cattle, and that the missionaries were their abettors, dreadfully enraged Africaner, who vowed vengeance on the mission.

The situation of the missionaries and their wives was now most distressing. Among a feeble and timid people, with scarcely any means of defence, a bare country around, no mountain-glen or cave in which they could take refuge, a burning sun, and a glowing plain; 200 miles from the abodes of civilized men, between which lay a waste-howling wilderness, and the Orange River, seldom fordable by wagons. Such was their position with the human lion in his lair, ready to rouse himself up to deeds of rapine and blood. This is no coloured picture, for the writer has with his family been placed in circumstances not dissimilar: experience is requisite to aid in just conceptions of so trying a moment. For a whole month they were in constant terror, hourly expecting the threatened attack. The hearts of the missionaries were riven with anguish; their souls revolted at the idea of abandoning the people, who were now suffering from want, to become a prey to one from whom they could expect no quarter. On one occasion they dug square holes in the ground, about six feet deep, that in case of an attack they might escape the balls; there they remained buried alive for the space of a week, having the tilt sail of the wagon thrown over the mouth of the pit to keep off the burning rays of an almost vertical sun. As one of the sufferers told me, she scarcely knew whether they had to suffer most by day or by night, for the heat sometimes amounted nearly to suffocation. From this place they removed at the suggestion of Fledermuis, a chief, northward to the base of the Karas mountains; but finding it impossible to settle, they retired to the colony to seek counsel and assistance.

But to return to Africaner. He spread devastation around him, attacked the Namaquas, and proceeded to Warm Bath. Finding it abandoned, his followers commenced a rigid search for any articles which might have been concealed for safety in the earth, and were but too successful. While the plunderers were engaged in their destructive operations, an incident occurred, almost too ludicrous for so melancholy a recital. As the triumphant chief and his adherents were revelling in their ill-gotten spoils, not without some qualms of conscience, derived from the light, however little, which they had received, especially as they now stood upon holy ground, which recalled the scenes of by-gone days, one of the chieftain's attendants strayed into the burying-ground, where already a few mounds distinguished it from the surrounding waste as the place of the dead. Stepping over what he supposed a newly closed grave, he heard, to his surprise, soft notes of music vibrate beneath. He stood motionless, gazing over his shoulder, with mouth and eyes dilated, hesitating whether to stand still, and *see* the dead arise, which he had heard the missionaries preach about, or take to his heels. After no little palpitation of heart, in order to assure himself, he mustered courage to make another trial, for the tones he had heard had died away. His second leap again roused the sepulchral harp, which now fell in soft but awful cadence on his ear. Without casting an eye behind, he darted off to the camp, and, with breathless amazement, announced to Africaner the startling discovery he had made of life and music in the grave. The appearance of the man convinced Africaner that he was in earnest, for reason seldom reels in that country. The chief, fearless of the living or the dead, was not to be scared even by the supposed spectre of the tomb, arose, and ordered his men to follow him to the spot. One jumped and another jumped, and at each succeeding leap, succeeding notes of the softest music vibrated on the ear from beneath. Recourse was had instantly to exhumation. The mysterious musician was soon brought to light. It proved to be Mrs. Albrecht's piano-forte, which she had taken with her from London, and which was the first ever conveyed into the Transgariepine regions. Being too cumbrous to be taken in a hasty flight, it had been buried in a soil where, from the entire absence of moisture, it might, but for this circumstance, have remained unscathed. Africaner, whose martial spirit made him a fitter associate for Mars than for the Muses, allowed the instrument to be dissected, parts of which I have seen, from which those fingers now silent in the grave had called forth divine harmony.

To finish the varied but sorrowful detail, one of the men of Africaner, on seeing him depart, took a fire-brand, and set fire to the houses and huts, which were soon reduced to ashes; and thus the light of Divine truth, which had just been enkindled in those gloomy regions, was extinguished for a season; and a peaceful Zion reduced to a heap of ruins. I have walked over them in pensive sorrow, and slumbered among them, when the owl only broke the death-like silence which reigned with its melancholy note, or the gaunt hyena howled in quest of prey. It might be profitable to improve this event, by tracing the succession of evils which befell that mission to their source. It might afford instructive lessons to those who may be similarly situated. It is, however, not my object to preach, but faithfully to narrate past events; leaving my readers, especially such as have entered into the labours of others of whose sufferings it is scarcely possible for them to form an adequate conception, to make the improvement. I have known a newly arrived missionary listen to the apparently romantic tale of a veteran of the above order, with the conviction, that the exaggerated picture he drew of past trials must have been the effect of an intellect partially weakened. It is impossible to take a minute survey of the lives and labours of some of our missionaries, whose names have become, like their voices, silent in death, without concluding that "there were giants in those days," like Christian Albrecht; a glance at whose concluding days, and those of his beloved partner, must close the present chapter.

Driven by necessity, as we have previously shown, to the colony, a visit to Cape Town cheered their drooping spirits a little, though still feeling the effects of previous suffering; for Mrs. A. writes, just on the eve of again returning, in December 1811, addressing the directors, "Yes, dear brethren, we have suffered much in every respect, and my soul and body are very much dejected." After a most distressing journey, sometimes under apprehension of perishing in the wilderness, they reached Silver Fountain, the residence of Cornelius Kok, who again rendered signal service to the weary, worn-out travellers. Here Mrs. Albrecht breathed her last, on the 13th of April, just five days after their arrival; and when she anticipated some repose she was removed to an eternal rest; to the last her heart was fixed on her Master's work. The Namaqua mission was resumed at Pella, south of the river, and which was so called from its becoming the place of refuge; there they were joined by about 500 of the Warm Bath people. Mr. C. Albrecht, having occasion again to go to the Cape for medical advice, as his health had been for some time declining, while there engaged in his Master's business, suddenly expired, leaving behind him a bright testimony of zeal, love, and self-denial seldom equalled. His labours follow him, while his remains slumber beside those of Dr. Vanderkemp, on a foreign shore, waiting the sound of the last trump. But before he was called, like a faithful servant, to the "joy of his Lord," a delightful realization of the faithfulness and mercy of Jehovah was permitted to enlighten and cheer his latter days. Many and fervent were the prayers which he and his coadjutors had offered up to the throne of God for the poor Namaquas, and for Africaner too. These prayers were heard; and before leaving the country, he had the ineffable joy, which it would require an angel's tongue to describe, of making peace with Africaner, and seeing the standard of the Prince of Peace reared in the very village of the man who once "breathed out threatenings and slaughter" against not only his fellow heathen, but against the saints of the Most High.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rev. J. Campbell, in his first visit to Africa, to which reference has been made, found it necessary to cross the interior of the continent to Namaqua-land. During his journey, he found in every village through which he passed the terror of Africaner's name, and, as Mr. C. expresses it, "a trembling, lest he should pay them a visit;" and he might have added what he has often since done, with the voice, "that he and his retinue never were so afraid in their lives." On reaching Pella, he wrote a conciliatory letter to Africaner: leaving it to be forwarded, he pursued his journey to the colony. Mr. Sass undertook to convey this important document; but after searching for Africaner for some time, he was compelled, by thirst and hunger, to relinquish his object, committing the letter to one well acquainted with Africaner, and in whom he could confide. On his return, Mr. S. and his attendants had nearly perished from thirst; they came to a hole in a rock where there was water, and into which a large hyena having forced itself, had been drowned: the stench was horrible, and in attempting to draw the now putrid carcase out, it went to pieces in their hands. But thirst will compel a man to do what would scarcely be credited in England; they drank, though the beasts of burden, panting for want of water, would not taste of the almost putrid draught. To this letter Africaner sent a favourable reply, and C. Albrecht lost no time in accomplishing what he had so long desired; and soon after Mr. Ebner was sent from Pella.

I now enter into the history of that part of the Namaqua mission which requires a delicate hand to touch, and which cannot be done without violence to my own feelings. But it is impossible for me to avoid reference to certain points which illustrate subsequent events. The station now occupied by Mr. Ebner was a most important one, on which great responsibilities lay, and from which results of the highest importance might accrue to Namaqua-land. Mr. Ebner's labours were blessed, though he was not what Mr. Albrecht desired, nor the man Mr. Campbell would have sent; but labourers were few. It required no little circumspection, acuteness, and decision, to gain influence and esteem from a people who had been guilty of such enormities, and whose hand had been against every one. Every action and sentence of the missionary was weighed by minds accustomed to scrutinize and suspect. In the course of a short time, Africaner, his two brothers, David and Jacobus, with a number of others, were baptized; but soon after, Mr. Ebner's situation was rendered extremely trying, by the interference of a runaway from the Cape, named Peterson, who went so far as to threaten to take Mr. E.'s property, and even his life, if he resisted; while, to the grief of the latter, it was evident that Africaner connived at the menaces of this individual, whom he had power to control with a word.

In 1817, Mr. Ebner visited Cape Town for supplies, where the writer first hailed him with delight, as his companion and guide in his future labours, upon which he was now entering. As my course, with that of Mr. Kitchingman, who was appointed to Bysondermeid, in Little Namaqua-land, lay to that place, in order to see Mr. Schmelen, we did not travel much together, Mr. Ebner having to take another route. It was evident to me, as I approached the boundaries of the colony, that the farmers, who, of course, had not one good word to say of Africaner, were sceptical to the last degree about his reported conversion, and most unceremoniously predicted my destruction. One said he would set me up for a mark for his boys to shoot at; and another, that he would strip off my skin, and make a drum of it to dance to; another most consoling prediction was, that he would make a drinking cup of my scull. I believe they were serious, and especially a kind motherly lady, who, wiping the tear from her eye, bade me farewell, saying, "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young, and going to become a prey to that monster."

A hasty sketch of our journey to Bysondermeid, may not be unacceptable to some of my readers, who may be little acquainted with Africa. Raw travellers in that country generally have to learn much by experience, and that sometimes dear bought, the mode of conveyance being so entirely different from that of Europe. The first thing, the wagon, in his estimation, is an awkward, heavy vehicle; and though he never in his life was in a wheelwright's shop, he pronounces it clumsy, and capable of immense improvement; but, like all his predecessors, eventually confesses that its size, and mechanism, are inimitably adapted to the ravines and rocky ascents over which it must pass. Accustomed to horse, though not railroad speed, he is wearied out of patience with the slow and measured paces of the oxen, going at two and a half miles an hour, and only seven or eight hours each day. The untractable disposition of some, and the apparently awkward harness of ten or twelve oxen before the wagon, produce something like disgust. I remember one newly arrived, a tailor by trade, remarking, as he looked on a graceful African team, "How barbarous the people must be not to be able to harness their oxen better; any one would improve it." *He* has not done it yet. He then finds fault with the people, and thinks himself very patient, because he does not scold them hard, or disband them altogether. The people not understanding his broken language, and he knowing but little of theirs, preclude him from having things done as he would. His oxen stray; one man is tardy, another lazy, and a third runs away, and probably relieves him of a trifle of his heavy load, which had brought him to a halt in the bed of a river, or on the side of a bleak mountain. He pronounces, or is ready to pronounce, African servants as lazy, disobedient, dishonest, and, in fact, libels them and those under whom they have been instructed. Mr. Kitchingman and myself were spared many of these hard lessons, having been located with kind and hospitable farmers, some months before commencing our journey; but we had our trials, though not like some of our predecessors, in the gipsy life of an African traveller. We obtained men to drive the wagons, and men to lead the team of oxen, for each team requires a driver and a leader; and as it is necessary, for contingencies, to have a number of loose or spare oxen, and sometimes sheep for slaughter, and occasionally a horse, an individual or two are required to bring them up in the rear. Servants being very scarce at the time we travelled, it was with great difficulty we procured a loose cattle driver; one we obtained, but, on getting a portion of his reward in advance, he decamped. Mr. K. and I undertook to do the work ourselves, and from the extreme heat of the season, (November,) it was necessary to travel most during the night. We took the work alternately, for Mrs. Kitchingman being in a very delicate state of health, and near a period of maternal solicitude, it was necessary that one should constantly attend to support her, under the almost constant jolting of the wagon, without springs, on a rough and stony road. The task of driving the loose cattle was not an easy one, for frequently the oxen would take one course, the sheep another, and the horses a third. It required no little perseverance, as well as courage, when sometimes the hyena would approach with his unearthly howl, and set the poor timid sheep to their heels; and the missionary, dreading the loss of his mutton, in his haste, gets his legs lacerated by one bush, and his face scratched by another, now tumbles prostrate over an ant hill, and then headlong into the large hole of a wild boar. He frequently arrives at the halting place long after the wagons, when the keen eye of the native wagon driver surveys the cattle, and announces to the breathless and thirsty missionary, that he has lost some of his charge. He sits down by the fire, which is always behind a bush, if such is to be found, tells his exploits, looks at his wounds, and so ends his day's labours with a sound sleep.

Next morning he gets up early to seek the strayed, and if it happen to be a sheep, he is almost sure to find only the bones, the hyena having made a repast on the rest. Once our little flock of sheep was reduced to one, and one sheep will not easily travel alone, but soon becomes very tame, so as to walk about like one of the dogs; indeed, ours became so very sociable, that we loved it, and tried hard to spare its life. It generally travelled with a long leather thong tied round its neck, with which it was fastened during the night. However, having fasted long from animal food, being unable to procure game, sentence was passed, and the pet sheep was to die next morning; but it so happened that the near approach of a hyena frightened away the sheep, and being dark, the country bushy and mountainous, pursuit was out of the question. Early next morning Mr. K. and I followed the track, which showed us that the hyena had pursued it to the mountains, to which such animals instinctively resort. After a long and wearisome search, we discovered our lost sheep near the top of the rugged elevation. It had still, as the natives express it, *de schrik in de lyfe*, (the terror in the body,) and fled at our approach; sometimes when we, after great labour, got within a step of the thong, away it bounded, till it ascended cliffs beyond our reach. It was most mortifying to us to leave such a feast to the panthers, but not having a gun with us, and seeing some foot-marks of these dangerous animals, we slowly returned to the wagons, where all were anticipating a mutton chop, and the only compliment paid to our exertions was, that we had managed very badly.

We had troubles of another kind, and such as we did not expect in so dry and thirsty a land. Rain had fallen some time previous in the neighbourhood of Kamies Berg: the loose soil, abounding in limy particles, had become so saturated, that frequently, as the oxen and wagons went along the road, they would suddenly sink into a mire, from which they were extricated with difficulty, being obliged to unload the wagons and drag them out backwards. One river was so swollen and rapid, that Mrs. K. preferred being carried over to going in the wagon. Being rather more robust than Mr. K., this duty devolved on me, and it was not an easy one, as the stones in the river were as slippery as butter, and the whole party standing on the bank, all in a titter, expecting every moment that we should both have a plunge, which, though not unattended with danger, excited the risible faculties in no ordinary degree.

It was at Bysondermeid that I saw, for the first time, what might strictly be called a real native congregation, consisting of the aborigines of the country; and I shall never forget what were my emotions when listening to Mr. Schmelen, in his energetic style, addressing the attentive throng, and observing what attention they paid to the broken Dutch of the missionary recruits. This was to be the scene of Mr. Kitchingman's labours, while Mr. Schmelen was to proceed to the interior of Great Namaqua-land, where he had before laboured.

I remained nearly a month with Mr. Schmelen at Bysondermeid. His long experience afforded me much useful information. My oxen being somewhat rested, I bade farewell to my companions in travel, Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman, now greatly endeared, and proceeded with a guide through a comparative trackless desert. Having travelled nearly the whole night through deep sand, the oxen began to lie down in the yoke from fatigue, obliging us to halt before reaching water. The next day we pursued our course, and on arriving at the place where we had hoped to find water, we were disappointed. As it appeared evident that if we continued the same route we must perish from thirst, at the suggestion of my guide we turned northward, over a dreary, trackless, sandy waste, without one green blade of grass, and scarcely a bush on which the wearied eye could rest. Becoming dark, the oxen unable to proceed, ourselves exhausted with dreadful thirst and fatigue, we stretched our wearied limbs on sand still warm from the noon-tide heat, being the hot season of the year. Thirst aroused us at an early hour; and finding the oxen incapable of moving the wagon one inch, we took a spade, and, with the oxen, proceeded to a hollow in a neighbouring mountain. Here we laboured for a long time, digging an immense hole in the sand, whence we obtained a scanty supply, exactly resembling the old bilge-water of a ship, but which was drunk with an avidity which no pen can describe. Hours were occupied in incessant labour to obtain a sufficiency for the oxen, which, by the time all had partaken, were ready for a second draught; while some, from the depth of the hole and the loose sand, got scarcely any. We filled the small vessels which we had brought, and returned to the wagon over a plain glowing with a meridian sun; the sand being so hot, it was distressingly painful to walk. The oxen ran frantic, till they came to a place indurated, with little sand. Here they stood together, to cool their burning hoofs in the shade of their own bodies; those on the outside always trying to get into the centre. In the evening, when about to yoke them in order to proceed on our journey, we found that most of the oxen had run off towards Bysondermeid. An attendant, who was despatched in search of them, returned at midnight with the sad tidings that he was compelled by thirst, and terror of meeting with lions, to abandon his pursuit.

No time was to be lost, and I instantly sent off the remaining oxen with two men, to take them to the next fountain, and then proceed to solicit assistance from Mr. Bartlett, at Pella. Three days I remained with my wagon-driver on this burning plain, with scarcely a breath of wind; and what there was felt as if coming from the mouth of an oven. We had only tufts of dry grass to make a small fire, or rather flame; and little was needful, for we had scarcely any food to prepare. We saw no human being, although we had an extensive prospect; not a single antilope or beast of prey made its appearance; but in the dead of the night we sometimes heard the distant roar of the lion on the mountain, where we had to go twice a day for our nauseous but grateful beverage. At last, when we were beginning to fear that the men had either perished or wandered, Mr. Bartlett arrived on horseback, with two men having a quantity of mutton tied to their saddles. I cannot conceive of an epicure gazing on a table groaning under the weight of viands, with half the delight that I did on the mutton, which, though killed only the preceding evening, required no keeping to make it tender. Oxen had been sent for, which were to arrive in two days. This time was spent in mutually refreshing intercourse; but Mr. B., although inured to Namaqua heat, remarked, that what we experienced was enough to set the grass on fire.

Fresh oxen, accustomed to deep sand, soon brought us to Pella. Here I remained a few days, and was greatly invigorated in body and mind by the truly Christian kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, as well as by the friendly attentions of the heathen converts. When about to depart, Magerman, the native teacher of Warm Bath, arrived with oxen, for the purpose of conveying me thither. Hence, a contention, if such it may be called, ensued, my destination being Africaner's kraal, where they were awaiting my arrival, having been apprised of my coming by Mr. Ebner, who had returned there about six weeks previous. At last Magerman consented to take me to the other side of the river; and the good man, hoping to gain his point, conducted me to a ford, opposite which a village of his people lay, who he expected would take me by force. The wagon and its contents were swam over piecemeal, on a fragile raft of dry willow logs, about six feet long, and from four to six inches in diameter, fastened together with the inner bark of the mimosas, which stud the banks of the river, which is at this place 500 yards wide, rocky, with a rapid current. The rafts are carried a great distance down by the stream, taken to pieces every time of crossing, each man swimming back with a log.

When, after some days' labour, all was conveyed to the opposite shore, the last raft was prepared for me, on which I was requested to place myself, and hold fast. I confess, though a swimmer, I did not like the voyage, independently of not wishing to give them the trouble of another laborious crossing. I withdrew along the woody bank, and plunged into the river, leaving my clothes to be conveyed over. As soon as they saw me approaching the middle of the current, terrified lest evil should befall me, some of the most expert swimmers plunged in, and laboured hard to overtake me, but in vain; and when I reached the northern band, an individual came up to me, almost out of breath, and asked, "Were you born in the great sea water?"

The wagon and contents being removed beyond the reach of a flood, which sometimes comes down with little warning, an affecting scene presented itself, which perfectly overcame my feelings. Magerman and his people beset my wagon, reasoning, pleading, and praying that I might go to Warm Bath. The following day the subject was renewed with such earnestness, that it was afternoon before I tasted a mouthful of food. At last the women came like a regiment, and declared that if I left them, I must take the wagon over their bodies, for they would lie down before the wheels. It was in vain I pleaded my destination, and the necessity of proceeding first to Africaner, to fulfil the promise of the directors. At last a party of Africaner's people, with three of his brothers, were seen approaching in the distance. This ended the painful conflict; for, awed by their presence, they withdrew, with many tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the 26th of January, 1818, I arrived, with emotions of the deepest gratitude to God, at Africaner's kraal, (afterwards called, by Mr. Ebner, Vreede Berg, and then Jerusalem,) being kindly received by Mr. E. Africaner's brother, who had charge of my wagon, took it to a large tree in the village, at some hundred yards' distance from the temporary hut of Mr. Ebner. This I did not like, but knew that sometimes it was wiser to be silent than to speak. Appearances were not so inviting as I had hoped to find them; and Christian Africaner, the chief, was some time before he came to welcome me. I was not aware of any unpleasant feeling existing between the missionary and the people, although I was startled, before I left the colony, to hear Mr. Ebner describe them as a wicked, suspicious, and dangerous people, baptized as well as unbaptized.

After remaining an hour or more in this situation, Christian Africaner made his appearance; and after the usual salutation, inquired if I was the missionary appointed by the Directors in London; to which I replied in the affirmative. This seemed to afford him much pleasure; and he added, that as I was young, he hoped that I should live long with him and his people. He then ordered a number of women to come; I was rather puzzled to know what he intended by sending for women, till they arrived, bearing bundles of native mats and long sticks, like fishing-rods. Africaner pointing to a spot of ground, said, "There, you must build a house for the missionary." A circle was instantly formed, and the women evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemispheric form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half-an-hour. Since that time I have seen houses built of all descriptions, and assisted in the construction of a good many myself; but I confess I never witnessed such expedition. Hottentot houses, (for such they may be called, being confined to the different tribes of that nation,) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone, it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. Nor were these all the contingencies of such a dwelling, for as the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep, and try to defend myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel.

But to return to my new habitation, in which, after my household matters were arranged, I began to ruminate on the past—the home and friends I had left, perhaps for ever; the mighty ocean which rolled between the desert country through which I had passed, to reach one still more dreary. In taking a review of the past, which seemed to increase in brightness, as I traced all the way in which I had been brought, during the stillness of my first night's repose, I often involuntarily said and sung,

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come."

The inimitable hymn from which these lines are taken, was often sung by Mr. and Mrs. Kitchingman and myself, while passing through the lonely desert. But my mind was frequently occupied with other themes. I was young, had entered into a new and responsible situation, and one surrounded with difficulties of no ordinary character. Already I began to discover some indications of an approaching storm, which might try my faith. The future looked dark and portentous in reference to the mission. My inexperienced hand trembled to touch a single chord, lest it should vibrate in sounds still more discordant than those which fell on my ear the preceding day; but the sure word of promise was my stay, and I was enabled to adopt the language of one of old, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." What I had contemplated was but too soon realized. The general aspect of affairs was to me any thing but cheering. Christian Africaner seemed cool and reserved; and on Titus Africaner, his brother, coming to the station, a scene ensued which made me tremble for the ark of God. Titus, whom I had not previously seen, was an inveterate enemy of missionaries; he, with others, came and stood before the native house of Mr. Ebner, loading him with the most abusive epithets, and in the most opprobrious language, ordered him to leave, threatening to lay violent hands on him. The whole of the people on the station were gazing on this scene, to me distressing in the extreme. Dreading some fearful consequences, I begged an interview with the chief, Christian Africaner, which I soon obtained, and entreated him, as a Christian brother, to use his influence to put a stop to proceedings so disorderly and disgraceful on the part of his relative. The chief, however, showed the greatest aversion to take any part in the business, and I could only obtain his promise to prevent Titus from assaulting the person of Mr. Ebner. I then went to Mr. E., to induce him to desist from disputing with a man in a rage, who threatened him with death. I addressed Titus, begging him to refer the case to the chief, to which, in a calm tone of voice, he replied, "I hope *you* will not interfere." Though I could not understand the merits of the case, I sat down at the door of Mr. Ebner's hut, determined that if any blows were given, I would at least come in for a share, for the sake of the wife and children. Towards even ing a calm ensued, but it was a gloomy one, especially when Mr. E. came to me and begged of me to take upon myself the entire charge of the station, as he had resolved never more to address them, but to leave the country entirely. Perceiving him greatly excited against the whole people, I earnestly entreated him to wait and deliberate on the subject calmly. A day or two passed, and though to Mr. E.'s great relief I obtained a kind of promise from Titus, that he would not molest him again; his determination to depart was unalterable. I shall never forget what were my feelings when, at Mr. E.'s request, I had to go among the people, and beg of some who were able to assist him to remove with his wagon and goods to Warm Bath, whither he had received an invitation from the chief Bondlezwarts to labour.* Mr. E. feared after leaving the station, Titus and his people might fall upon him, as it was rumoured that, but for my presence he would have done. Here I was, left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel or advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about 25*l.* per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. These circumstances led to great searchings of heart, to see if I had hitherto aimed at doing and suffering the will of Him in whose service I embarked. Satisfied that I had not run unsent, and having in the intricate, and sometimes obscure course I had come, heard the still small voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it," I was wont to pour out my soul among the granite rocks surrounding this station, now in sorrow, and then in joy; and more than once I took my violin, once belonging to Christian Albrecht, and reclining upon one of the huge masses, have, in the stillness of the evening, played and sung the well known hymn, a favourite of my mother's,

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise," &c.

Soon after my stated services commenced—which were, according to the custom of our missionaries at that period, every morning and evening, and school for three or four hours during the day—I was cheered with tokens of the Divine presence. The chief, who had for some time past been in a doubtful state, attended with such regularity, that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn, as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace. To reading, in which he was not very fluent, he attended with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all. Often have I seen him under the shadow of a great rock, nearly the livelong day, eagerly perusing the pages of Divine inspiration; or in his hut he would sit, unconscious of the affairs of a family around, or the entrance of a stranger, with his eye gazing on the blessed book, and his mind wrapt up in things divine. Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till the dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world. He was like the bee, gathering honey from every flower, and at such seasons he would, from what he had stored up in the course of the day's reading, repeat generally in the very language of Scripture, those passages which he could not fully comprehend. He had no commentary, except the living voice of his teacher, nor marginal references, but he soon discovered the importance of consulting parallel passages, which an excellent memory enabled him readily to find. He did not confine his expanding mind to the volume of revelation, though he had been taught by experience, that that contained heights and depths and lengths and breadths, which no man comprehends. He was led to look upon the book of nature; and he would regard the heavenly orbs with an inquiring look, cast his eye on the earth beneath his tread, and regarding both as displays of creative power and infinite intelligence, would inquire about endless space and infinite duration. I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who wished to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects."

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* Mr. Ebner remained at Warm Bath but a short time; for the chief of that place, not obtaining what he anticipated, which was something other than the gospel, Mr. E. was obliged to decamp, return to the colony, and finally went to Germany, his native country.

Before seasons like these to which I am referring, Titus, who was a grief to his brother, and a terror to most of the inhabitants on the station, as well as a fearful example of ungodliness, had become greatly subdued in spirit. I had again and again addressed him in soft and affectionate language, on his best interests, till he at last entered the house of God, and became at once a steady and unwavering friend, and many times did he minister to my wants in that hungry land. He too would not unfrequently sit nearly a whole night with the chief and myself, in comparative silence. He thought his doing so would be pleasing to me, but he would never make a profession. He was wont to say his head had become too hard with sin, adding, "I hear what you say, and I think I sometimes understand, but my heart will not feel." He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives, and fearing the influence of example, I have occasionally made a delicate reference to the subject, and, by degrees, could make more direct remarks on that point, which was one of the barriers to his happiness; but he remained firm, admitting, at the same time, that a man with two wives was not to be envied; adding, "He is often in an uproar, and when they quarrel, he does not know whose part to take." He said he often resolved when there was a great disturbance, he would pay one off. One morning I had thought the anticipated day had come. He approached my door, leading an ox, upon which one of his wives was seated. "What is the matter?" I inquired. Giving me a shake of his hand, and laughing, he replied, "Just the old thing over again. Mynheer must not laugh too much at me, for I am now in for it." The two wives had quarrelled at the outpost, and the one in a rage had thrown a dry rotten stick at the other, which had entered the palm of her hand, and left a piece about an inch long, and the thickness of a finger. The hand had swollen to nearly four times its usual size. "Why," I asked, "did you not bring her sooner?" "She was afraid to see you, and would not come, till I assured her that you were a *maak mensche*" (a tame man.) Having made an incision, and extracted the piece of wood, she was melted into tears with gratitude, while I earnestly exhorted her to a better course of life.

But to return to the character of Africaner; during the whole period I lived there, I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct; his very faults seemed to "lean to virtue's side." One day, when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing stedfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, "I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe." He answered not, but shed a flood of tears! He zealously seconded my efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry; and it would have made any one smile to have seen Christian Africaner and myself superintending the school children, now about 120, washing themselves at the fountain. It was, however, found that their greasy, filthy carosses of sheep-skins soon made them as dirty as ever. The next thing was to get them to wash their mantles, &c. This was no easy matter, from their being made chiefly of skins, not tanned, and sewed together with thread made of the sinews of animals. It required a great deal of coaxing argument, and perseverance, to induce them to undertake this Herculean task; but this, too, was also accomplished, to their great comfort, for they willingly admitted that they formerly harboured so much company, that they could not sleep soundly. It may be emphatically said of Africaner, that "he wept with those that wept," for wherever he heard of a case of distress, thither his sympathies were directed; and notwithstanding all his spoils of former years, he had little to spare, but he was ever on the alert to stretch out a helping hand to the widow and fatherless. At an early period I also became an object of his charity, for, finding out that I sometimes sat down to a scanty meal, he presented me with two cows, which, though in that country giving little milk, often saved me many a hungry night, to which I was exposed. He was a man of peace; and though I could not expound to him that the "sword of the magistrate" implied, that he was calmly to sit at home, and see Bushmen or marauders carry off his cattle, and slay his servants; yet so fully did he understand and appreciate the principles of the gospel of peace, that nothing could grieve him more than to hear of individuals, or villages, contending with one another.

He who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent any thing like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear, or draw a bow, he would stand in the attitude of a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and, pointing to his past life, ask, "What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?" At an early period of my labours among that people, I was deeply affected by the sympathy he, as well as others of his family, manifested towards me in a season of affliction. The extreme heat of the weather, in the house which I have described, and living entirely on meat and milk, to which I was unaccustomed, brought on a severe attack of bilious fever, which, in the course of two days, induced delirium. Opening my eyes in the first few lucid moments, I saw my attendant and Africaner sitting before my couch, gazing on me with eyes full of sympathy and tenderness. Seeing a small parcel, containing a few medicines, I requested him to hand it to me, and taking from it a vial of calomel, I threw some of it into my mouth, for scales or weights I had none. He then asked me, the big tear standing in his eye, if I died, how they were to bury me. "Just in the same way as you bury your own people," was my reply; and I added, that he need be under no apprehensions if I were called away, for I should leave a written testimony of his kindness to me. This evidently gave him some comfort, but his joy was full, when he saw me speedily restored, and at my post, from which I had been absent only a few days.

In addition to Christian Africaner, his brothers, David and Jacobus, both believers, and zealous assistants in the work of the mission, especially in the school, were a great comfort to me. David, though rather of a retiring disposition, was amiable, active, and firm; while Jacobus was warm, affectionate, and zealous for the interests of souls. His very countenance was wont to cheer my spirits, which, notwithstanding all I had to encourage, would sometimes droop. Long after I left that people, he was shot, while defending the place against an unexpected attack made on it by the people of Warm Bath. This intelligence deeply affected me, for I knew that he and David, with a select few, continued in accordance with the dying charge of their elder brother, to keep the lamp of God alive; while Jonker, the son and successor of the departed chief, turned to those courses from which he had been warned by the last accents which fell from his father's lips, though he had been a promising youth, without having made any profession of faith in the Gospel. The following fact will serve to illustrate the character of Kobus, as he was usually called. The drought was excessive; the people were distressed at the idea of being compelled to leave the station in search of grass. Special prayer-meetings were held to implore the blessing of rain. Prayer was soon answered, and the heavens, which had been as brass, were covered with clouds, the thunders rolled, and rain fell like a torrent. The display of Divine condescension produced a powerful effect on the minds of the people, and many were the eyes that wept tears of gratitude. I went out of my hut, where I had been nearly blinded by the vivid glare of the lightning, and witnessed Kobus comforting his wife, who was not a believer, while she seemed terror-struck at the tremendous peals which even yet were rending the heavens, and making the very earth to tremble beneath. He asked her how she could be afraid of a God so kind, and who could send down the rain of his grace, with equal abundance, on dry and parched souls; and, falling on his knees, he adored God for the blessings of salvation. At this time, another interesting event greatly encouraged me. The subject was a venerable mother, a member of the church, and one of the fruits of Mr. Anderson's labours, when on the Orange River. Entering her hut, and asking her how she felt, looking upwards with an expression of sweet composure, "I am looking for the coming of the Lord Jesus," was her reply. Observing me addressing her unbelieving daughters, who were weeping around her bed, she remarked, "Yes, I have called them, that they may see a Christian die:" and a few hours after, she was called to the bosom of her God.

CHAPTER IX.

The state of the people, and the impossibility of the spot on which we lived becoming a permanent missionary station, —for, instead of its being a Jerusalem, as Mr. Ebner called it, it might, from its general character, be compared to the mountains of Gilboa, on which neitheir rain nor dew was to fall,—gave rise to much inquiry respecting a locality more suitable. It was accordingly resolved to take a journey to the north, and examine a country on the borders of Damaraland, where it was reported fountains of water abounded; but I had only one wagon, and that was a cripple. We had neither carpenters nor smiths on the station, and I was unacquainted with these trades myself. The Orange Rive was impassable; and even had it been fordable, the wagon was incapable of being conveyed to Pella, where it might be repaired. After ruminating for a day or two on what I had seen in smiths' shops in Cape Town, I resolved on making a trial, and got a native bellows, made of goat's skin, to the neck end of which was attached the horn of an elk, and at the other end two parallel sticks were fastened, which were opened by the hand in drawing it back, and closed when pressed forward, but making a puffing like something broken-winded. The iron was only red-hot, after a good perspiration, when I found I must give it up as a bad job; observing to the chief, if I must accompany him, it must be on the back of an ox. Reflecting again on the importance of hav ing a wagon for the purpose of carrying food, when game happened to be killed, (for our sole dependence was on the success of hunting,) and Africaner evidently not liking, on my account, to go without a wagon, I set my brains again to work, to try and improve on the bellows; for it was wind I wanted. Though I had never welded a bit of iron in my life, there was nothing like "Try." I engaged the chief to have two goats killed, the largest on the station, and their skins prepared, entire, in the native way, till they were as soft as cloth. These skins now resembled bags, the open ends of which I nailed to the edge of a circular piece of board, in which was a valve; one end of the machine was connected with the fire, and had a weight on it to force out the wind, when the other end was drawn out to supply more air. This apparatus was no sooner completed, than it was put to the test, and the result answered satisfactorily, in a steady current of air; and soon I had all the people around me, to witness my operations with the new-fangled bellows. Here I sat, receiving their praises, but heartily wishing their departure, lest they should laugh at my burning the first bit of iron I took in my hands to weld. A blue granite stone was my anvil; a clumsy pair of tongs, indicative of Vulcan's first efforts; and a hammer never intended for the work of a forge. My first essay was with some trepidation, for I did not like so many lookers-on. Success, however, crowned my efforts, to the no small delight of the spectators. Having finished what was necessary for the wagon, I was encouraged to attempt the repair of some gun-locks, which were as essential for the comfort and success of the journey as the wagon In doing this, I began with one which I thought I could not spoil, should I not succeed; and accomplishing that, I was able to put the others in order. But in doing this, I had, for the want of steel, to sacrifice two of my files, which, in my isolated situation, was a sacrifice indeed. Every thing being in readiness, we started, with thirty men, leaving Jacobus in charge of the affairs of the station, and of the people, —the majority of whom were females, the men having removed to a distance on account of their cattle. On my objecting to the formidable appearance of so large a party, which included Titus, and other brothers, as well as Africaner himself, Jacobus remarked, "I am concerned for your safety; and a large party will have the tendency of preventing any thing like an attack being made, more than if it were small, as you desire." In this I found afterwards he was perfectly right. I shall not trouble the reader with the monotonous detail of an African journey,—daily inyoking and unyoking, sand here, and stones there, and dreary plains following. I shall confine myself to some of the most striking incidents.—The country over which we passed was sterile in the extreme, sandy from the abundance of granite. Ironstone was also to be found, and occasionally indications of copper. Slaty formations were also to be met with, and much quartz, filling up large fissures occasioned by former convulsions, and the hills in some places presenting a mass of confusion; the strata bending and dipping from the perpendicular to the horizontal, and in others extending in a straight line from one hill to another. Native iron, in a very pure state, is procured in these regions; and, from the account given by the natives, I should suppose some of it is meteoric.

The plains are invariably sandy, and there are even hills of pure sand. I also found, near some of the mountains, large pieces of trees in a fossil state. Zebras abounded, and wild asses, though less numerous than the former. Giraffes were frequently met with, sometimes thirty or forty together. Elks, koodoos, and the smaller species of antelopes, were also in great numbers. The rhinoceros (the kenengyane, or black chukuru of the Bechuanas) is also to be found, but scarce. Buffaloes had nearly disappeared, at least in the region I visited. We had a tolerable supply, chiefly of the flesh of zebras and giraffes: the latter, when fat, was preferred, though nothing came amiss to hungry travellers. When one of the larger animals was shot, we generally remained a day to cut the meat up into thin pieces, which, spread on the bushes, soon dried. The best parts were always eaten first; and when pressed with hunger, recourse was had to the leaner portions, which had been stowed away in the wagon; and to make it palatable (for it much resembles a piece of sole leather) it was necessary to put it under the hot ashes, and then beat it between two stones till the fibres were loosened; and then it required hard chewing to masticate: and many a time have I risen from a meal, with my jaw-bone so sore, I felt no inclination to speak. Meat prepared in this way, or fresh, with a draught of water, was our usual fare. I had a small quantity of coffee with me, which, as long as it lasted, I found very refreshing. Some may think that this mode of life was a great sacrifice; but habit makes it much less so than they suppose. It is true, I did feel it a sacrifice to have nothing at all to eat, and to bind the stomach with a thong to prevent the gnawing of hunger; and thus, under these circumstances, to break the bread of eternal life to the perishing heathen.. Water was in general very scarce; sometimes in small pools, stagnant, and with a green froth; and more than once we had to dispute with lions the possession of a pool. One day our guide (for it was a country without roads) led us towards a ravine which presented an animating appearance, from the sides of the hills being covered with a lovely green; but, on our reaching them, scarcely anything was to be seen but a species of euphorbia, useless either to man or beast, and through which we with difficulty made our way. Being hot, and the oxen worn out, we halted; and some of the men having been successful in finding honey in the fissures of the rocks, we ate with no little relish, thinking ourselves fortunate, for food was scarce. Shortly after an individual complained that his throat was becoming very hot; then a second, and a third, till all who had eaten felt as if their throats were on fire. A native coming up, and seeing our hands and faces besmeared with honey, with the greatest simplicity said, "You had better not eat the honey of this vale; do you not see the poison bushes, (euphorbia,) from the flowers of which the bees extract the honey, and the poison too?" Every one had recourse to the little water that remained in the vessels, for the inward heat was terrible; and the water, instead of allaying, only increased the pain. No serious consequences followed; but it was several days before we got rid of a most unpleasant sensation in the head as well as the throat.

We occasionly met with a Namaque village, where we always remained a day or two, in order to give the inhabitants the benefit (to many for the first time) of hearing the everlasting Gospel. Their ignorance, though to a calm reasoner on the subject, not to be wondered at, was distressing in the extreme, and perfectly confounding to my preconceived notions about innate and intuitive ideas, and what some term natural light. I was determined not to be driven from the sentiments entertained by a vast majority of the respected advocates of religion in my native land of light,—sentiments, which I preferred even to those of the late venerable Roby, of Manchester, at whose feet I sat for a short season. I had with me one of the best of interpreters, himself a child of God, and I tried one native after another, to make my own point good. Sometimes I would even put words into the mouth of Africaner, and ask, "Does he not mean so and so?" In some there was a glimmering of light; but again I found, to my mortification, that this had been received from the "hat-wearers," as they called the people from the south, or from Mr. Schmelen's station at Bethany, whom they denominated, "the people that talked about God." By visiters to Warm Bath, the instructions of the Albrechts had extended far, till they melted away in the obscurity of heathen gloom. I have often had to labour for hours before I could make them understand what I meant or wished to know. It would be more amusing and ludicrous, than instructive, to give the result of all my enquiries; and perhaps I cannot do better that to repeat the substance of a conversation between our missionary, Mr. Schmelen, and a native, on this subject. Mr. S. had at that time better opportunities than any other man of becoming acquainted with the views of the Namaquas in their native state; and it would appear from his journal, whence the following extract is taken, that he spared no pains to elicit their ideas.

In his journal of the 23rd of May, 1815, which the author has seen since his return to England, Mr. S. writes thus:—"Addressing a Namaqua, I asked, Did you ever hear of a God?" "Yes, we have heard that there is a God, but we do not know right." "Who told you that there is a God?" "We heard it from other people." "Who made the sea?" "A girl made it on her coming to maturity, when she had several children at once: when she made it, the sweet and bitter waters were separated. One day she sent some of her children to fetch sweet water, while the others were in the fields, but the children were obstinate, and would not fetch the water, upon which she got angry, and mixed the sweet and bitter water together; from that day we are no longer able to drink the water, but people have learned to swim and run upon the water." "Did you ever see a ship?" "Yes, we have seen them a long time ago." "Did you ever ear who made the first one?" "No, we never heard it" Did you never hear old people talk about it?" "No, we ever heard it from them." "Who made the heavens?" We do not know what man made them." "Who made he sun?" "We always heard that those people at the sea nade it; when she goes down, they cut her in pieces, and ry her in a pot, and then put her together again, and bring er out at the other side. Sometimes the sun is over our ead, and at other times she must give place for the moon o pass by. They said the moon had told to mankind that ve must die, and not become alive again; that is the reason hat when the moon is dark we sometimes become ill." "Is here any difference between man and beast? "We think nan has made the beasts." "Did you ever see a man that nade beasts?" "No, I only heard so from others." "Do ou know you have a soul?" "I do not know it." "How hall it be with us after death?" "When we are dead, we re dead; when we have died, we go over the sea-water, at hat side where the devil is." "What do you mean by the levil?'" "He is not good; all people who die, run to him." How does the devil behave to them, well or ill?" "You hall see; all our people are there who have died (in the hips.)* Those people in the ships are masters over them." n the same Journal, the 7th of July, Mr. S. has the following:—"After service I spent some time conversing with ome of the aged, but found them extremely ignorant; some f them could not conceive of a being higher than man, nd had not the least idea of the immortality of the soul. They intimated that their chief had been to some station o get instructions, and they hoped to hear more on these ubjects from him." "I preached," says Mr. S., "from Rom. . 18;" a text admirably adapted for people in such gross larkness.

Mr. Campbell, in his little tract of the "Life of Africaner," states, "Being asked what his views of God were before he enjoyed the benefit of Christian instruction, his reply vas, that he never thought any thing at all on these subjects; hat he thought about nothing but his cattle. He admitted hat he had heard of a God, (well might he, being brought p in the colony,) but he at the same time stated that his iews of God were so erroneous, that the name suggested o more to his mind than something that might be found in the form of an insect, or in the lid of a snuff-box." This wa the testimony of one who had passed from darkness to th light of the Gospel, a testimony, the writer more than onc heard from his own lips. Ignorant as the Namaquas were I cannot go to the lengths of a traveller in that country, who after being anxious to ascertain the extent of knowledg among the tribe with which he then dwelt, a tribe too whic had long enjoyed the instructions of missionaries, and amon which a missionary is still labouring with success, makes th following remarks:—"I must say they positively know no thing beyond tracking game, and breaking-in pack-oxen They did not know one year from another; they only knew that at certain times the trees and flowers bloom, and tha the rain may be expected. As to their own age they knew no more what it was than idiots. Some even had no names of numbers, of course, they were quite ignorant; few coul count above five; and he was a clever fellow who could tel his fingers. Above all, they had not the least idea of a Go or a future state. They were literally like the beasts whic perish." The above dismal picture of human degradatio is, as is stated, the result of anxious inquiry on the subject and that too at a missionary station where the best facilitie can be had for correct interpretation. I presume the respectable writer would feel not a little offended if his veracity were called in question, or even his want of research in those regions. Be that as it may, I must entirely differ from him on one point, if not in more, in his statement. I have dwelt much with the Namaquas, as well as among the people referred to, but I never knew a man who had not a name; and I have sat, and been taught by many infant lips to count more than ten, even when no missionary had laboured amongst them. It is, however, but just to remark, that it must be to a resident, not a *swallow* visitor that we must look for correct information on subjects abstract in their nature. I speak from experience when I say, that on some points travellers are very liable to be led astray. For instance, I once, while writing, heard a traveller ask his guide the name of the last halting place they had passed. The guide, not understanding, replied, "Ua reng," which the traveller, with all simplicity, was placing in his log book; when, interrupting him, I said, "What are you writing? that is not a *name*: he merely asks you what you say." Accidents like the above frequently give rise to wrong names being applied to places; in another instance, "mountains" was the reply, instead of the name of the mountain. And in reference to points of faith, or extent of knowledge, the traveller may be completely duped, as I was in the present journey. At an isolated village, far in the wilds of Namaqua-land, I met an individual, who appeared somewhat more intelligent than the rest; to him I put a number of questions, to ascertain if there were any tradition in the country respecting the deluge, of which vestiges are to be found in almost every part of the known world. I had made many inquiries before, but all to no purpose. Discovering that he possessed some knowledge on the subject, and being an utter stranger to any of the party, and to all appearance a child of the desert, I very promptly took my pen and wrote, thinking myself a lucky discoverer. I was perfectly astonished at some of his first sentences, and, afraid lest I should lose one word, I appointed *two* interpreters: but by the time I reached the end of the story, I began to suspect. It bore the impress of the Bible. On questioning him as to the source of his information, he positively asserted that he had received it from his forefathers, and that he never saw or heard of a missionary. I secretly instituted inquiries into his history, but could elicit nothing. I folded up my paper, and put it into my desk, very much puzzled, and resolving to leave the statement to wiser heads than mine. On our return, this man accompanied us some days southward, towards the Karas mountains, when we halted at a village; and meeting a person who had been at Bethany, Mr. Schmelen's station, lying north west of us, I begged him to guide us thither, as I was anxious to visit the place. He could not, being worn out with the journey; but pointing to the deluge narrator, he said, "*There* is a man that knows the road to Bethany, for I have seen him there." The mystery of the tradition was in a moment unravelled, and the man decamped, on my seeing that the *fore father* who told him the story, was our missionary Schmelen. Stories of a similar kind originally obtained at a missionary station, or from some godly traveller, get, in course of time, so mixed up and metamorphosed by heathen ideas, that they look exceedingly like native traditions. Leaving this subject for the present, we will return to the results of the journey. Having reached some of the branches of the Fish River, where we found water by digging like the natives, we were brought to a stand. The wild Namaquas, as they are called, were jealous of the object of our visit. They knew of the fame of Africaner, and were apprized of his object, as well as that of the missionary; but they had in earlier times received such impressions of "hat-wearers,' that they were determined either to oppose our proceeding, or flee. Here we remained some days, and notwithstanding their suspicions, we got the people to listen with great attention to the message of the Gospel. We also met with one of their sorcerers, who, the night before, had made the inhabitants believe that he had entered into a lion that came to the village and killed the cattle, creating an uproar which lasted till the morning dawn. I coaxed him into a conversation with a piece of tobacco, and inquired about his reported powers, to which he readily replied; but when I wished to put them to the test, he declined. I then requested him to try his hand on me; this he also declined, adding, that I was a white sorcerer myself, from the strange doctrines I taught. Africaner proposed to return, rather than run the risk of shedding blood; in which he was confirmed by the arrival of a relative from the north, who gave a sorry account of the country.

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* Has not this a reference to men-stealers, who visited that coast? If o, it appears the natives never knew any thing about the devil till they new slave-dealers, or at least they considered them his emissaries.

CHAPTER X.

On our route homeward we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain, which was shewn to me, stood a camel thorn-tree, (*Acacia Giraffe.*) It was a stiff tree, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relater, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank, and fell asleep. Being awoke by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion, creeping like a cat, only a dozen yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments, his body gave a shake, and he bounded into the air, to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed the example, expecting, as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards, the people of the village, who seldom visited that spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place, and sought in vain till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convince me of what I scarcely could have credited.

The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of a giraffe, and, fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebræ of the neck, when both fall; and ofttimes the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong, he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot on our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and marks of his teeth on the back of the neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet come off triumphant. When I had the pleasure of meeting occasionally with the late Mr. Pringle in Cape Town, and mentioned some of these facts, his poetical genius instantly caught the image, and threw the picture into the following graphic lines, which may not be unacceptable to those who have never seen Pringle's African Poems.

"Wouldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless, at the ambush'd brink,
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink:
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desp'rate strife—
The prey is strong, and strives for life.
Plunging oft with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground—
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste
With glaring eye and headlong haste.

In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.

For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in this hour of need:
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.

'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguin'd strains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er:
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to th' ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life has fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch, in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey."

We were often exposed to danger from lions, which, from the scarcity of water, frequent the pools or fountains, and some of our number had some hair-breadth escapes. One night we were quietly bivouacked at a small pool on the 'Oup River, where we never anticipated a visit from his majesty. We had just closed our united evening worship, the book was still in my hand, and the closing notes of the song of praise had scarcely fallen from our lips, when the terrific roar of the lion was heard; our oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon us, and over our fires, leaving us prostrated in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn books, our Bible and our guns were all scattered in wild confusion. Providentially, no serious injury was sustained; the oxen were pursued, brought back, and secured to the wagon, for we could ill afford to lose any. Africaner, seeing the reluctance of the people to pursue in a dark and gloomy ravine, grasped a firebrand, and exclaimed, "Follow me!" and but for this promptness and intrepidity we must have lost some of our number, for nothing can exceed the terror of oxen at even the smell of a lion. Though they may happen to be in the worst condition possible, worn out with fatigue and hunger, the moment the shaggy monster is perceived, they start like race horses, with their tails erect, and sometimes days will elapse before they are found. The number of lions may be easily accounted for, when it is remembered how thinly scattered the inhabitants are, and, indeed, the whole appearance of the country impresses the mind with the idea that it is only fit for beasts of prey. The people seem to drag out a miserable existence, wandering from place to place in quest of grass, game, or wild roots. Those I had met with had, from infancy, been living a no-made life, with one great object in view, to keep soul and body together.

> "A region of drought, where no river glides,
> Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
> Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
> Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount
> Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
> But barren earth, and the burning sky,
> And the blank horizon round and round
> Spread—void of living sight or sound."

Among the poorer classes it is, indeed, struggling for existence; and when the aged become too weak to provide for themselves, and are a burden to those whom they brought forth and reared to manhood, they are not unfrequently abandoned by their own children, with a meal of victuals and a cruise of water, to perish in the desert; and I have seen a small circle of stakes fastened in the ground, within which were still lying the bones of a parent bleached in the sun, who had been thus abandoned. In one instance I observed a small broken earthenware vessel, in which the last draught of water had been left. "What is this?" I said, pointing to the stakes, addressing Africaner. His reply was, "This is heathenism;" and then described this parricidal custom. A day or two after, a circumstance occurred which corroborated his statements. We had travelled all day over a sandy plain, and passed a sleepless night from extreme thirst and fatigue. Rising early in the morning, and leaving the people to get the wagon ready to follow, I went forward with one of our number, in order to see if we could not perceive some indications of water, by the foot-marks of game, for it was in a part of the country where we could not expect the traces of man. After passing a ridge of hills, and advancing a considerable way on the plain, we discovered, at a distance, a little smoke rising amidst a few bushes, which seemed to skirt a ravine. Animated with the prospect, we hastened forward, eagerly anticipating a delicious draught of water, no matter what the quality might be. When we had arrived within a few hundred yards of the spot, we stood still, startled at the fresh marks of lions, which appeared to have been there only an hour before us.

We had no guns, being too tired to carry them, and we hesitated, for a moment, whether to proceed or return. The wagon was yet distant, and thirst impelled us to go on, but it was with caution, keeping a sharp look out at every bush we passed.

On reaching the spot, we beheld an object of heart-rending distress. It was a venerable-looking old woman, a living skeleton, sitting, with her head leaning on her knees. She appeared terrified at our presence, and especially at me. She tried to rise, but, trembling with weakness, sunk again to the earth. I addressed her by the name which sounds sweet in every clime, and charms even the savage ear, "My mother, fear not; we are friends, and will do you no harm." I put several questions to her, but she appeared either speechless, or afraid to open her lips. I again repeated, "Pray, mother, who are you, and how do you come to be in this situation?" to which she replied, "I am a woman; I have been here four days; my children have left me here to die." "Your children!" I interrupted. "Yes," raising her hand to her shrivelled bosom, "my own children, three sons and two daughters. They are gone," pointing with her finger, "to yonder blue mountain, and have left me to die." "And, pray why did they leave you?" I inquired. Spreading out her hands, "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them; when they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back, as I used to do." This last sentence was more than I could bear; and though my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth for want of water, this reply opened a fountain of tears. I remarked that I was surprised that she had escaped the lions, which seemed to abound, and to have approached very near the spot where she was. She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers, and, raising it up as one would do a loose linen, she added, "I hear the lions; but there is nothing on me that they would eat; I have no flesh on me for them to scent." At this moment the wagon drew near, which greatly alarmed her, for she supposed that it was an animal. Assuring her that it would do her no harm, I said that, as I could not stay, I would put her into the wagon, and take her with me. At this remark she became convulsed with terror. Others addressed her, but all to no effect. She replied, that if we took her, and left her at another village, they would only do the same thing again. "It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again." The sun was now piercingly hot; the oxen were raging in the yoke, and we ourselves nearly delirious. Finding it impossible to influence the woman to move, without running the risk of her dying convulsed in our hands, we collected a quantity of fuel, gave her a good supply of dry meat, some tobacco, and a knife, with some other articles; telling her we should return in two days, and stop the night, when she would be able to go with us; only she must keep up a good fire at night, as the lions would smell the dried flesh, if they did not scent her. We then pursued our course; and after a long ride, passing a rocky ridge of hills, we came to a stagnant pool, into which men and oxen rushed precipitately, though the water was almost too muddy to go down our throats.

On our return to the spot, according to promise, we found the old woman and every thing gone, but, on examination, discovered the footmarks of two men, from the hills referred to, who appeared to have taken her away. Several months afterwards, I learned, from an individual who visited the station, that the sons, seeing from a distance the wagon halt at the spot, where they had so unnaturally left their mother to perish, came to see, supposing the travellers had been viewing the mangled remains of their mother. Finding her alive, and supplied with food, and on her telling the story of the strangers' kindness, they were alarmed, and, dreading the vengeance of the great chief, whom they supposed me to be, took her home, and were providing for her with more than usual care. I have often reasoned with the natives on this cruel practice; in reply to which, they would only laugh. It may be imagined, that people might devote their friends, and nobles their first-born, like the Carthaginians, to appease some offended deity; and that mothers, too, should smile on the infants their own hands had murdered, from similar motives; but it appears an awful exhibition of human depravity, when children compel their parents to perish for want, or to be devoured by beasts of prey in a desert, from no other motive than sheer laziness, or to get quit of those on whose breast they hung in helpless infancy, whose lips first directed their vocal powers, whose hand led them through many a weary waste, and who often suffered the most pinching want, that the babes whom nature taught them to love might be supplied. I have more than once handed food to a hungry mother, who appeared to have fasted for a month, when she would just taste it, and give it to her child, when, perhaps, that very child instead of returning grateful service to the infancy of old age, leaves that mother to perish from hunger.

Conversing with the party one evening, when sitting around the fire, on the conduct of children to their parents, I observed that they were as bad as lions. "They are worse," replied Africaner. This he illustrated from the well-known characteristics of the king of beasts; or, more properly, king of the beasts of prey. Much has been written about African lions, but the half has not been told. The following trait in their character may not be intrusive, or partaking of the marvellous, with which the tales of some travellers are said to abound. I give it as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods too. The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they are nearly as big as himself; or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass; if he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe, and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meantime, the others draw around, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast, and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires, the others watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if a young lion seizes the prey, and an old one happens to come up, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas.

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their foot-marks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept towards a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time stedfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africa-

ner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up towards the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn towards the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the meantime two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said, and, fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

The following fact will show the fearful dangers to which solitary travellers are sometimes exposed. A man belonging to Mr. Schmelen's congregation, at Bethany, returning homewards from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous course in order to pass a small fountain, or rather pool, where he hoped to kill an antelope to carry home to his family. The sun had risen to some height by the time he reached the spot, and seeing no game, he laid his gun down on a shelving low rock, the back part of which was covered over with a species of dwarf thorn-bushes. He went to the water, took a hearty drink, and returned to the rock, smoked his pipe, and being a little tired, fell asleep. In a short time the heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw a large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet. He sat motionless for some minutes, till he had recovered his presence of mind, then eyeing his gun, moved his hand slowly towards it; the lion seeing him, raised its head, and gave a tremendous roar; he made another and another attempt, but the gun being far beyond his reach, he gave it up, as the lion seemed well aware of his object, and was enraged whenever he attempted to move his hand. His situation now became painful in the extreme; the rock on which he sat became so hot that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it, and kept moving them, alternately placing one above the other. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, and seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. The animal went to the water, drank, and returning, lay down again at the edge of the rock. Another night passed, the man, in describing it, said, he knew not whether he slept, but if he did, it must have been with his eyes open, for he always saw the lion at his feet. Next day, in the forenoon, the animal went again to the water, and while there, he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes. The man now made another effort, and seized his gun; but on attempting to rise, he fell, his ankles being without power. With his gun in his hand, he crept towards the water, and drank, but looking at his feet, he saw, as he expressed it, his "toes roasted," and the skin torn off with the grass. There he sat a few moments, expecting the lion's return, when he was resolved to send the contents of the gun through its head; but as it did not appear, tying his gun to his back, the poor man made the best of his way on his hands and knees, to the nearest path, hoping some solitary individual might pass. He could go no farther, when, providentially, a person came up, who took him to a place of safety, from whence he obtained help, though he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life.

The preceding lion stories, selected from many more, will serve for the present to illustrate the character of that noble, but dangerous creature. As to his being afraid of the human eye, I shall touch on that subject in another part of my work, when I describe those which have tasted human flesh, for which they ever afterwards retain an uncommon relish. With all their boldness, they are sometimes arrant cowards. On one occasion, I remember a man who, coming unexpectedly on a lion, fainted. The lion raised himself to look over the bushes, and seeing no one, seemed to suspect a plot, and scampered off with his tail between his legs. It is but justice to add, that the man was no less cowardly; for, on awaking from his swoon, and looking this way and that, he imagined the object of his terror was still there, and taking to his heels, he made towards the wagon. I have known Bushmen, and even women, drive the lion away from the prey he has just seized, by beating their clubs on dry hides, and shouting; nevertheless, by day, and especially by night, he is an object of terror. Such subjects as these served sometimes to amuse our evening hours; more frequently, however, I requested my companions to propose questions on scriptural and other important subjects, in answering which I had an opportunity of communicating much useful and edifying instruction.

Being disappointed in the object of our journey, we endeavoured to reach home by a shorter route farther to the east on the borders of the southern Zahara desert, which lies between Namaqua-land and the country of the Bechuanas. We had nearly paid dear for our haste, for we found ourselves in a plain of deep sand, and were on the point of abandoning the wagon. Each went in search of water, but it was in vain, we found only water melons, and those as bitter as gall. I shall never forget the ghastly looks of our party—nothing could provoke a smile. Some had started off in the direction of a river called 'Kam Toaap, which signifies "the water is done," where they happily found some, and (after drinking largely themselves) filled their calabashes and returned; but before reaching the wagon, their thirst again became excessive, and by the next morning they had nearly finished all they had reserved for us. On my tasting the water, and it was indeed but a taste, for I wished that others should wet their lips, the rage for water seemed to increase, and we hastened towards the river. When we reached the top of the deep bed of the river, a scene presented itself which, though twenty-three years have elapsed, is as fresh to my mind as though it occurred but yesterday. Two of the men who had preceded us, immediately seized the thong of the two leading oxen, to prevent them from precipitating themselves with the wagon down the rugged steep, after the example of wiser heads; for all the people, without exception, rushed down the bank, some kept their feet, others rolled, and some tumbled headlong into the muddy pool, in which they seemed fain to lie, clothes and all. It was well that the water was warmed by the sun's scorching rays, for Africaner, as well as others, recorded several instances of thirsty travellers drinking largely in their heated state, and instantly expiring with their faces in the water.

The journey, which occupied only a few weeks, though without success, settled one important point, namely, the impossibility of obtaining in that desolate region an eligible situation for a missionary station. Jacobus, who had been left in charge, had executed his office with great fidelity and zeal.

The place looked very desolate, and though I had still a congregation of about 200 persons, and upwards of 100 children in the school, many were absent at cattle out-posts on account of grass. I now resumed my itinerating visits on a more extensive scale, as I had able assistants in Jacobus and David to carry on the week services of the school. Titus, who had also been one of my attendants on the journey, and who, from what I saw, would have suffered death rather than have seen evil befall me, now gave me another display of his attachment. He did not like the idea of my riding on an ox with horns, which is certainly both awkward and hazardous. Some time before, one had fallen, and the rider being thrown forward with his breast on the horn, was killed. Titus very generously begged of me to take his only horse, which was of great value to him for hunting.

These itinerating expeditions were not unfrequently attended with privation as well as danger. I shall briefly advert to some facts connected with this subject, which will serve to show those who may be similarly situated, that their lot is only that of their predecessors. In my experience, I often found it not only profitable but animating, to read the sufferings of the messengers of the cross in past ages; to which ours of the present bear no comparison; and especially to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and his coadjutors, who became "all things to all men, as the ministers of God, in much patience, in Afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watching, in fastings," 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5.

After tying my Bible and hymn-book in a blanket to the back of my saddle, and taking a good draught of milk, I started with my interpreter, who rode upon an ox. We had our guns, but nothing in our purse or scrip except a pipe, some tobacco, and a tinder box. Bread we had none; and though we might have taken a small piece of dry meat with us, we did not, hoping at our halting place to meet a son of peace. After a hot day's ride, to reach a village in the evening, the people would give us a draught of sweet milk; and then old and young, assembling in a nook of the fold among the kine, would listen to my address on the great concerns of their souls' salvation. I exhorted those who could read to read to others, and try to teach them to do the same, promising them a reward in heaven; for I had none to give on earth. When service was over, having taken another draught of milk, and renewed my conversation with the people, I lay down on a mat to repose for the night. Sometimes a kind housewife would hang I bamboos, or wooden vessel filled with milk, on a forked stick, near my head, that I might, if neccessary, drink during the night.

At one of these places I had slept on the ground near the door of the hut in which the principal man and his wife reposed. I remarked in the morning, that it appeared that some of the cattle had broken loose during the night, as I heard something moving about on the outside of the thorn fence, under which I lay. "Oh," he replied, "I was looking at the *spoor* this morning, it was the lion;" adding, that a few nights before it sprang over on the very spot on which I had been lying, and seized a goat, with which it bounded off through another part of the fold. "Look." said he, "there is a part of some of the mats we tore from the house, and burned to frighten him away." On asking him how he could think of appointing me to sleep in that very spot. "Oh," he rejoined, "the lion would not have the audacity to jump over on you." This remark produced a laugh in me, in which he and his wife joined most heartily; and reminded me of a circumstance in his own history, with which I was well acquainted; for he had been in the jaws of a lion. One night, he, and about a dozen hunters, were fast asleep, with a circle of bushes placed around their fire. When the blaze was extinguished, a lion sprang into the midst of the sleeping party, seized my host by the shoulder, and with his caross, dragged him off to some distance. The others, aroused by the scufflle, snatched up their guns, and, not knowing one of their number had been carried off, shot in the direction whence the noise proceeded. One ball happened to wound the lion, and, in trying to roar, it let the man drop from its grasp, who instantly ran off, leaving his mantle, and bolting among his companions, crying out, "Do not shoot me;" for they supposed for a moment that he was the lion. He showed me the ugly marks of the lion's teeth in his shoulder.

After addressing, in the morning, a party like that of the preceding evening, I would again start toward another village; but, owing to the migatory habits of the natives in search of water and grass, there was considerable uncertainty as to finding them. We would travel slowly all day, having had for our breakfast a good draught of milk; and in the evening reach the proposed spot as hungry as hawks, to find the whole party removed, leaving nothing but empty folds. To follow the spoor, or track, through the night, was out of the question; besides, there was rarely any trace of the direction in which the party had decamped. The only living creatures to be seen were some vultures and crows perched on a bush or rock, which were disturbed by our approach to the ruins of a mat house, where they had been occupied in picking up bits of skin, and other particles of food. Not knowing the distance to the water, we would sit down hungry and thirsty, with little inclination either to speak or think; and after commending ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father, lie down to repose, not unfrequently disturbed by visits from hyenas, jackals, and sometimes the lion himself; all which come to prowl for bones when a village has been deserted. Next morning our first concern would be to find water; and, taking our beasts of burden, we would seek the track which appeared to lead to that ever delightful beverage. Having breakfasted on a draught of not very sweet water, we would again set off on our lonely course, proceeding very slowly, in order not to lose the spoor, regarding ourselves fortunate if we succeeded in overtaking the party.

The above is a specimen of Namaqua itinerating, and sometimes the missionary is called to suffer much greater privations than have now been described. This may be the most proper place, briefly to introduce a sketch of the general character of my manner of living, while on this station. As before noticed, I had neither bread nor vegetables. Mr. Bartlett, of Pella, once sent me a bag containing a few pounds of salt, but, on examining it, I could scarcely tell whether there was most sand or salt, and having become accustomed to do without it, I hung it upon a nail, where it remained untouched. My food was milk and meat, living for weeks together on one, and then for a while on the other, and again on both together. All was well so long as I had either, but sometimes they both failed, and there were no shops in the country where I could have purchased; and had there been any I must have bought on credit, for money I had none.

I had purchased some ewes from Mr. Ebner when he left the country, which I spared, hoping to get now and then a lamb. My meals consisted frequently of a draught of milk in the morning, another at noon and a third at night, either sweet, sour, or curdled; for the Namaquas had not the art of preparing it in the manner of the Bechuanas, which will afterwards be described. I had frequently pretty long fasts, and have had recourse to the "fasting-girdle," as it is called; on more than one occasion after the morning service, I have shouldered my gun, and gone to the plain or the mountain brow in search of something to eat, and, when unsuccessful, have returned, laid down my piece, taken the Word of Life, and addressed my congregation. I never liked begging, and have frequently been hard put to; but many a time has an unknown friend placed in my hut a portion of food, on which I have looked with feelings better conceived than described. I shall never forget the kindness of Titus Africaner, who, when he visited the station, would come and ask what he could do for me, and, on receiving a few shots, would go to the field, and almost always bring me home something, for he was an extraordinary marksman.

The contents of my wardrobe bore the same impress of poverty. The supply of clothes which I had received in London were, as is too often the case, made after the dandy fashion, and I being still a growing youth, they soon went to pieces. There were no laundry-maids there, nor anything like ironing or mangling. The old woman who washed my linen sometimes with soap, but oftener without, was wont to make one shirt into a bag, and stuff the others into it, and I just took them out as they were, and more than once have I *turned* one to feel the comfort of a clean shirt. My dear old mother, to keep us out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught me both to sew and knit; and when I would tell her I intended being a man, she would reply, "Lad, ye dinna ken whur your lot will be cast." She was right, for I have often had occasion to use the needle since. I remember once she showed me how a shirt might be smoothed, by folding it properly, and hammering it with a piece of wood. Resolving one day to have a nice shirt for the sabbath, I folded up one, and having prepared a suitable block, I laid it on, not a smooth hearth-stone, but fine granite, and hammered away in good earnest, when Africaner coming by said, "What are you doing?" "Smoothing my shirt," I replied. "That is one way," said he. So it was, for on holding it up to view, it was riddled with holes, some as large as the point of my finger. When I left the country I had not half a dozen shirts with two sleeves a-piece.

CHAPTER XI.

After continuing for many months this manner of life, cheered in a dry and thirsty land, with the early and latter rains on the seeds sown in the hearts of the people, it was resolved to make another attempt to find a more convenient spot on which to conduct the mission; and before closing the account of my sojourn in Great Namaqua-land, I will just add the particulars of a journey undertaken at the request of Africaner. He wished me to visit the Griqua country, to the east of the desert, to inspect a situation offered to him and his people, to which he might remove with the full sanction of the chiefs of the Griquas. Africaner was most anxious to leave Namaqua-land, and the present offer, which had the approval of Mr. Anderson, the missionary at that place, being attended with some political difficulties, I felt some reluctance, but at the urgent solicitations of the people, I went. David and Simon, the two brothers of Africaner, and Jonker, his son, with Jantye Vanderbyle, the chief guide, were my attendants; we had about eight horses, good and bad, when we started. We each took a caross, or sheepskin blanket, with us, and trusted entirely for food to what we might shoot and obtain from the Corannas on the road.

Our course lay principally on the north side of the Orange River. Though we journeyed on the banks of a river in which there was an abundance of water, and though the country was well inhabited, we suffered afflictively from thirst, as well as hunger; few villages being on the north side of the river, along which we travelled. We were sometimes compelled to scramble over rocky passes in the hills, only a fit abode for baboons, which were as plentiful as they were impudent. At other times we had to cross the river, to avoid the mountains on the opposite side, which arose, in the wildest grandeur, from the water's edge. On reaching the waterfalls, we were kindly received and treated by a Coranna chief, called Paul, (to whom I shall have occasion to refer when treating of the Bechuana mission,) and there we halted one day. He had visited our station, and felt exceedingly thankful for the kindness I had shown him. I was glad of this renewed opportunity to preach, and he was glad to hear again the message of Divine grace.

Tho Orange River here presents the appearance of a plain, miles in breadth, entirely covered with mimosa trees, among which the many branches of the river run, and then tumble over the precipices, raising clouds of mist, when there is any volume of water. As it was arranged that we should not start before sunset, I wandered at noon towards the river; and supposing the falls (from the noise) were not very distant, I walked towards them; but feeling excessively tired, I sat down under the shadow of a bush, and was soon fast asleep, having had little rest the night before. Towards evening the hue and cry was raised that the master was missing, and a number sought my spoor, or footmarks, and followed till they found me. The first thing I heard, on awaking was, "Mynheer, are you not afraid of the panthers?" We proceeded on our journey, and entered a valley covered with a species of mimosa, the thorns of which resembled fish-hooks. Anxious to reach the high ground on the hills on the opposite side before the lions, whose roaring was heard on the heights above, should come down towards the river, we quickened our pace. But the darkness increasing, and being unable to define the edges of the bushes, the rider was frequently caught and thrown to the ground, or left a piece of jacket or trowsers on the thorns, so that when we reached the other side of the dale we were both ragged and bleeding. To avoid following the serpentine course of some parts of the river, we often directed our course, without a path, to the next turn of the stream. One of these we reached at a late hour, and it being very dark, and the banks precipitous, we heard the water murmuring below, but dared not go down, fearing a plunge, and the company of the hippopotami.

Being ignorant of the locality, and not knowing where the inhabitants (Bushmen) might be, we made no fire, lest we should be discovered, and we had nothing to roast. There were no trees, and we lay down between ridges or hills of deep sand. The wind was cold, and we had little covering, having left the half of our horses knocked up, and with them most of our carosses. The plan adopted by Mr. Haensel, a Moravian missionary, in similar circumstances, occurred to me, and, like him, I made a hole in the sand, and buried myself, leaving the head out. I soon felt very comfortable, and, extolling the plan, one of my companions imitated my example, and got under the earth. I then told him that the missionary whom we were imitating, having once submerged himself in the sand near the sea-shore, was occasionally disturbed by huge crabs approaching him, and these his faithful dog kept at a distance. My companion asked, "And what are we to do if a lion comes?" "We are safe," I replied, "for he will not eat heads when he can get whole bodies." This removed his fears; and I do not remember to have slept so comfortably during the whole journey, in which we had often very sorry accommodations.

The windings of the river sometimes flowed through immense chasms, overhung with stupendous precipices; and then like a translucent lake, with the beautiful towering mimosas and willows reflected from its bosom; and a rich variety of birds, of fine plumage, though without a song; wild geese, ducks, snipes, flamingoes, in perfect security, feeding on the banks, beneath the green shade, or basking in the sun's rays on the verdant islands, far from the fowler's snare. The swallows also, mounting aloft, or skimming the surface of the mirror stream; while the ravens, with their hoarse note, might be seen seeking their daily food among the watery tribe, or cawing on the bending tops of the weeping willows.

Flocks of Guinea fowl would occasionally add to the varied scene, with their shrill cry, and whirling flight from the open plain to the umbrage of the sloping bank, where they pass the night amidst the branches of the tall acacias. But here too the curse reigns; for the kites and hawks might be seen hovering in the air, watching the motions of the creatures beneath, and ready to dart down, with the fleetness of an arrow, on a duckling straying from its parent, or on a bird or a hare moving too far from the shelter of a bush or tree. The fox also might be seen, stealing slowly along from the desert waste, to slake his thirst in the refreshing stream, and seek for some unfortunate brood which might fall within his reach; and the cobra and green serpent, ascending the trees, to suck the eggs, or to devour the young birds; while the feathered tribe, uniting against the common enemy, gather around, and rend the air with their screams. The African tiger, too, comes in for a share of the feathered spoil. With his sharp claws he ascends the trees, in the dead of night, and seizes the Guinea fowls on their aerial roost. The hyena, also, here seeks his spoil, and gorges some strayed kid, or pursues the troop for the new-fallen antelope or foal; and, to fill up the picture, the lion may be heard in the distance, roaring for his prey; while man,

"The great enemy to man,"

is no less so to fish or fowl, or spotted deer. Wherever he wanders he seeks to regale his varied appetite; and more than this, he, as the enemy of enemies, fears not to attack the ponderous elephant, face the lion's glare, and for his amusement lay prostrate in the dust the innocent.

Reclining on a rock one day, waiting till my shirt, which I had washed, was dry, I noticed a crow rise from the earth, carrying something dangling in its talons. On directing my companions to the sight, they said, "It is only a crow with a tortoise; you will see it fall presently;" and down it fell. The crow descended, and up went the tortoise again to a still greater height, from which it dropped, and the crow instantly followed. I hastened with one of the men to the spot, and scared away the crow from the mangled tortoise, on which it was enjoying a feast. On looking around the flat rock there were many wrecks of former years; and on my remarking I did not think the crow was so cunning, my companion replied, "The kites do the same thing;" which I have since frequently observed.

In our journey along the banks of the river we met few of the inhabitants, as most of them had removed to the other side. We passed two of the reed huts of Mr. Sass, who, with Mr. Helm, had for many years moved about with the Corannas, living a self-denying life on the sterile banks of the Orange River, which has been not unaptly compared, from its extreme heat, to an oven. When we happened to meet with any who had been under the tuition of these devoted men, we felt at home, and received more than the rewarded boon of a cup of cold water. Others we met, who would give us neither meat nor drink, but appoint our place of night's repose, after a toilsome day, where the lion came his nightly round: but mercy encompassed us about.

On one occasion I was remarkably preserved, when all expected that my race was run. We had reached the river early in the afternoon, after a dreadfully scorching ride across a plain. Three of my companions, who were in advance, rode forward to a Bushman village, on an ascent some hundred yards from the river. I went, because my horse would go, towards a little pool on a dry branch, from which the flood or torrent had receded to the larger course. Dismounting, I pushed through a narrow opening in the bushes, and lying down, took a hearty draught. Immediately on raising myself I felt an unusual taste in my mouth, and looking attentively at the water, and the temporary fence around, it flashed across my mind that the water was poisoned for the purpose of killing game. I came out, and meeting one of our number, who had been a little in the rear, just entering, told him my suspicion.

At that moment a Bushman from the village came running breathless, and apparently terrified, took me by the hand, as if to prevent my going to the water, talking with great excitement, though neither I nor my companions could understand him; but when I made signs that I had drank, he was speechless for a minute or two, and then ran off to the village. I followed; and on again dismounting, as I was beginning to think for the last time, the poor Bushmen and women looked on me with eyes which bespoke heartfelt compassion. My companions expected me to fall down every moment; not one spoke. Observing the downcast looks of the poor Bushmen, I smiled, and this seemed to operate on them like an electric shock, for all began to babble and sing; the women striking their elbows against their naked sides, expressive of their joy. However, I began to feel a violent turmoil within, and a fulness of the system, as if the arteries would burst, while the pulsation was exceedingly quick, being accompanied with a slight giddiness in the head. We made the natives understand that I wanted the fruit of the solanum, which grows in those quarters nearly the size and shape of an egg, and which acts as an emetic. They ran in all directions, but sought in vain. By this time I was covered with a profuse perspiration, and drank largely of pure water. The strange and painful sensation which I had experienced gradually wore away, though it was not entirely removed for some days.*

I was deeply affected by the sympathy of these poor Bushmen, to whom we were utter strangers. When they saw me laugh, they deafened our ears with expressions of satisfaction, making a croaking and clicking, of which their language seemed to be made up. And these barbarians to the letter "showed us no little kindness," for they gave us some meat of zebras, which had died from drinking the same water on the preceding day. This was very acceptable; for having fasted that day, we were all ready for a meal; and, though the poisoned water had partially blunted my appetite, I enjoyed a steak of the black looking flesh mingled with its yellow fat.

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* The materials used by the Bushmen, for the purpose of poisoning water, are principally bulbs, called by the colonists *gift bol*, (poison bulb,) the *Amaryllis toxicaria*, which possesses a strong alkali; some species of the *Euphorbia*, and other vegetable substances. The venom of the serpent they prefer for their arrows; and they will even, if opportunity offers, have recourse to that to poison small fountains, when the water is nearly stagnant, in order to cut off their pursuers.

On leaving the next morning, I gave these poor people a good share of our small stock of tobacco, which set them all dancing like merry Andrews, blessing our visit with the most fantastic gestures. It grieved me, that from the want of an interpreter, I could say but little to them about Him who came to redeem the poor and the needy.

These people had come down from the desert on the north in search of water, and were subsisting by the chase, by catching a solitary animal in a pit-fall, or else destroying it with water poisoned by an infusion of bulbs, or other roots. They were evidently living in some fear of the Corannas on the opposite side of the river, whose cattle form a tempting bait to these hungry wanderers. Thinking, and justly too, that some part of the earth's surface must be theirs, they naturally imagine that if *their* game is shot, and their honey pilfered, they have a right to reprisals, according to natural law, and therefore cannot resist the temptation of seizing the property of their more wealthy neighbours, when it lies within reach.

On the seventh day we reached that part of the river called Quis or Kwees, from which we intended to go in a direct course to Griqua Town, leaving the Orange River far to the right. We had previously made inquiries about the country which lay between: some said there was water; others, that we should find none. We had eaten a small portion of meat that morning, reserving only enough for *one* single meal, lest we should get no more; and drank freely of water, to keep the stomach distended; and felt tolerably comfortable. At night we came to some old huts, where were remains of tobacco gardens, which had been watered with wooden vessels from the adjoining river. We spent the evening in one of these huts; though, from certain holes for ingress and egress, it was evidently a domicile for hyenas, and other beasts of prey. We had scarcely ended our evening song of praise to Him whose watchful care had guided and preserved us through the day, when the distant and dolorous howls of the hyena, and the no less inharmonious jabbering of the jackal, announced the kind of company with which we were to spend the night; while, from the river, the hippopotami kept up a blowing and snorting chorus. Our sleep was anything but sweet. On the addition of the dismal notes of the hooting owl, one of our men remarked, "We want only the lion's roar to complete the music of the desert." "Were they as sleepy and tired as I am," said another, "they would find something else to do." In the morning we found that some of these night scavengers had approached very near the door of our hut.

Having refreshed ourselves with a bathe and a draught of water, we prepared for the thirsty road we had to traverse; but, before starting, a council was held, whether we should finish the last small portion of meat, which any one might have devoured in a minute, or reserve it. The decision was to keep it till evening. We sought in vain for ixia bulbs. Our only resource, according to the custom of the country, was to fill ourselves with as much water as our bodies could contain. We had no vessels in which to carry it; and if we had, our horses were not equal to more than the carriage of our persons. We were obliged to halt during the day, fearing our horses would give up, from the excessive heat. When the evening drew on, we had to ascend and descend several sand-hills, which, weary and faint from two day's fasting, was to us exceedingly fatiguing. Vanderbyle and myself were somewhat in advance of the rest, when we observed our three companions remaining behind; but supposing they staid to strike light and kindle their pipes, we thoughtlessly rode forward. Having proceeded some distance, we halted, and hallooed, but received no reply. We fired a shot, but no one answered. We pursued our journey in the direction of the high ground near the Long Mountains, through which our path lay. On reaching a bushless plain, we alighted, and made a fire: another shot was fired, and we listened with intense earnestness; but gloomy, desert silence reigned around. We conversed, as well as our parched lips would allow, on what must be done. To wait till morning would only increase the length of our suffering,—to retrace our steps was impossible:—probably they had wandered from the path, and might never overtake us;—at the same we felt most reluctant to proceed. We had just determined to remain, when we thought we would fire one more shot. It was answered—by the lion, apparently close to the place where we stood. No wood was at hand to make a fire, nothing but tufts of grass; so we ran, and remounted our horses, urging them on towards a range of dark mountains, the gloom increasing as we proceeded; but as our horses could not go much above a walking pace, we were in dread every moment of being overtaken. If we drew up to listen, his approach in the rear was distinctly heard. On reaching the winding glen or pass through the mountains, despairing of escape from our enemy, we resolved to ascend a steep, where, from a precipice, we might pelt him with stones; for we had only a couple of balls left. On dragging ourselves and our horses up the steep, we found the supposed refuge too uneven for a standing-place, and not one fragment of loose stone to be found. Our situation was now doubly dangerous; for, on descending to the path, the query was, on which side is the lion? My companion took his steel and flint, to try, by striking them, if he could not discover traces of the lion's paws on the path, expecting every moment that he would bound on one of us. The terror of the horses soon told us that the object of our dread was close to us, but on the right side, namely, in our rear. We instantly remounted, and continued to pursue the track, which we had sometimes great difficulty in tracing along its zig-zag windings, among bushes, stones and sand. The dark towering cliffs around us, the deep silence of which was disturbed by the grunt of a solitary baboon, or the squalling of some of its young ones, added to the colouring of the night's picture. We had not proceeded very far before the lion gave a tremendous roar, which, echoing from precipice to precipice, sounded as if we were within a lion's den. On reaching the egress of the defile through which we had passed, we were cheered by the waning moon, rising bright in the east. Descending again, we would gladly have laid our weary limbs down to rest; but thirst, and the possibility of the lion's resolving to make his supper on one of us, propelled our weary steps, for our horses were completely jaded.

We continued our slow and silent march for hours. The tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, made conversation extremely difficult. At last we reached the long-wished-for "waterfall," so named, because when it rains, water sometimes fall, though in small quantities; but it was too late to ascend the hill. We allowed our poor worn-out horses to go where they pleased, and having kindled a small fire, and produced a little saliva by smoking a pipe, we talked about our lost companions, who happened for their comfort to have the morsel of meat, and who, as Jantye thought, would wander from the position in which we left them towards the river. We bowed the knee to Him who had mercifully preserved us, and laid our heads on our saddles. The last sound we heard to soothe us, was the distant roar of the lion, but we were too much exhausted to feel any thing like fear. Sleep came to our relief, and it seemed made up of scenes the most lovely, forming a glowing contrast to our real situation. I felt as if engaged during my short repose, in roving among ambrosial bowers of paradisaical delight, hearing sounds of music, as if from angel's harps; it was the night wind falling on my ears from the neighbouring hill. I seemed to pass from stream to stream, in which I bathed and slaked my thirst at many a crystal fount, flowing from golden mountains enriched with living green. These Elysian pleasures continued till morning dawn, when we awoke, speechless with thirst, our eyes inflamed, and our whole frames burning like a coal. We were, however, somewhat less fatigued, but wanted water, and had recourse to another pipe before we could articulate a word.

My companion then directed me to a projecting rock, near the top of the hill, where, if there were water at all, it would be found. I took up the gun to proceed in that direction, while he went in search of the horses, which we feared might have been devoured by the lion. I ascended the rugged height to the spot where water once was, but found it as dry as the sandy plain beneath. I stood a few minutes, stretching my languid eye to see if there were any appearance of the horses, but saw nothing; turning to descend, I happened to cough, and was instantly surrounded by almost a hundred baboons, some of gigantic size. They grunted, grinned, and sprang from stone to stone, protruding their mouths, and drawing back the skin of their foreheads, threatening an instant attack. I kept parrying them with my gun, which was loaded; but I knew their character and disposition too well to fire, for if I had wounded one of them, I should have been skinned in five minutes. The ascent was very laborious, but I would have given any thing to be at the bottom of the hill again. Some came so near as even to touch my hat while passing projecting rocks. It was some time before I reached the plain, when they appeared to hold a noisy council, either about what they had done, or intended doing. Levelling my piece at two that seemed the most fierce, as I was about to touch the trigger, the thought occurred, I have escaped, let me be thankful; therefore I left them uninjured, perhaps with the gratification of having given me a fright.

Jantye soon appeared with the horses. My looks, more expressive than words, convincing him there was no water, we saddled the poor animals, which, though they had picked up a little grass, looked miserable beyond description. We now directed our course towards Witte water, where we could scarcely hope to arrive before afternoon, even if we reached it at all, for we were soon obliged to dismount, and drive our horses slowly and silently over the glowing plain, where the delusive mirage tantalized our feelings with exhibitions of the loveliest pictures, of lakes and pools studded with lovely islets, and towering trees moving in the breeze on their banks. In some might be seen the bustle of a mercantile harbour, with jetties, coves, and moving rafts and oars; in others, lakes so lovely, as if they had just come from the hand of the Divine artist, a transcript of Eden's sweetest views, but all the result of highly rarefied air, or the reflected heat of the sun's rays on the sultry plain. Sometimes, when the horses and my companion was some hundred yards in advance, they appeared as if lifted from the earth, or moving like dark living pillars in the air.* Many a time did we seek old ant hills, excavated by the ant-eater, into which to thrust our heads, in order to have something solid between our fevered brains and the piercing rays of the sun. There was no shadow of a great rock, the shrubs sapless, barren, and blighted, as if by some blast of fire. Nothing animate was to be seen or heard, except the shrill chirping of a beetle resembling the cricket, the noise of which seemed to increase with the intensity of the heat. Not a cloud had been seen since we left our homes.

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* The following remarks on the general appearance of the mirage, taken from Belzoni's "Narrative of his Operations and Researches in Egypt," will not be uninteresting:—"It generally appears like a still lake, so unmoved by the wind, that every thing above is to be seen most distinctly reflected by it. If the wind agitate any of the plants that rise above the horizon of the mirage, the motion is seen perfectly at a great distance. If the traveller stand elevated much above the mirage, the apparent water seems less united and less deep; for, as the eyes look down upon it, there is not thickness enough in the vapour on the surface of the ground to conceal the earth from the sight; but if the traveller be on a level with the horizon of the mirage, he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. By putting my head first to the ground, and then mounting a camel, the height of which might have been about ten feet at the most, I found a great difference in the appearance of the mirage. On approaching it, it becomes thinner, and appears as if agitated by the wind, like a field of ripe corn. It gradually vanishes as the traveller approaches, and at last entirely disappears when he is on the spot."

This phenomena is called by the Bechuanas "Moénéne," and, therefore, parched ground, in Isaiah xxxv. 7, translated, glowing sand, by Dr. Lowth and others, I have rendered by this term in that language. It is produced, as Dr. Hartwell Horne correctly remarks, in his "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures," "by a diminution of the density of the lower stratum of the atmosphere, which is carried by the increase of heat, arising from that communicated by the rays of the sun to the sand, with which this stratum is in immediate contact."

We felt an irresistible inclination to remain at any bush which could afford the least shelter from the noonday's sun, the crown of the head having the sensation as if covered with live coal, and the mind wandering. My companion became rather wild. Having been anxious to spare him all the toil possible, I had for a long time carried the gun; he asked for it, apparently to relieve me, but his motions were such that I was glad to recover possession of it.

My difficulties and anxieties were now becoming painful in the extreme, not knowing any thing of the road, which was in some places hardly discernible, and in my faithful guide hope had died away. The horses moved at the slowest pace, and that only when driven, which effort was laborious in the extreme. Speech was gone, and every thing expressed by signs, except when we had recourse to a pipe, and for which we now began to lose our relish. After sitting a long while under a bush, oh! what a relief I felt when my guide pointed to a distant hill, near to which water lay. Courage revived, but it was with pain and labour that we reached it late in the afternoon. Having still sufficient judgment not to go at once to drink, it was with great difficulty I prevented my companion doing that, which would almost instantly have proved fatal to him. Our horses went to the pool, and consumed nearly all the water, for it appeared that some wild horses had shortly before slaked their thirst at this spot, leaving for us but little, and that polluted.

Becoming cooler after a little rest, we drank, and though moving with animalcule, muddy, and nauseous with filth, it was to us a reviving draught. We rested and drank, till the sun sinking in the west, compelled us to go forward, in order to reach Griqua Town that night. Though we had filled our stomachs with water, if such it might be called, for it was grossly impure, thirst soon returned with increased agony; and painful was the ride and walk, for they were alternate, until we reached at a late hour the abode of Mr. Anderson.

Entering the door speechless, haggard, emaciated, and covered with perspiration and dust, I soon procured by signs, that universal language, for myself and my companion a draught of water. Mr. A., expecting such a visitor from the moon, as soon as from Namaqua-land, was not a little surprised to find who it was. Kind-hearted Mrs. A. instantly prepared a cup of coffee and some food, which I had not tasted for three days; and I felt all the powers of soul revive, as if I had talked with angels—it was to me a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."

Retiring to rest, the couch, though hard, appeared to me a downy bed; I begged Mr. A. just to place within my reach half a bucket of water; this he kindly and prudently refused, but left me with a full tumbler of unusual size; such, however, was my fevered condition, that no sooner was he gone than I drank the whole. After reviewing the past, and looking upward with adoring gratitude, I fell asleep, and arose in the morning as fresh as if I had never seen a desert, nor felt its thirst. We remained here a few days, in the course of which our lost companions arrived, having, as we rightly supposed, wandered towards the river, and escaped the thirst which had nearly terminated our career in the desert.

The society of the brethren Anderson and Helm, with their partners in labour, was most refreshing to my soul. A crowded and attentive congregation, and the buzz of the daily school, made me forget the toils of the road, and cheerfully did I bear my testimony to the word of grace which had been so blessed among the Griquas. Wishing to visit Daniel's Kuil, Berend's residence, about fifty miles north of Griqua Town, and also Lattakoo, on the Kuruman River, nearly as far beyond, my happiness was prolonged by the company of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, who had promised to visit that station. On this journey we had another display of a kind and gracious Providence. After leaving Daniel's Kuil, Nicholas Berend, who was wagon driver and guide, lost his way before reaching Camel fountain. This obliged us to halt short of the water; and Nicholas, who was an intelligent and shrewd man, remarked again and again, in the course of the evening, that it was a very mysterious thing that *he* should lose a path he knew so well. In the morning we inyoked the wagons, and proceeded to the water, which lay far to the right; and on arriving there, we saw, to our astonishment and instruction, that we were led by a way we knew not, for there had been several large lions about the water pool apparently the whole night. Had we arrived as we expected, in all probability the oxen would have taken fright, and occasioned some serious accident.

We received a hearty welcome from the brethren at Lattakoo, where we stopped some days. This was the first time I had seen the Bechuanas, with the exception of a party of Batlaros, who visited Africaner; and when I addressed them there, and now again in their own country, I little anticipated that it was to be the scene of my future labours. As I must necessarily occupy a considerable portion of this work with the Bechuana mission, it will be unnecessary to refer to it in this place.

We returned to Griqua Town, and after having made every inquiry respecting the object of my visit, and settled what report to make to Africaner, I prepared to return to Namaqua-land, and here I might close the record of my journey, were it not my wish to show the sad reverse of circumstances which sometimes befalls the African equestrian in a houseless desert.

In the afternoon, when bidding farewell to the dear brethren, with whom I could have wished to pass a month, Mr. A. remarked that the weather to the westward looked like a storm, but as these appearances often pass over without a drop of rain, we set off, and, trusting to the strength of our recruited horses, we hoped to pass through the desert to the Orange River, without much suffering. Mrs. A. had provided us with some biscuit, which one of the men placed in a sack also containing tobacco. We intended to sleep at Witte Water that night, but long before we reached that place, we were overtaken by an awful storm of thunder. The peals were deafening, and our horses frequently started from each other at the vivid glare of the lightning. It poured torrents, so that by the time we reached the spot where we intended to halt, we were drenched to the skin. We let our horses go, and sat down like half-drowned cocks, at a bush which could afford us no shelter, either from wind or rain. After the vehemence of the storm had abated, we began to think what must be done, for by the falling hail and the piercing wind, we trembled as if we should die with cold. After much patient search, we found a very few substances capable of ignition, and struck a light in the only box where the tinder was dry, but in vain we looked for fuel to supply our fire; we threw most of our clothes off, for the suffering with them on was unbearable, and leaving one to blow the fire, we sallied forth in quest of materials to burn. At some distance we succeeded in gathering a few small branches, when we found at least four hyenas looking on in a most daring manner, and resolved to attack us. Such as had both hands occupied, soon relieved one, and with stones scared them a little. But, alas! the light of the little fire we had left, had disappeared, and we knew not the direction from which we had come. We shouted to the man who had remained with it, but no answer, save the ugly howl of the hyenas. Now we were completely bewildered, every one pointing in a different direction, as that in which we had come. A second storm pelted us most unmercifully, and the wind seemed to penetrate through and through our almost naked frames. After a long search, we found the little bush, the man asleep, and the fire out. We threw down our crow-nests which we had gathered for fuel, resolving to brave it out; but the prospect was horrible, of shivering till the next day's sun should warm us. Each lay down in a lump, on a goat-skin, which had served as a saddle-cloth. Two of us tried to get down to dry earth, for though there had been a stream on the ground, it was scarcely six inches deep. Beyond our expectation, we fell asleep, and as I lay rather lower than some of my comrades, the rain and sand buried nearly the half of my body. It would be vain attempting to describe my feelings on awaking at day-break, stiff, cold, and dizzy; my hair clotted with mud. We crawled off to the pool of rain-water, and though very thick, we enjoyed a thorough ablution; after wringing the water out of our clothes, we put them on as they were, being obliged to proceed. Before starting, we resolved to have a delightful taste of our biscuit, but, alas! when the contents of our bag were turned out, we found that the rain having saturated the tobacco and biscuit, the latter was reduced to a dark-brown paste; smokers as we were, this dish was too unpalatable for us, and a good draught of muddy water had to supply the deficiency.

As the sun arose towards the meridian, the heat became excessive; and if we had been nearly frozen at night, we were almost scorched during the day; and before we reached water the following night, we would have given a crown for a bottle of that in which we had washed in the morning. Our return was little different from our outward journey, "in fastings oft." A kind Providence watched over us, and in some cases remarkably interposed in our behalf, which the following incident will show. We had passed the night without food; and after a long day's ride, the sun was descending on us, with little prospect of meeting with any thing to assuage the pains of hunger, when, as we were descending from the high ground, weak and weary, we saw, at a great distance, on the opposite ridge, a line of dust approaching, with the fleetness of the ostrich. It proved to be a spring buck, closely pursued by a wild dog, which must have brought it many miles, for it was seized within two hundred yards of the spot where we stood, and instantly despatched. We, of course, thankfully took possession of his prize, the right to which the wild dog seemed much inclined to dispute with us. I proposed to leave half of it for the pursuer. "No," said one of my men, "he is not so hungry as we are, or he would not run so fast."

The night before reaching home we had rather a narrow escape from a sea-cow (hippopotamus.) We were obliged to cross the river, which could only be effected by passing over two low islands, nearly covered with reeds and jungle.

They were a great distance from each other, and it was now nearly dark. We had just reached the first, when a sea-cow came furiously up the stream, snorting so loud as to be echoed back from the dark overhanging precipices. Younker Africaner shouted out to me to escape, and, springing from his horse, which appeared petrified, he seized a large stone, and hurled it at the monster of the deep, for our guns were both out of order. The enraged animal then made for the next ford, through which two of us were forcing our horses, up to the saddle in a rapid torrent. A moment's delay on our part would have been fatal to one or both of us. The other three men remained till the infuriated animal had got again into the rear, when they also escaped to the second island, where expecting another encounter, we made the best of our way to the mainland, effectually drenched with perspiration and water. We soon after reached a village of our own people; and it was with the liveliest gratitude to our heavenly Father that we reviewed the mercies of the day. These animals, in their undisturbed lakes and pools, are generally timid, and will flee at the approach of man; but when they have been hunted and wounded, from year to year, they become very dangerous, as the following fact will prove. A native, with his boy, went to the river to hunt sea-cows. Seeing one at a short distance below the island, the man passed through a narrow stream, to get nearer the object of his pursuit. He fired, but missed; and the animal instantly made for the island; and the man, seeing his danger, ran to cross to the bank of the river; but, before reaching it, the sea-cow seized him, and literally severed his body in two with its monstrous jaws.

A detail of our journey was laid before Africaner. The whole of our researches gave him entire satisfaction, when it was resolved that his removal should remain prospective for a season. My labours were resumed, but the drought was severe, and great hunger prevailed in the place. The means of grace, however, were well attended, and a delightful unction of the Spirit realized, especially in our sabbath convocations; and so strong was the attachment of the people that, although I was contemplating a visit to the Cape, I dared not mention the subject.

CHAPTER XII.

While engaged in an interesting conversation with Africaner on the state and prospect of the mission in connexion with the barrier to civilization, not only from the state of country and climate, but also from the want of intercourse with the colony, the idea darted into my mind, that Africaner would do well to accompany me to Cape Town; and I at once made the proposal. The good man looked at me again and again, gravely asking whether I were in earnest, and seemed fain to ask if I were in my senses too; adding, with great fervour, "I had thought you loved me, and do you advise me to go to the goverment, to be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?" and putting his hand to his head, he asked, "Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that 1000 rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" These difficulties I endeavoured to remove, by assuring him that the results would be most satisfactory to himself, as well as to the Governor of the Cape. Here Africaner exhibited his lively faith in the gracious promises of God, by replying, "I shall deliberate, and commit, (or, as he used the word according to the Dutch translation) roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me."

During three days this subject was one of public discussion, and more than one came to me with grave looks, asking if I had advised Africaner to go to the Cape. On the third day the point was decided, and we made preparations for our departure, after having made the neccessary arrangements for continuing the means of instruction during my absence Nearly all the inhabitants accompanied us half a day's journey to the banks of the Orange River, where we had to wait several days, it having overflowed all its banks. The kindness of the people, and the tears which were shed when we parted from them, were deeply affecting.

Arriving at Pella, (the place as before stated, to which some of the people from Warm Bath had retired when the latter was destroyed by Africaner,) we had a feast fit for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of Peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which—

"No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their heaps of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more."

Here I again met with Mr. Bartlett and family, who, with the chief and people of the station, loaded us with kindness.

We spent some pleasant days while the subject of getting Africaner safely through the territories of the farmers to the Cape, was the theme of much conversation. To some the step seemed somewhat hazardous. Africaner and I had fully discussed the point before leaving the station; and I was confident of success. Though a chief, there was no need of laying aside any thing like royalty, with a view to travel in disguise. Of two substantial shirts left, I gave him one; he had a pair of leather trowsers, a duffel jacket, much the worse for wear, and an old hat, neither white nor black, and my own garb was scarcely more refined. As a further precaution, it was agreed, that for once I should be the chief, and that he should assume the appearance of a servant, when it was desirable, and pass for one of my attendants.

Ludicrous as the picture may appear, the subject was a grave one, and the season solemn and important; often did I lift up my heart to Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, that his presence might go with us. It might here be remarked, once for all, that the Dutch farmers, notwithstanding all that has been said against them by some travellers, are, as a people, exceedingly hospitable and kind to strangers. Exceptions there are, but these are few, and perhaps more rare than in any country under the sun. Some of these worthy people on the borders of the colony, congratulated me on returning alive, having often heard, as they said, that I had been long since murdered by Africaner. Much wonder was expressed at my narrow escape from such a monster of cruelty, the report having been spread that Mr. Ebner had just escaped by the skin of his teeth. While some would scarcely credit my identity; my testimony as to the entire reformation of Africaner's character, and his conversion, was discarded as the effusion of a frenzied brain. It sometimes afforded no little entertainment to Africaner and the Namaquas, to hear a farmer denounce this supposed irreclaimable savage. There were only a few, however, who were sceptical on this subject. At one farm, a novel scene exhibited the state of feeling respecting Africaner and myself, and likewise displayed the power of Divine grace under peculiar circumstances. It was neccessary, from the scarcity of water, to call at such houses as lay in our road. The farmer referred to was a good man in the best sense of the word; and he and his wife had both shown me kindness on my way to Namaqua-land.

On approaching the house, which was on an eminence, I directed my men to take the wagon to the valley below, while I walked toward the house. The farmer, seeing a stranger, came slowly down the descent to meet me. When within a few yards, I addressed him in the usual way, and stretching out my hand, expressed my pleasure at seeing him again. He put his hand behind him, and asked me, rather wildly, who I was. I replied that I was Moffat, expressing my wonder that he should have forgotten me. "Moffat!" he rejoined, in a faltering voice; "it is your *ghost!*" and moved some steps backward. "I am no ghost." "Don't come near me!" he exclaimed, "you have been long murdered by Africaner." "But *I am* no ghost," I said, feeling my hands, as if to convince him and myself, too, of my materiality; but his alarm only increased. "Everybody says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones;" and he continued to gaze at me, to the no small astonishment of the good wife and children, who were standing at the door, as also to that of my people, who were looking on from the wagon below. At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?" As he feared my presence would alarm his wife, we bent our steps towards the wagon, and Africaner was the subject of our conversation. I gave him in a few words my views of his present character, saying, "He is now a truly good man." To which he replied, "I can believe almost any thing you say, but *that* I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world, that would be the eighth." I appealed to the displays of Divine grace in a Paul, a Manasseh, and referred to his own experience. He replied, *these* were another description of men, but that Africaner was one of the accursed sons of Ham, enumerating some of the atrocities of which he had been guilty. By this time we were standing with Africaner at our feet, on whose countenance sat a smile, well knowing the prejudices of some of the farmers. The farmer closed the conversation by saying, with much earnestness, "Well, if what you assert be true respecting that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die; and when you return, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle." I was not before aware of this fact, and now felt some hesitation whether to discover to him the object of his wonder; but knowing the sincerity of the farmer, and the goodness of his disposition, I said, "This, then, is Africaner!" He started back, looking intensely at the man, as if he had just dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he exclaimed. He arose, doffed his old hat, and making a polite bow, answered, "I am." The farmer seemed thunder-struck; but when, by a few questions, he had assured himself of the fact, that the former bugbear of the border stood before him, now meek and lamb-like in his whole deportment, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of thy power! what cannot thy grace accomplish!" The kind farmer, and his no less hospitable wife, now abundantly supplied our wants; but we hastened our departure, lest the intelligence might get abroad that Africaner was with me, and bring unpleasant visitors.

On arriving at Cape Town, I waited on his Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who appeared to receive with considerable scepticism, my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to his Excellency. The following day was appointed for an interview, when the chief was received by Lord Charles with great affability and kindness; and he expressed his pleasure at seeing thus before him, one who had formerly been the scourge of the country, and the terror of the border colonists. His Excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted. I remembered when I first arrived at Cape Town, the reply to my memorial for permission to proceed to my destination in Great Namaqua-land, was, that his Excellency had cogent reasons for not complying with my request, and I was obliged to remain eight months in the colony: this time was not, however, lost, for it was turned to advantage by learning the Dutch language, and attending to other preliminaries for a missionary campaign. Whatever he might think of his former views, his Excellency was now convinced that a most important point had been gained; and, as a testimony of his good feeling, he presented Africaner with an excellent wagon, value eighty pounds sterling.

A short time previous to my visit to the Cape, a deputation from the London Missionary Society, consisting of the Revds. J. Campbell and Dr. Philip, arrived for the purpose of examining the state of our African missions, and to them Africaner's visit was a subject of deep interest. It appeared to be one of the happiest moments of Mr. Campbell's life to hold converse with the man, at whose very name, on his first visit to Namaqua-land, he had trembled, but on whom, in answer to many prayers, he now looked as a brother beloved. Often while interpreting for Mr. C., in his inquiries, I have been deeply affected with the overflow of soul experienced by both, while rehearsing the scenes of bygone days.

Africaner's appearance in Cape Town, excited considerable attention, as his name and exploits had been familiar to many of its inhabitants for more than twenty years. Many were struck with the unexpected mildness and gentleness of his demeanour, and others with his piety and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures. His New Testament was an interesting object of attention, it was so completely thumbed and worn by use. His answers to a number of questions put to him by the friends in Cape Town, and at a public meeting at the Paarl, exhibited his diligence as a student in the doctrines of the Gospel, especially when it is remembered that Africaner never saw a Catechism in his life, but obtained all his knowledge on theological subjects from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and the verbal instructions of the missionary.

My object in coming to the colony was twofold; to procure supplies, and to introduce Africaner to the notice of the

Colonial Government. With the fullest hope of returning to my flock, who had now become exceedingly dear to me, I had made purchases on the road to take with me on my return; but this was not to take place, for it was the wish of the Deputation, that I should accompany them in their visits to the missionary stations, and eventually be appointed to the Bechuana mission. To me this was at first a startling proposition, and one to which I acceded with much reluctance, and not till Africaner gave his entire consent, which he did with great diffidence and modesty, having some slight hope, in which I concurred, that he might with his people remove to that neighborhood, having been frequently invited by a tribe of the Bechuanas, parties of whom were wont to trade with him in Namaqua-land. Africaner and party left with mingled emotions, and were kindly supplied with a government passport to ensure the friendship and attention of the colonists, through whose lands they must pass.

The remaining particulars of this good man's career must now be related as briefly as possible; to which I propose to add some observations on the termination of our missionary operations in Namaqua-land. He very generously offered to take my books and a few articles of furniture I had purchased, in his wagon across the continent to Lattakoo. During my stay at Cape Town, Miss Smith, to whom I had been long previously engaged, arriving from England, we were united, and we accompanied Mr. Campbell on his second visit to Lattakoo. Here we were favoured with one more short but delightful interview. This faithful and affectionate friend remembered his promise, and brought me the articles, of which he knew I must stand in need. Nearly a year had intervened, and he had spent the time in conjunction with his brothers David and Jacobus, in continuing the public services, and teaching in the schools at the station, while I had been on the tour with the Deputation. Mr. Campbell being about to return to England, Africaner travelled with us as far as Daniel's Kuil to accompany him, where he met the Griqua chief, Berend Berend, with whom, as stated in a former chapter, he had had many a deadly contest. Being now both converts to the faith, all their former animosities were melted away by the gospel of peace and love. These chiefs sat down together in our tent with a number of people, when all united in singing a hymn of praise to God, and listening to an address, from the invitation of Jehovah to the ends of the earth to look to Him, and Him alone, for salvation. After which, they knelt at the same stool, before the peaceful throne of the Redeemer; thus the Gospel makes—

"Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb."

We parted, with some hope that we might see him again; but no—it was the last farewell; for scarcely two years had elapsed when he was called to enter into the joy of his Lord. This he had anticipated, with the full assurance of hope, believing that, "when his earthly house should be dissolved, he would have a building of God."—The closing scene of his life is faithfully delineated by the Rev. J. Archbell, Wesleyan missionary, in a letter to Dr. Philip, dated March 14th, 1823:—

"When he found his end approaching, he called all the people together, after the example of Joshua, and gave them directions as to their future conduct. 'We are not,' said he, 'what we were, *savages*, but men professing to be taught according to the Gospel. Let us then do accordingly. Live peaceably with all men, if possible: and if impossible, consult those who are placed over you, before you engage in any thing. Remain together, as you have done since I knew you. Then, when the Directors think fit to send you a missionary, you may be ready to receive him. Behave to any teacher you may have sent as one sent of God, as I have great hope that God will bless you in this respect when I am gone to heaven. I feel that I love God, and that he has done much for me, of which I am totally unworthy.

"'My former life is stained with blood; but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to heaven. Oh! beware of falling into the same evils into which I have led you frequently; but seek God, and he will be found of you to direct you.'

"Africaner was a man of sound judgment, and of undaunted courage; and although he himself was one of the first and the severest persecutors of the Christian cause, he would, had he lived, have spilled his blood, if necessary, for his missionary."

Many had been the refreshing hours we had spent together, sitting or walking, tracing the operations of the word and Spirit on his mind, which seemed to have been first excited under the ministry of Christian Albrecht. Subsequent to that period, his thoughts were frequently occupied while looking around him, and surveying the "handy-works" of God, and asking the question, "Are these the productions of some great Being?—how is it that his name and character have been lost among the Namaquas, and the knowledge of Him confined to so few?—has that knowledge only lately come to the world?—how is it that he does not address mankind in oral language?" His mind had received an impetus, not from the light of nature, bright as her page appears to one even partially illumined by the voice of revelation, but from what he had heard from the missionary. The torch of Divine truth, which had but just begun to irradiate with its yet feeble rays his intellectual powers, had been by his own violence removed far beyond his reach, and he was thus left to grope like one in the dark; but dark as his soul was, he could not retire from the ruins of Warm Bath without a pang. In trying to grasp the often indistinct rays of light, which would occasionally flit across his partially awakened understanding, he became the more bewildered, especially when he thought of the spirit of the Gospel message, "Good-will to man." He often wondered whether the book he saw some of the farmers use said any thing on the subject; and then he would conclude, that if they worshipped any such being, he must be one of a very different character from that God of love to whom the missionaries directed the attention of the Namaquas.

It was at a period when Africaner's judgment appeared to be wavering, and when he was about to dismiss for ever from his thoughts the graver subjects of revelation, death, and immortality, that he had rather a remarkable dream, which gave his mind a bias it never afterward forsook. Although I admit, with many others, that dreams may be of three classes, human, satanic, and divine,—those of the latter class being very rare,—I have ever found it necessary to discourage, rather than to countenance, a regard to them among the heathen, on whose minds light has just begun to break, and who, under their first impressions, are very prone to give a superstitious interpretation to dreams, some of which are of too monstrous a character to be permitted an asylum in the mind. These generally obtain currency among the ignorant, and such as feel more pleasure in hawking about their nocturnal reveries, than spending their time in learning to read the law and the testimony; and the delusion does not stop here; they hear of visions, and think that they may come in for a share of them, and thus bring back the ancient dispensation, adding to dreams unearthly sights.

I have heard of some who had seen an angel behind a bush; of others who had beheld the Saviour, and could tell his form; of some who have heard a voice from heaven; of others who have gone as far as Jerusalem, like Mahomet, though not on an ass, and ascended to the third heaven, and returned the same night. When these things have found place, the missionary finds it necessary gently to introduce other matters into their channels of reflection, and impart a genuine currency in the place of that base coin, which, alas, is sometimes vended in more enlightened countries than Africa. But Africaner was a man who never dealt in such commodities. In the development of his Christian experience, his motto was, "Thus saith the Lord." The following I heard him relate only once, and it seemed then to have been revived in his mind by looking at a mountain opposite to which we sat, and along the steep sides of which ran a narrow path to the top.

He supposed, in his dream, that he was at the base of a steep and rugged mountain, over which he must pass by a path, leading along an almost perpendicular precipice to the summit. On the left of the path, the fearful declivity presented one furnace of fire and smoke, mingled with lightning. As he looked round to flee from a sight which made his whole frame tremble, one appeared out of those murky regions, whose voice, like thunder, said that there was no escape but by the narrow path. He attempted to ascend thereby, but felt the reflected heat from the precipice (to which he was obliged to cling) more intense than that from the burning pit beneath. When ready to sink with mental and physical agony, he cast his eyes upwards beyond the burning gulf, and saw a person stand on a green mount, on which the sun appeared to shine with peculiar brilliancy. This individual drew near to the ridge of the precipice, and beckoned him to advance. Shielding the side of his face with his hands, he ascended, through heat and smoke, such as he would have thought no human frame could endure. He at last reached the long desired spot, which became increasingly bright, and when about to address the stranger, he awoke.

On asking him what was his interpretation of the dream, he replied, that it haunted his mind for a long time, like a poisonous thorn in the flesh, and he could bear to reflect on it only when, as he said, with great simplicity, "I thought the path was the narrow road leading from destruction to safety, from hell to heaven; the stranger I supposed to be that Saviour of whom I had heard, and long were my thoughts occupied in trying to discover when and how I was to pass along the burning path;" adding, with tears in his eyes, "Thank God I have passed."

It may not be improper, before concluding the subject of the mission to Africaner, to notice the cause why a missionary was not sent according to promise. That I did not forget to urge it, may be seen from the following extract from one of my letters to the Directors:—

> "But whilst they afford cause for gratitude, it is to be recollected, that their situation calls for sympathy and help at your hands. You have had the honour of sending them the glad tidings of the Gospel, which have been blessed in a singular manner to many who were formerly buried in degradation and guilt. I have there seen the lion become a lamb, the captive set at liberty, and the mourner comforted; yea, more, I have seen men, once the dupes of ignorance and vice, sweetly falling asleep in Jesus; others exulting, as they departed out of life, and saying, 'It is finished for guilty me.' Sometimes my solitary moments are interrupted with their doleful complaints. 'You have snatched us from heathen darkness; discovered to us the enemies of our never-dying souls; pointed us to the Lamb of God, and withdrawn the curtain of the eternal world. We see the crown that awaits the faithful, but why have you left us to finish the warfare alone? The battle is great, and our strength is small, and we are ready to perish for lack of knowledge.' Such is the situation of that interesting people, and surely such a situation demands sympathy and help."

This appeal was not forgotten; but the expectation that the people would remove, according to their original intention, to another part of the country, caused some delay on the part of the Directors. Mr. Schmelen, also, who had laboured so successfully in Great Namaqua-land, and whose enterprise planted a station at Bethany, two hundred miles beyond the Orange River, had been compelled to retire towards the colony, and abandon the Great Namaqua mission for a season, owing to the unsettled state of the country, and a civil war on the station. At the same time, Africaner's people separated, one part going towards the Fish River, where Jonker, alas, carried on the character of a freebooter, taking the cattle of the Damaras, while another part remained behind, on the old station, and kept up the worship of God.

At that period the mania for war extended from the Zoolus near Port Natal on the east, to Angra Pequena Bay on the west. Commencing with the Zoolus, Matabele, and Mantatees, the demon of war seemed to fly from people to people, and the numerous tribes of the Bechuana and Basuto appeared for a while devoted to destruction. Griquas, Corannas, and Namaquas, though last not least, from their contiguity to the Colony, possessing superior means of carrying on the bloody game, continued with few exceptions, to scatter devastation, distress, and woe, until the vengeance of Heaven fell both on them and their ill-gotten spoils. These were days of trial, and scarcely a missionary station escaped unscathed north of the Orange River.

As soon as these troubles began to subside in Namaqua-land, our Wesleyan brethren nobly extended their efforts to that country. Their labours have been crowned with success, and I have watched their onward progress with as much interest as if I had been one of their number. The field being thus ably occupied, it was unnecessary for the London Missionary Society to send others, while the character of the country already described, with its scanty population, and the cry for missionaries to carry on the work in more important fields, influenced the Directors to leave that section of the missionary world to our Wesleyan brethren.

While preparing the preceding pages, I received from Mr. J. Backhouse a tract entitled, "Effects of the Gospel on the Africaner Family," the perusal of which has afforded me the most grateful pleasure. Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, two valuable members of the Society of Friends, have recently visited the Missionary stations in the South Seas, as well as those in South Africa. The results of their observation, as reported by them, are very satisfactory. In reference to the people of Namaqua-land, Mr. B. writes in a letter addressed to myself:—"I have no doubt but thou wilt be interested in learning, that the Wesleyans are reaping an encouraging harvest in Great Namaqua-land, from the seed sown in former days by the London Missionary Society, in which thou hadst a part."

On the resumption of the Warm Bath station, (now Nesbit Bath) and Africaner's Krall as an out-station, and the pleasing fruits which have followed the labours of Mr. Cook and others, the conversion of Titus Africaner, and the consequent peace and harmony among the people, once engaged in warlike strife, the writer of the tract makes the following judicious remarks. "In tracing the history of the Africaner family in the preceding pages, the reader will probably have been struck with the evidence it affords of the efficacy of the Gospel, notwithstanding it may have been imperfectly received, as well as the importance of attending to the counsel, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good.'"

From Mr. Cook's communications, it appears that there is a prospect of further openings in the interior, and even the Damara country may, ere long, become the field of missionary labour. It must be acknowledged, however, that difficulties almost insuperable present themselves in the way of carrying on missions in the back parts of Namaqua-land, and the country of the Damaras, from local circumstances; and, until there is a change of seasons, the Namaqua missions will continue to struggle as they have done, even though planted and supported on the most liberal principles. Expensive they must be to make them efficient, and the agents employed will have to lead a self-denying life, as long as their resources for themselves, as well as means of civilizing the people, have to be brought overland from Cape Town. Even were boring for water introduced, unless there be more rain in the country, the people must ever lead a wandering life; an obstacle to missionary success complained of by all. A considerable time must elapse before the missionary can reach the understanding directly by his own voice, from the extreme difficulty of acquiring their clicking language; and although the Dutch is gradually supplanting it, much time will be necessary for the latter to become general.

Mr. Schmelen translated the four Gospels into the Namaqua language, which were printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society. This, from the character of the language, must have been a work of much labour. Whether the Wesleyan brethren intend to carry on their work through the medium of the Namaqua or the Dutch language, I have not been able to ascertain. It would be no great loss if the Hottentot language were annihilated; though from the scattered state of the population, it is not probable that this will soon be the case. But the zeal by which our Wesleyan brethren are distinguished, supported by an extensive native agency, may overcome all these difficulties, which would be greatly diminished were it possible to fix a missionary station on the sandy and sterile shores of Angra Pequena, and Wal visch Bays.

These places have been visited by Schmelen,* Archbell and Sir J. Alexander; but from all accounts the whole extent of the coast presents little to encourage such a plan. The banks of some of the rivers, in which water seldom flows, may be traced in their winding courses by acacias, the timber of which is of the poorest description. Ebony trees are also thinly scattered in the neighbourhood of the Orange river, but neither there nor in the open country is any thing like timber to be found, which would authorize commercial speculations, as a late traveller into that country recommended. Independently of the Orange river not being navigable, and the want of suitable bays on the coast, the impossibility of the country being benefitted from those quarters, will be evident. I feel persuaded that the period has arrived, when we must abandon the idea of long, expensive, tiresome, and in some instances dangerous journeys, either from the promontory of the Cape, or, from Algoa Bay, to remote distances in the interior. It is now quite time to look to the eastern and western coasts of the continent, and form a chain of stations, from either, or both, towards the centre; and establish Missionary Colonies on lakes, or at the sources of those rivers which fall into the ocean. The want of navigable rivers, and the dry and often desert countries to be passed in Southern Africa in order to reach our isolated stations, present grievous barriers to the work of civilization, and in some parts we have got nearly to that point, at which resources from the south will be beyond the reach of the ability, either of the missionary or his people.

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* It is reported that Mr. Schmelen went to those places, but the author cannot vouch that he reached the latter. Mr. Archbell visited it by sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is an agreeable and profitable exercise, to take a retrospective view of those events, whatever their character, which have led to important results; and surely, to the mind of the missionary, it must be delightful to look back along the channel, tracing through all its windings the little rill of the water of life, until it is observed oozing from beneath a mountain peak. Like an African river, it now swells, and then dwindles,—is now rapid, then slowly spreads its refreshing waters over a large surface of desert waste,—now disappears, and then rises in another part of its course, in which it resumes a steady flow—affording, at all seasons, permanent fertility, to the advantage of those who assemble on its banks, or come within the range of its influence.

The mind of the writer has been led to these reflections by a minute survey of the rise and progress of the Griqua mission, which, although embracing more variety in the national character of its objects than perhaps any other in Africa, exhibits much sameness; but, nevertheless, its history, extending to more than forty years, presents us with some remarkable displays of Divine power in causing missionary enterprise to triumph over no common difficulties. Its fluctuations have been very numerous, but this is not surprising, when it is remembered that it was commenced at the Zak River, on the borders of the colony, in the year 1799, being one of the two branches of the Missionary Society's first efforts in South Africa. It was in the beginning ostensibly a mission to the Bushmen, but it had not been long founded before it included within its operation both Hottentots and Bastards. Two years had not elapsed when its efforts were chiefly devoted to the Corannas, Namaquas, and Bastards on the Orange river, the missionaries having resorted thither on the invitation of Berend Berend. From these again a select party, though a mixed multitude, finally terminated a migratory life, by settling down at Griqua Town in 1804, with Messrs. Anderson and Kramer.

Sometimes one missionary might be heard addressing the few who understood Dutch; another, a congregation of Corannas; and a third, a party of Bushmen, through interpreters. They were distinct tribes, having different languages, customs, and grades of honour, from that of the descendant of the colonial farmer, to the very lowest state of degradation in the Bushmen. Their government, if they had any at all, was of a mingled character, comprising the patriarchal, despotic, monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic, each party having its claims, either of birth, power, number, or hereditary right; exhibiting all the phases of a tropical thunder cloud, which rolls in wild and black confusion, till it bursts forth, scattering terror and death.

It is not the intention of the writer to be a chronicler of the events connected with the progress of this mission, or even to attempt an abridgment of the voluminous details which have been long published. His object is briefly to glance at its more prominent features and changes, and to trace the dealings of Divine providence and grace in sustaining those devoted missionaries, who, taking their lives in their hands, and sallying forth far beyond the abodes of civilization, persevered, amid the rage and cupidity of a reckless rabble, in the self-denying duties of their holy calling, until they were crowned with triumphant success.

This station required all the energies of the missionary, as may be observed from the brief sketch already given of the character of the people, and their isolated condition in a lawless country. Their circumstances, afflictions, and prospects, cannot be better described than in Mr. Anderson's own words:—

> "When I went among the Griquas, and for some time after, they were without the smallest marks of civilization. If I except one woman, (who had by some means got a trifling article of colonial raiment,) they had not one thread of European clothing among them; and their wretched appearance and habits were such as might have excited in our minds an aversion to them, had we not been actuated by principles which led us to pity them, and served to strengthen us in pursuing the object of our missionary work; they were, in many instances, little above the brutes. It is a fact, that we were among them at the hazard of our lives. This became evident from their own acknowledgments to us afterwards, they having confessed that they had frequently premeditated to take away our lives, and were prevented only from executing their purposes by what they now considered an Almighty Power. When we went among them, and some time after, they lived in the habit of plundering one another; and they saw no moral evil in this nor in any of their actions. Violent deaths were common; and I recollect many of the aged women told me their husbands had been killed in this way. Their usual manner of living was truly disgusting, and they were void of shame; however, after a series of hardships, which required much faith and patience, our instructions were attended with a blessing which produced a great change. The people became honest in their dealings; they came to abhor those acts of plunder which had been so common among them; nor do I recollect a single instance, for several years prior to their late troubles, which could be considered as a stain upon their character. They entirely abandoned their former manner of life, and decency and modesty prevailed in their families. When we first settled among them, we had some Hottentots with us from the Zak River. With their assistance we began to cultivate the ground about Riet Fonteyn; but notwithstanding our exhortations, remonstrances, and example, the Griquas manifested the greatest aversion to such work, and appeared determined to continue their wandering and predatory habits. At the end of six months the Hottentots left us; and our prospects, as to the future cultivation of the ground, became very gloomy. We determined, however, to abide by them; and in wandering about with them, we constantly endeavoured to impress upon their minds the superior advantages they would derive from cultivating the ground, and having fixed habitations. After a considerable time had elapsed, we prevailed upon them to try the experiment, and a commencement was made. This event was preceded and followed by a great and visible improvement among them as a body. Considering the circumstances of the people, much land was cultivated at this time; and in the following years the land under cultivation was much increased. I have seen the whole valley, from the Fountain to the Lion's Den, which must include four square miles, covered with corn and barley. This refers to Griqua Town alone; and the ground around the neighbouring fountains was in a similar state of improvement."

From other communications from Mr. A., it also appears, that as early as 1809, the congregation consisted of 800 persons, who resided at or near the station during the whole, or the greatest part of the year. Besides their stated congregations, they were surrounded by numerous hordes of Corannas and Bushmen, among whom they laboured.

If we look at the state of moral turpitude in which the missionaries found that people, these results, it must be acknowledged, were very extraordinary. A threatened attack from a marauding horde of Kafirs, in 1810, was evidently averted, in answer to prayer. Mr. Jantz, the only missionary then on the place, with the good people, set apart a day for special supplication; and they sent a pacific message and present to the Kafirs, after which they immediately retired.

Mr. Jantz, whose whole conduct on this occasion seems to have been marked with the true spirit of piety, says, "Now we must leave it in the hands of the Lord, hoping to see his loving kindness in confirming the work of our hands, and granting us a complete deliverance. This is my prayer, that we may be so firmly established by the Lord, that no enemy may be able to hurt this church; for, as a kind father, he hath hitherto taken care of us; so that, instead of complaint, we have cause for thankfulness, that the doctrines of the Gospel, accompanied by the power of his Spirit, have had so much influence on some of our people, that, by means of their Christian exhortation and example, they have subdued the ungoverned spirit of the Kafirs."

The mission continued to flourish; extending its benign influence for several years, till an unlooked for event gave a shock, from which it did not soon recover.

It was not an unnatural supposition, that the government of the Cape, finding that the labours of the missionaries had been so beneficial in transforming a people, who otherwise might have been, like Africaner, a terror to the colony, and helped to drain its coffers in fruitless commandoes, would have tendered their assistance to the growing commonwealth, and afforded means of encouragement and protection in a country where they were exposed, as in the above case, to a foreign enemy. But this was not the policy of those days. In 1814, Mr. Anderson received an order from the colonial government, to send down to the Cape twenty Griquas for the Cape regiment. Mr. A. was never, as he informed me, amidst all his trials, placed in so painful a situation. The only wonder was, that the people did not stone him when he made the proposal, to which duty compelled him. Was it possible that a people just emerging from barbarism, and scarcely able to defend themselves, would send twenty of their best men to serve at the Cape? The result of non compliance with this order was a threat from government, and the introduction of a restrictive system, by which mis sionaries were prevented from crossing the northern boundary of the colony.

Mr. Anderson had hitherto been viewed by the Griquas as the founder and father of that mission, to whom they were all in the daily habit of looking up for counsel and advice, in whatever had a reference to their temporal as well as their spiritual interests. He had also been the means of communication between them and the colonial government, and was virtually an agent. The Griquas, from the above demand originating, as they supposed, from this connexion, were embittered against Mr. A. His life was threatened; and soon after a party withdrew from the mission, which kept the people in a state of political ferment; and though a great majority remained, they were by no means cordial; so that Mr. Anderson found it necessary to withdraw, that his presence might not give the shadow of offence to the awakened jealousy of those among whom he had laboured with such signal success.

In his farewell sermon he made the following terse and unique comparison: "Formerly I went out and in among you as your father, your friend, and your guide; but now I am compelled to leave you, viewed by you as nothing better than a dry stalk of maize." But, notwithstanding the bitterness of political strife and discontent in which he left them, they afterwards deeply mourned over their ingratitude. The writer having lived on the station, together with Mr. Helm, for nearly a year after Mr. A.'s departure, had innumerable opportunities of witnessing how warmly they cherished the memory of one who had for twenty years laboured among them in circumstances of great privation and affliction. He exemplified zeal and perseverance, which was crowned with remarkable success; and, doubtless, distant generations will venerate the names of Anderson and Kramer, as the founders of the Griqua mission. Although the mission was thus deprived of the valuable labours of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Helm, his colleague, most efficiently supplied his place. Mr. H. was a man of considerable acquirements; in whose character were blended, in an eminent degree, an unflinching faithfulness to the souls of men, and great meekness and humility. His graces had been long tried on a hard campaign, in a Coranna mission on the Orange River.

The events now recorded, prove to a demonstration that it is not the duty of the missionary to take an active part in political affairs. In order to save the mission from ruin, it was necessary to make a vigorous stand against interference on the part of the missionaries with the government of the people. My appointed sojourn, as the coadjutor of Mr. Helm, was intended to assist in abolishing a system which had thus burst asunder the sacred ties between pastor and people, and caused the removal of Mr. A. to a sphere of labour within the colony. The task was a hard one, from the entire disorganization which existed; and the Directors justly remarked, in reference to that appointment, "But it is painful to add, that the difficulties with which they have to contend from the irregular habits of many of the people, will require the greatest firmness, as well as the most persevering efforts to subdue." These efforts were eventually crowned with success. The former chief, Adam Kok, late of Philippolis, had abandoned Griqua Town, and Berend Berend, the acknowledged chief, lived at Daniels Kuil, a distance of fifty miles, attending only to the interests of those about him, and very rarely visiting Griqua Town; neither would he appoint a representative there.

For some months the affairs of the place looked like a ship's company without helm or compass; and the consequences were sometimes serious, and frequently ludicrous. The hint was given, to appoint one of their own number to take the government of the village. The idea was eagerly embraced; the elders of the people met, and one would have thought that an elder would have been elected; but no, they unanimously voted Andries Waterboer to the office of chief. This was a decision which reflected the highest honour on the judgment of the Griquas, for the person on whom they had fixed their attention, was one who possessed neither name nor riches. He had enjoyed advantages, having been educated on the station, under the eye of the missionaries; had been with others set apart as a native teacher, and had long been employed as an assistant in the school where he was found on the very day of his appointment. We had neither part nor lot in the matter, though it afforded us entire satisfaction.

This was a new era in the Griqua mission, which brought it to a state so ardently desired; and the mission-houses instead of being turned into a kind of council-chamber, were visited only by such as had cases of conscience to propose, or what had a reference to the general welfare of the church of God. I might here make an exception. Andries, who was not prepared for this new station, soon felt the responsibility of his office. He had no opportunities of studying the science of government from books, (Minos, Lycurgus, and Solon were names unknown to him!) and had heard little else than the principles of law, derived from the Bible, the best foundation for the laws of nations. He felt his deficiency, and thirsted for information; and for months together we spent several evenings a week, after it was supposed all were gone to rest, conversing on these subjects.

Though I did little more than reply to his numerous inquiries, yet, having been placed there for the express object of lending my aid to abolish the old system, I naturally felt the task a delicate one. At the same time neither Mr. Helm nor I could see any impropriety in giving him what information we could on the history of nations, and their political economy. From this and other circumstances, he long retained a grateful sense of his obligations, and a warm friendship of many years ensued.

The chief Waterboer at the commencement of his career was considered severe in his administration, when contrasted with that of former days, in which insubordination was allowed to take deep root. As might be expected, his strict discipline gave rise to divisions, sifting the Griquas of those who cared for neither law nor gospel. From these again arose Bergenaars or mountaineers and marauders, round whose standards Corannas and Bushmen rallied; and finding no difficulty in obtaining contraband ammunition from the colony, they carried devastation, blood, and rapine among all the Bechuana tribes within their reach. Even on Griqua Town itself they made two desperate attacks, which, though happily attended with little loss of life on either side, justly excited much alarm in the mission families, surrounded as they were by ruthless desperadoes inured to violence and murder.

It may be proper, in this place, to notice the origin of these attacks, as well as the circumstances of a preceding one, on the inhabitants of Griqua Town, when Mr. Sass was the only missionary on the station. The chief Waterboer, in conjunction with J. Melvill, Esq.,* (now one of our missionaries,) anxious to put a stop to the devastations committed by the Bergenaars on the Basuto, and other Bechuana tribes, endeavoured to disperse the party. For this purpose their strongholds were attacked; and, though every species of warfare is to be deprecated as the world's curse, the following extract of a letter from Mr. Melvill to the Editor of the *South African Chronicle*, beautifully illustrates the moral and civilizing tendency of the Gospel in relation to the Griquas.

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* Mr. Melvill was at that time government agent.

"The Griqua chiefs, A. Waterboer and Cornelius Kok, proceeded to the station of the Bergenaars, to take such measures as might put a stop to the system of depredation they were carrying on against the tribes around them.

"Instead of the Bergenaars showing any disposition to alter their conduct, they set the commando at defiance, and maintained that attitude till night came on with rain, when they made their escape. The commando returned to Griqua Town, with 4000 head of cattle, followed by some hundreds of the people of the plundered tribes, to whom a considerable part of the cattle belonged; and, before their arrival at Griqua Town, contrary to the practice of savage tribes, a scene of justice took place, which would have done credit to any civilized people. The chiefs restored to these poor people, Basutos, all their cattle, without reserving a single hoof to themselves, to which any one of them could establish a right. When the people had got their cattle, they were told they might go to their own country; but they were so struck with the justice of the Griqua chiefs, that they begged to be allowed to put themselves under their protection; and accordingly they followed them to the Griqua country."

To the preceding may be added the following facts, as they exhibit a pleasing evidence of missionary influence in promoting peace. It was found necessary for Mr. Melvill and the Griqua chiefs, with some of their leading men, to visit Cape Town. Mr. Helm was on a visit to the same place, on account of his wife's health. Mr. Sass, who had long laboured in Little Namaqua-land, and among the Corannas on the banks of the Orange River, was alone at the station when the Bergenaars came against the place for purposes of sheer revenge. On discovering that a missionary was there, they retired to a distance, and sent for him. The venerable Sass, who had been in labours abundant, entered the camp of the ruthless and lawless banditti. He had no sling, no stone. His weapons were from the armoury of heaven. His humble, devout, and persuasive address to the leaders of the gang calmed their rage, and saved the inhabitants from impending destruction. "Here," as Mr. Melvill writes, "we see a missionary has so much respect attached to his character, that even the Bergenaars would not attack the place because he was there: the *presence* of Mr. Sass afforded a protection to the whole people."

The particulars of a subsequent attack on Griqua Town are minutely described in the Society's *Monthly Chronicle* for January, 1828; affording an additional instance of the station being preserved by the Divine blessing on missionary influence.

But Griqua Town survived by the blessing of God, on the intrepid and persevering efforts of Waterboer to establish the principles of order and peace. He has always continued to preach, as well as to exercise his office as a magistrate; and though in the eyes of many this union of office is inexpedient, he has ever maintained his cause; and having obtained a liberal salary and ordnance supplies from the colonial government, he is able to present the Griquas in an aspect his enemies never contemplated.

A retributive Providence accomplished that which Waterboer had neither men nor means to carry into effect; for he could neither punish the banditti to which his government gave rise, nor defend those who fell a prey to the fearful havoc they made on property and human life. After they had filled their cup, Heaven frowned upon them; and those who escaped the war-club and javelin, disease swept away; those who escaped both died in poverty, not only under the gnawings of hunger, but those of a guilty conscience; being deprived of that very property of which they had despoiled others; while the bones of the majority lie bleached on many a barren waste, addressing the living in solemn language, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." The finger of God was so evident, that even the Griquas themselves could not help fearing that their former cruelties committed on the Bushmen would not go unpunished.

These troubles did not subside till 1829, when the mission partially revived under the labours of Messrs. Wright and Hughes; and since 1831, when it received a new impulse, it has continued to increase and extend its influence around. Their efforts, as may be seen from the reports, have been blessed in no ordinary degree. Beside their own stated services, they employ six native teachers. Their congregations comprise Bechuanas, Griquas, Corannas, and Bushmen; the first the most numerous, while the last are now, as may be gathered from the chapter on their origin, character, and state, few and feeble.

About seven years ago this mission became increasingly useful, from circumstances in themselves apparently adverse to its prosperity. Owing to the draught and consequent failure of the fountains, nothing could be done in agriculture in the village. The people were thus dispersed, and obliged to lead a migratory life in quest of food. This state of things led to itinerating and the employment of native agency on a larger scale. The Divine blessing has rested conspicuously on these efforts, and especially on numbers of the Bechuanas, who had from the destructive attacks on their tribes in their own country retired to the banks of Vaal River, within the Griqua district. These were brought by a way they knew not. Many of them have been savingly converted to God, and are now able to read in their own language His wonderful works.*

I have thought it proper to be a little particular in reference to the origin and present state of the Griquas, who have been so signally preserved and blessed for forty years, and remain after so many conflicts a monument, while other stations like the one which gave birth to theirs, are left desolate. Humanly speaking, Waterboer's government is on a basis too firm to be moved by a foreign foe, that is, so long as it supports by its influence the cause of God, and continues the faithful ally of the Cape colony. It is not without great reason, however, that many judicious persons deprecate the effects of what they consider an unhallowed union, in the missionary's holding among the Griquas the office of "Confidential Agent to the Colonial Government." There may be apparent advantages arising from this measure, in accordance with the sentiments of those who hold up the benefit effected by missionary labours to be more of a political than a religious nature, and who maintain that it is far more convenient for government than appointing distinct agents; but the fact is, it has no warrant from Scripture, and the question is, What does experience say? Let us take South Africa for an example. The preceding statements demonstrate that the cause of Mr. Anderson's removal was his government agency; and though his not having had a precedent is an apology, the principle and the consequences of that agency cannot but be deprecated.

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* The following information has come to hand since the article on the Griqua mission was prepared for the press, and cannot fail to interest. Mr. Helmore having been appointed to Likhatlong, a station of Bechuanas connected with the Griqua mission, 190 of their members were thus transferred to his care, and now form a distinct church. In the early part of last year, Mosheshe, chief of the Basutos, sent messengers to the chief Waterboer, informing him that as his people were now favoured with missionaries in their own country, it was his particular wish that all the Basutos in those parts should return home. Waterboer having at once made it known that all that chose to do so, were at liberty to depart with their property, after having resided under his protection for seventeen years, a party of that people, about 100 souls, lately removed, among whom were 33 church members. This measure cannot fail of being an important acquisition to the French missionaries, as nearly all of them were able to read in their own language. After these deductions, and including recent additions, the number of church members at Griqua Town is 520. The schools on the station have, under many discouraging circumstances, continued to prosper, and the Infant school under the care of Troy Vortuin, a native female of a respectable family, reflects great honour on her abilities and perseverance.

Mr. Brownlee, our missionary in Kafir-land, was the next who trod on that slippery path, and resigned the office of missionary agent to government, as incompatible with the position of a missionary heathen. Mr. Thompson, of the Kat River, followed him with still less success. His "political functions interfered very much with his religious duties." He informed the writer that it nearly cost him his life, and he would by no means advise missionaries to assume any thing like a diplomatic character among the people of their spiritual charge.* More than twenty years' experience among the aborigines beyond the boundary of the colony, has convinced the writer that the two offices ought not to be held by the same person. Among the Bechuanas our lives have been placed in imminent danger from the suspicions excited in their minds by Conrad Buys and others, that we were agents of government, or in some way or other connected with it. No missionary, however, can with any show of Scripture or reason, refuse his pacific counsel and advice, when those among whom he labours require it, nor decline to become interpreter or translator to any foreign power, or to be the medium of hushing the din of war arising either from family interests or national claims; nor is it inconsistent with his character to become a mediator or intercessor where life is at stake, whether arising from ignorance, despotism, or revenge. I once seized the right arm of an enraged chief of no little power, who grasped a weapon, which, but for this interference, would have been plunged into the breast of a victim, who had greviously offended. I did no wrong, nor did the chief think so, for when the paroxysm was over he said to me, "I thank you, father." A missionary may do all this, and more than this, without endangering his character, and what is of infinitely more importance the character of the gospel he proclaims; but his entering into diplomatic engagements places himself as well as the great object of his life in jeopardy.

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* The Rev. Stephen Kay, in his letter to Sir T. F. Buxton, on the Kafir-case, makes the following remark, which being the result of long observation, is worthy of regard. After some very wholesome hints on the subject of agency, he writes—"I trust, therefore, that Government will never again think of committing the office of agency, amongst the Kafirs, to a missionary; as it places missionaries in a position which might, by possibility, be construed into that of spies, and there would, in all probability, be an end put to their usefulness at once."

That missionaries do obtain an influence among the tribes beyond, without any official interference, has been demonstrated along the whole line of the colonial boundary, from the Atlantic, to the Fish River on the east. Among other instances, the following may be adduced as given by the honourable, now Sir A. Stockenstrom, in his evidence before the Aborigines Committee :—

> " It strikes me that it is impossible to deny that the benefit thus conferred is incalculable. In 1832, I believe it was, that there was an inroad of a marauding horde of Corannas, Hottentots, and others, who were considered outlaws and independent of the Griqua tribes. They slaughtered, indiscriminately, several families, and plundered to a great extent; a strong expedition was sent against those people, but was unsuccessful. It was apparent to every man acquainted with the frontier, that if it had not been for the influence that the London missionaries had gained over the Griquas, we should have had the whole nation down upon us. It was only the state of feeling produced by that influence which prevented the Griquas from taking advantage of the exposed condition of the country, and the panic then existing, to give vent to their old animosities against the colony, and overrun the northern half of it. Had they been without that helm—that influence, I say, of these missionaries, we should have had a strong tribe instead of a gang of robbers to contend with. We had no force to arrest them if they had. Now that those people are in that state to enable us to treat with them, I attribute altogether to the domesticated state to which they have been brought by the labours, and the confidence which they have in the advice of the missionaries, whose interest it is to preach peace."

Sir A. S. bears the same testimony of the benign and salutary results from the labours of the Wesleyan missionaries. These effects, to which such honourable testimony is borne, we feel no hesitation in ascribing to the pure principles of the Gospel, which, wherever planted, nurtured, and matured under his reign, who has said, " My kingdom is not of this world," will always produce them; and through which, as the chief Waterboer has declared, "the Griquas have become a people, who were not a people."

The course pursued by the Colonial Government in appointing an agent as they did, in the person of J. Melvill, Esq., terminated in a treaty made with the chief Waterboer, by which he became an ally. This latter very important measure was entered into under the auspices of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, then Governor, and who in addition to Waterboer's salary most liberally granted 50*l.* per annum to promote education among the Griquas. Well had it been for the country, if this arrangement had been made much earlier, for it would have enabled Waterboer to prevent much rapine and murder, which had devastated the country for seven or eight years previously, during which time he could not even defend his own place, for want of suitable resources. Of this he was so sensible, that in the year 1830, on my way to Cape Town, he put into my hands a document expressing his desires on the subject, with an earnest request that I would use my influence for their accomplishment; this I did most cheerfully with Sir Lowry Cole, then Governor.

It is a wise policy in Government, to render every facility to the advancement of knowledge and civilization among the aborigines. and especially to such as have, like Waterboer, exhibited in legible characters the delightful results of missionary efforts, both in his conduct towards his own people, and the Colony to which he is allied; and we cannot but assure ourselves, that the friendly system now acted upon by Government, towards the chiefs on the frontier, will not only benefit the aborigines, but the Colony itself, and throw a halo of glory around the British throne.*

It is deeply to be regretted, that the fountain at Griqua Town has almost ceased to flow, which has compelled the inhabitants to resolve on removing to the banks of the Yellow or Vaal River, where they hope to be able to lead out a stream, so as to irrigate a considerable portion of the country; and in furtherance of so noble a work, the "Friends" in England have contributed liberally, through J. Backhouse, Esq. Should they succeed in this important movement, about which they are sanguine, their circumstances will be immensely improved, for their abode at Griqua Town has long been very trying in a temporal point of view. But for this, it is possible that the Griquas might have realized the expectations of many of the Society's constituents, in supporting their own missionaries, which their advanced state of civilization, and liberal support from Government, authorize them to anticipate; and it is sincerely to be hoped that this will be the first mission beyond the Colony which will set the noble example, especially as, according to Mr. Wright, the "place possesses inexhaustible capabilities."

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* It has been said by one who ought to have a tolerably correct knowledge of the state of the Northern frontiers, that all the chiefs in the country, with only one exception, "are heathens and marauders." This is a sweeping charge, and it would be an easy matter for the writer, who has not been an inattentive observer of the fluctuations of petty interests in the country for more than twenty years, to contradict it. He possesses ample matters of fact for a volume of reminiscences on this subject, and may, if he finds it necessary, resume his pen to give the history, and the characters, of both heathen and Christian chiefs and marauders. It is true, the missionaries, like the primitive church at Corinth, have not many noble, not many rich, of whom they can boast; yet there are chiefs, and promising sons of chiefs, who have laid their weapons of war at the feet of the Prince of Peace, and we have only to glance over our missionary records to be convinced of the transforming effects of the Gospel, even over chieftians, who, though strangers to the inward teachings of the Spirit of God, and notwithstanding the baneful example of some called Christians before their eyes, instead of being "marauders," have made sacrifices to promote peace around them, and shown mercy to those by whom they were formerly plundered. Not to mention Cornelius Kok, the chief of Campbell, whom the Bechuanas have been accustomed to recognise as one of their guardians, Adam Kok of Philippolis; Mothibi, the chief of the Batlapis, and his sons, as also his brother Mahura; Mosheshe, the chief of the Basuto, and others whose names might be mentioned, cannot, without a violation of truth, be designated marauders.

CHAPTER XIV.

We have now partially traversed the different portions of southern Africa, in which our missionaries have laboured with varied successes, among the Kafirs, Bushmen, Namaquas, and Griquas. In our perambulations, our hearts have been alternately the seat of sorrow and of joy. We have mingled our sympathies with those who were called to bear the heat and the burden of the day. We have heard them lamenting that they had laboured in vain, and spent their strength for nought; and we have seen them weeping over immortal souls, who, after having been brought within sight of the haven of eternal rest, despising the day of their visitation, have perished. We have united in our ascriptions of praise to the Author of all good with those who, though they went forth weeping and praying with painful solicitude, have been privileged to come again, bringing their sheaves with them. We have entered the kraal of the filthy and lazy Hottentot, and have witnessed the transforming influence in effecting a change in his character and state, which neither the might nor the policy of an empire could achieve. We have known beings of so low a grade, that at one time it was seriously questioned whether they belonged to the human family, but aroused by the voice of love, and drawn by the attractions of the Cross, we have seen them rising from the abyss of degradation, entering into the holy of holies to hold communion with their God, and then in communion with their fellow Christians we have heard them say, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." We have known him whom we were wont to regard with fearful apprehension, as a lion in his lair roaring for his prey, and spreading devastation around, arrested, humbled, and subdued, without a sword or spear. At one time he was the scourge and the terror of the country; but he became the advocate of peace, and the bond of union. We have heard the Kafir warrior tuning his hoarse voice, not to celebrate the sanguinary deeds, and to rehearse the barbarous soliloquies of his ancestors, but in songs sweeter far than even the hymn of Sikanà, who was the first Christian Kafir poet. We have also seen the civilizing effects of the gospel on the wandering Coranna and Griqua, of whom it may be affirmed, that though they were without a country or a name, they are now numbered amongst the tribes; and that though they were not a people, they have become a people.

Leaving these scenes of deep interest, and which deserve to be depicted by an abler hand than mine, we now, in accordance with the spirit of the missionaries' watchword, "onward," advance beyond these little hills of Zion to wider fields of missionary enterprise.

We now proceed to inquire into the results of spreading the knowledge of the word of God amongst a people distinguished by many peculiarities in their character and circumstances from most of those described. Unaccustomed to the control of other powers, and living at a great distance from the confines of civilized society, they were remarkable for their barbarous independence and national pride. Missionary efforts in these districts are of comparatively recent origin; and though the results of those efforts are such as to command lively gratitude as well as to encourage enlarged expectations, our course now brings us within the shadow of those rolling clouds of darkness, covering an immense extent of territory, on which a ray of heavenly light has never dawned.

Nothing was known of the existence of the Bechuanas as a people, distinct in many respects from the Kafirs, beyond mere report, until they were visited by a colonist, with a party on a predatory expedition. This was at an early period of the history of the Colony. The attack and robbery having been brought before the Colonial government, a considerable time elapsed before they were again visited by these white plunderers (as they described them) from the south. The next visit was from the marauder Bloom, a Dutch farmer. He was accompanied by a considerable number of similar characters, who committed sad havoc on the herds and flock of the Bechuanas, butchering great numbers of the comparatively defenceless inhabitants. In the year 1801, Somerville and Truter, who visited the missionary station on the Orange River, for the purpose of obtaining cattle for the government by barter, were led, from the information there obtained, to visit the Batlapis and Batlaros, the two nearest tribes of the Bechuana nation, for the same object. This visit made a very favourable impression as to the character and disposition of the Bechuanas, on the minds of these gentlemen.

A short time before this, two missionaries had taken up their residence on the banks of the Kuruman River, near which the Batlapis and others were then living under the chief or king Molehabangue, who appears, from universal testimony, to have been a superior man, distinguished as a statesman as well as a warrior. His kindness to strangers was also proverbial, a trait of character not always very conspicuous among savages. It was under the reign of this personage that Messrs. Edwards and Kok settled in the Bechuana country, for the ostensible purpose of preaching the gospel to the natives, but it does not appear that they were ever able to effect any thing among that people. When our missionaries, Evans and Hamilton, went to Lattakoo, or Lithako, thirty miles north-east of the Kuruman River, in reference to whom Mothibi said to Mr. Campbell, "Send missionaries, and I will be a father to them," this king with his council directed them to the Kuruman River, there to take up their quarters, and carry on barter and trade as Kok and Edwards had formerly done. Though the latter remained several years in the country, they never appear, from all I could learn of the elder natives, who were intimately acquainted with their proceedings, to have given themselves out as instructors of the people. A mission at such a distance necessarily required considerable support, and this was not at that time afforded to them, so that they were compelled to be dependent on their flocks and herds, and barter to support themselves and families. This practice may at first appear very plausible, but in most instances it has proved detrimental to the interests of missions; for the mind, always prone to earth, is imperceptibly led astray from its grand object by a lucrative auxiliary. On this rock these men appear to have struck, and both were wrecked. They lived on the Kuruman River, at a considerable distance from each other, as they were never harmonious; and instead of being in the midst of the people, their residences were several miles from the town of Molehabangue. They visited the Colony and Cape Town when they had realised a sufficient quantity of ivory and cattle to be disposed of to advantage. Edwards even went for this purpose as far as the Bauangketsi, a powerful nation north of the Molapo River, and having amassed a handsome sum, and long forsaken his God, he left the country, retired to the Colony, purchased a farm and slaves, and is now, or was some years since, a hoary-headed infidel. I write what I know, having reasoned with him on the subject, when he treated my arguments with indignity and scorn. What is man when left to himself!

A different, though melancholy fate awaited Kok. He is reported to have been a devout man; and that which occasioned his death does not necessarily imply a dereliction of duty. One morning, when going to his folds to survey his flocks, two of his men with guns waylaid him, and shot him dead upon the spot. These men were Bechuanas belonging to Molehabangue, who complained of some grievance, in reference to remuneration for their last journey to the Cape. The king, on hearing of the fatal deed, ordered his son Mothibi to seize the murderers. As soon as they were secured, he sent a message to the widow, requesting her to be the executioner, employing the same kind of weapon with which they had killed her husband. Although deeply afflicted, she could not but admire the zeal with which the prince was determined to punish the criminals; nevertheless she begged to be excused having a hand in the retribution, at the same time expressing her thankfulness for the active part he had taken in the affair, and for the assurances he had given her of his protection, and sympathy, and respect. Kok was buried at Gasigonyane, close by the spot where the great fountain of that name issues from a mass of rugged rocks. The murderers suffered the extreme penalty of the Bechuana law, which, like that of most other nations, is *death;* and so anxious was Molehabangue to assure those that stood the nearest connected with the Colony, of his indignation at the affair, that he sent messengers to Griqua

Town, to relate the facts of the case. Mothibi his son, often, in the course of familiar conversation with the writer, has referred to the event, and the part which he, as prince, then took in punishing the offenders.

While Edwards and Kok were in that country, two additional labourers were sent out by the Dutch Missionary Society; but from the hopeless prospect of usefulness, under the existing state of things, they abandoned that field of labour, and returned to the Colony. The residence of Kok and Edwards among such a people, without being thoroughly identified with them, was necessarily attended with risk, and demanded no common share of personal courage. Travelling also was dangerous, from the Bushmen, who had kept up a constant predatory warfare with the Bechuanas from time immemorial, and upon whom they wreaked their vengeance whenever an occasion offered. Kok and his attendants took no part in these outrages, but this did not exempt them from the inveterate hostility of the Bushmen,—an hostility exercised against all who possessed herds or flocks, as the following heart-rending catastrophe will prove. Kok was accompanied by two brothers, Griquas, of the name of Bergover, who afforded him not only society but assistance. When Kok visited Cape Town, these two remained behind, but for some reasons thought proper soon after to follow him with sixty head of cattle, and a quantity of elephant's teeth, which they had obtained by barter. On the third day after leaving the Kuruman, they were joined by a few Bushmen, who received from them the offals of game which had been killed. The oxen, however, they possessed, excited their cupidity, and tempted the Bushmen to lay plans for their seizure. The Bergover party consisted of two men able to bear arms, their mother, their wives, and fourteen children. The Griquas soon had reason to suspect the designs of their visitors, by little provocations which their prudence had hitherto overruled. One morning, when the two brothers were working at a little distance from each other, and while one was stooping, in the act of repairing the wagon pole, a Bushman thrust him through with his spear. His daughter, eight years of age, seeing her father fall, uttered a shriek, when she, too, was transfixed with a spear by another. The other Griqua, hearing the alarm, and beholding his brother prostrate in his blood, rushed furiously on the eight Bushmen, who fled. He hurled a small hatchet, which he had in his hand, at the murderers, then seizing his gun, fired, and wounded one in the shoulder, but all escaped, leaving their bows and arrows behind them. Distracting beyond measure must have been the situation of the sufferers, with only one individual to defend them, for days, while passing through the country of those who were sure to renew the attack with increasing numbers. They removed from their frail wagon the ivory, which they concealed in the ground. They placed in the wagon the corpses of their slaughtered relatives, with a view to their being interred during the night, to prevent their being treated with that indignity which the Bushmen often offer to the bodies of the slain. The next morning they continued their flight, with hearts beating at the sight of every distant object which appeared like a human being; for Bushmen were descried on the heights, watching the progress of the weeping and terrified band. Another night passed on the plain, a sleepless night, except to the infants unconscious of their danger. Next day, passing a thicket of acacias, a shower of poisoned arrows fell around them, like hail-stones, some of which slightly wounded several of the children. Bergover fired his gun, and they fled, but the attack was resumed. Thus he continued, with the assistance of his boy, urging on his oxen; and though several of them fell under the poisoned arrows, they were quickly replaced by others. In the act of unyoking them, he and his son were both wounded, himself severely; nevertheless, the father continued to defend his children and herds. The gloomy night again set in, with the prospect of all being butchered. The morning dawned on them, and witnessed the closing scene of a catastrophe, at which even those inured to savage life must shudder. Greater numbers of Bushmen appeared, assailing the wagon on all sides; and the moment the father fired his gun, all directed their arrows at the only individual capable of resistance, and to whom the agonized mothers and children could look for help. They looked in vain; severely wounded, he staggered to the wagon, while the Bushmen seized the oxen, and drove them off, with the shout of victory. The wounds were fatal, recollection failed, the words died away on the weeping widow's ear, and in the course of an hour Bergover ceased to breathe. Here they were, far from human aid; three women and thirteen helpless children, their only friend and defender being a ghastly corpse. The axle-tree of their wagon was broken, and Bushmen were still hovering around, eager to despatch their victims, and seize the remaining draught-oxen which still stood in the yoke. Three days and nights of anguish had now passed, without either food or rest.

This was a period of terror and despair; weeping mothers encompassed by wounded, distracted, and fatherless children, could only lift up their voices to God in prayer; and at that moment, deliverance the most unexpected was approaching. The melting scene which followed, cannot be better described than in the language of an eye-witness. Dr. Lichtenstein, whose description accords exactly with that which I received from the lips of one of the surviving widows.

> "The traveller having been joined by Kok, on his way to the Kuruman, and seeing the tilt of a wagon at a distance, writes, 'We hastened up to the wagon, and reached it before we were observed by any of the party; at the moment we came up, one of the women seeing us, uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and falling prostrate on the earth before Kok, embraced his knees in a tumult of agony. In an instant after, the children ran towards us, crying, sobbing, and lamenting, in the most piteous manner, so that it was some time before my worthy companion, down whose cheeks tears were streaming, had power to ask the unfortunate woman where her husband was. For a while, renewed sobs were the only answer he could obtain. We looked up, and saw, a few paces from us, a boy about twelve years of age, making a grave with an old iron axe, and near him, lying on the ground, the body of his father, wrapped in a mat. 'The Bushmen have murdered him,' exclaimed the unfortunate lad, and letting his axe drop, he broke out into the most bitter cries and lamentations.'"

From the preceding melancholy tale, some idea may be formed of travelling through a country inhabited by Bushmen, to whom the traveller is entirely unknown, and who, driven to desperation by the oppression and spoliation of their more powerful neighbours, take the law into their own hands, and often retaliate on the unoffending and defenceless.

At a period anterior to these events, attempts had been made to open an intercourse with the Bechuanas, ostensibly, for the purpose of barter; but being generally conducted by such characters as justly excited the jealousy of the people, they often led to tragical consequences. The following may serve as a specimen, among many others which might be selected, of the way in which such intercourse was carried on. A party of some enterprise, consisting chiefly of Bastards, entered the interior by Great Namaqua-land. They were well armed, mounted on oxen, and had some women with them. When they left, they resolved not to return without a fortune. Pursuing their course a great distance, along the western boundary of the Southern Zahara, and favoured with a rainy season, they directed their steps east and south-east, till they reached the bed of the Mosheu River, where they found some cattle outposts belonging to the Bechuanas, under Molehabangue, then residing at Lithako (the Lattakoo of Mr. Campbell.) Having nothing to offer in exchange, they supplied themselves with what they liked; took some of the cattle, despatched those who resisted their depredations, and pursued their course for some days along the river. They reached the metropolis of that part of the country, where the tidings of the robbery had arrived before them; and the inhabitants had the mortification of beholding two or three of their pack-oxen in the possession of the marauders. Of course no notice was taken, and more than usual courtesy was exhibited towards the ragamuffin visitors, who, in order to keep up an appearance of an abundant quantity of ammunition, which in reality was exhausted, had filled some bags with sand to deceive the natives. When the appetites of the guests had been whetted, and the whole party were anxious for a revel in beef, two oxen were presented to them. One of them being extremely wild, (which was part of the stratagem,) took fright at the appearance of the motley group, darted off, when all pursued, eager to secure their fat and tempting prey. This was the moment for revenge, and at a given signal, several were speared at once. The others rallied, and retreated to one of the stone folds; but having scarcely any powder and shot, they made but a feeble resistance. Mercy in vain was asked, no quarter was given; and night put a close to the struggle, when the Bechuanas lay down by fires, surrounding their intended victims, as they usually do, even on the field of battle, and slept. Those of the travellers who were not wounded, aided by the darkness of the night, made their escape, and directed their course southward, as the Colony was in that direction. At day-light the women and wounded were all despatched; and those who had escaped were pursued for three successive days, with the determination to exterminate the whole party. They had well nigh succeeded, for one alone of about fifty, covered with wounds, reached the waterfall at the Orange River, there to relate the horrible catastrophe which they had drawn upon themselves, and to raise the hue-and-cry against the Bechuanas, as savages of no common degree of barbarism.

Dr. Lichtenstein was the first traveller who visited the Batlapis, having with him Mr. Kok, who had lived some time with that people; and he was able at that early period, 1805, to give a tolerably accurate account of their habits and customs. His specimens of their language, though assisted by Kok, do credit to his ear. During his stay, which was short, he received every demonstration of kindness from Molehabangue, who with his people resided at that time near the Kuruman River.

The next travellers who visited these regions, were Dr. Cowan and Captain Denovan, who had a respectable and efficient party, with two wagons, under the auspices of the English government, in the year 1807. The object of the expedition was, to pass through the Bechuana country, and penetrate to the Portuguese settlements near Mosambique. They passed successfully through the various tribes of Batlapis, Barolongs, Bauangketsi, and Bakuenas,* and perished at no great distance from the eastern coast, but by what means has never been ascertained. When the writer was in the Bakuena country, about 300 miles north-east of Lithako, he met an individual who had accompanied the expedition as a guide to a river, from description supposed to be the Sofala, where he stated he left them; they intending to cross the stream, and proceed along its course to the ocean.

In the year 1812, Dr. Burchell visited that country, and pushed his scientific and persevering researches as far as Chuë, a considerable distance north-west of Lithako; and it was the intention of that enterprising traveller to advance much farther into the interior, and even to pass through the Kalagare desert to Kongo, the Portuguese settlement on the west coast; but he found it impossible to pursuade any of his attendants to accompany him, and was therefore obliged to desist. Burchell's Travels are by far more correct and interesting than any thing of the kind which has been written; and his drawings, as well as his descriptions of the *native* character, are exceedingly graphic.

While his successful researches in the fields of botany reflect great credit on his patience, abilities, and judgment, his strictures on the Sechuana language show him to have been a diligent student, possessing an accurate ear. Had I possessed the work when engaged in forming a system of orthography, by reducing the language to writing, I should have derived great assistance from it; but having met with it only since my return to this country, I have been much struck with the remarkable coincidence of our ideas, while reducing the Sechuana to a written language. Great allowance, however, ought to be made for the mistakes of early travellers in writing names and words, for nothing but long labour and observation can enable any one to catch distinctly the different sounds of what appears to proceed from a simple expression of the voice. Such individuals are often misled by interpreters who have but a very partial knowledge themselves, and what they have is merely picked up in a casual way, and without any regard to grammatical principles. This is very evident in the writings and communications of those who have visited the country, and it appears that each traveller and missionary adopted new names, which differed widely to those who had gone before, and who were the most correct. It is, however, difficult to explain why persons associating with the Bechuanas, should write Bootshuanas, Boschuanas, Botchuanas, and Moschuanas; Lattakoo for Lithako; Krooman for Kuruman; Mateebe and Matevi for Mothibi; and Bachapins and Machapis for Batlapis; and Bacharaquas for Batlaros, etc. The sound of *tl* nearly like the Welsh *ll* is omitted, as well as the guttural by Englishmen, who find a difficulty in pronouncing them; and this may possibly account for the absence of these sounds in the names they attempt to render; but this subject will be resumed in the chapter on language, etc.*

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* The latter call themselves Bakone.

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* As many words in the Sechuana language will necessarily occur in this and the following chapters, a few remarks on the orthography may be found useful to those who would wish to pronounce them correctly. The *a* is sounded like *a* in father; *e* like *e* in clemency; *é* with an accent, like *ai* in hail; *i* like *ee* in leek, or *ee* in see; *o* like *o* in hole; *u* like *u* in rule; the *y* is always used as a consonant. These vowels are long or short according to their position in the word. *Ch* represented in Bechuana books by the Italian *c*, is sounded like *ch* in chance; *g* is a soft guttural; *ph*, *th*, *kh*, are strong aspirates; *tl*, like the Welsh *ll*, preceded by a *t*; *ng*, which is represented in the written language by the Spanish *ñ*: has the ringing sound of *ng* in sing. This outline will enable any one to read the Sechuana language with tolerable correctness. It may be proper to remark here, that the national name of the people, is Bechuana, which is simply the plural of Mochuana, a single individual. Sechuana is an adjective, and is accordingly applied to designate any thing belonging to the nation. *A u itse Sechuana?* Do you know Sechuana? language being understood. From these words all the different names which have been given to that people, took their rise. They are called Briquas by the Hottentot tribes, from *Brin*, a goat, and *qua*, a people; either from their partiality to goats, or from one principal part of their raiment being made from the skin of the kid. Errors in such names are very easily accounted for. Dutch speakers not being able readily to pronounce the *ch*, make it *s*, and thus Boosuanas; while the natives are so condescending in this respect to strangers, that how absurd soever his pronunciation, they will imitate it with great precision, and applaud him for his skill. I have frequently been amazed to hear how promptly they will abandon all the rules and euphony of their language, turning it to a perfect jargon, in order to be understood by those who are comparatively ignorant. The

From the time the Griqua Town mission was commenced, and even prior to that period, parties of Bechuanas had occasional intercourse with them, for purposes of barter; and they entertained a high regard to the Kok family on account of important services rendered to them by the late Cornelius, the father of that family. When they were suffering from the depredations made by Bloom and other marauders, this noble-minded man disinterestedly espoused their cause, and put a stop to the destructive inroads of these desperadoes.

The simple and faithful narrative which the late Rev. John Campbell gives of his travels in South Africa has long been justly admired. Having occasion to visit the different missionary stations, as the agent and representative of the London Missionary Society, accompanied by Mr. Read, and several Griquas, he visited Lithako, and was cordially welcomed by the Bechuanas, Mothibi, the chief of the Batlapis, and other tribes. To come in contact with a people so superior, and open a path to one of the most interesting and populous fields of missionary labour, was an object worthy of the man. Mr. Campbell's object was not scientific research. His aim was still higher—the promotion of that cause of which science is but the handmaid. To cast his eyes over a field so inviting; to hear the buzz of thousands of immortal beings, and, above all, the declaration of the chief, "Send missionaries,—I will be a father to them;" this was one of the happiest moments in the life of a man, whose whole soul was engaged in an enterprise which had a special reference to the welfare of the poor, degraded African, and the spread of the Redeemer's cause throughout the world. Every event in that important journey authorized the most sanguine expectations on the part of Mr. C., and he viewed that as the most interesting period of his valuable life, the prelude to a new era in the history of our African missions. After a circuitous course eastward from Lithako, he returned to Griqua Town, and proceeded to Namaqua-land, to which reference has already been made, and, after accomplishing his important and successful journey, he returned to England. His graphic and deeply interesting details produced a thrilling effect on the minds of the Christian public, who gave ample proof of their estimate of his labours and travels, by their increased

language is soft and mellifluous, every word ending with a vowel, excepting nouns in the ablative case, plural verbs, verbs definite, and the interrogatives why, how, and what, all of which end with the ringing ñ.

liberality towards the objects of missionary societies in general, and the mission to the Bechuanas in particular.

In 1815, Messrs. Evans, Hamilton, Williams, and Barker, left England, to proceed directly to Lithako, and with the most sanguine hopes of a hearty welcome, from the proffered paternal care of Mothibi, whom they were led to believe would dance for joy on their arrival. With these animating prospects, Messrs. Evans and Hamilton left Bethelsdorp, Mr. Barker having remained behind in the colony, and Mr. Williams preferring an opening to Kafir-land.

On their reaching Griqua Town, they were kindly received and encouraged by the brethren of that station. The late Adam Kok of Philippolis, Jan Hendreck, and others, as interpreters, and as men of influence with the Bechuanas, determined to accompany them to Lithako. This was the more desirable, as the Bechuanas, though heathens, having received signal services from Kok's father, greatly respected him, who was an excellent character, possessed of sound judgment, and amiable disposition.

They reached the metropolis of that part of the country on the 17th of February, 1816; and the whole party, with their wagons, were admitted into the public square, when Mothibi, with many of his people, came up and shook hands with them. Mothibi's first question to A. Kok was, "What have you brought for barter?" This was very natural for people who could not be supposed to have any thing like correct notions of the real object of the missionaries. It nevertheless appeared that their minds were made up on the subject; for, when informed of their object, and that they were the men promised by Mr. Campbell, chagrin marked the countenance of Mothibi, and strong tokens of disapprobation were evinced by the subordinate chiefs. This was a comfortless reception for those who had made a long voyage; passed tedious and fatiguing months of gypsy life, in a desert and dangerous road; and had now reached the spot on which all their affections and hopes had centered, as the scene of future labour! In the evening, Kok, in a more formal way, introduced the missionaries to the king, when they presented to him the gifts of tobacco and beads which they had brought for that purpose; and Mahuto, the queen, also came in for a share. This was quite enough "to sweeten the heart," as the natives express it. At this favourable juncture, when they were exercised with uncertainty as to the result, and their desires were raised to the God in whose hands are the hearts of all men, Kok again stated their object, and referred to the promise made by the king to Mr. Campbell. He answered, "They may come and protect me; but they want water, much water." Then, directing their attention to the Kuruman River, he immediately proceeded to converse on other subjects. He was again reminded that Mr. Hamilton was a worker in wood, and that another missionary was on the way who was a smith, and could make hatchets, etc. This statement evidently afforded him satisfaction, and he observed, at the same time, to Kok, that he could not think of refusing persons recommended by him. He still hesitated, however, cordially to approve of their wish to reside with him, his excuse being, "There is no water, there are no trees; the people have customs, and will not hear." He was assured that the missionaries only desired to remain in order to communicate instruction to those willing to receive it. After a couple of days' intercourse, during which they could elicit nothing satisfactory, the king, at one time assenting, then promising, and then cancelling, he at length appealed to his people, of whose judgment in the affair he said he would approve, repeating his wish that the missionaries would go and reside on the Kuruman river, and traffic with them, as Edwards and Kok had done, but that they should on no account teach the people. Mothibi then addressed his subjects thus: "Speak your minds. When the men were at the other place," viz., Messrs. Campbell and Read, "you remained silent, and when they departed you blamed me." Many of the people then exclaimed, "The missionaries must not come here;" and the king responded, "The missionaries must not come here!"

The Kuruman River being upwards of thirty miles distant, and the country without inhabitants, they had no alternative but to return to Griqua Town, and thus was changed into more than the gloom of sadness, the pleasing prospect which the missionaries had, during their journey, painted in such glowing colours;—a king their nursing father—a people willing to receive the heavenly boon—overflowing audiences, in temples erected to Jehovah—the buzz of infant voices vibrating in the missionary's ear in the crowded school-room; and the healing streams of the water of life fertilizing the moral desert around. Instead of receiving gifts, as a means of promoting their temporal comfort, which, as the messengers of peace, whose object it was to impart the blessings of eternal life, they might have expected, they were surrounded by a host of importunate beggars, rich and poor, worrying them for tobacco and other articles; and as if determined to demonstrate their alliance to those who persecuted our Lord and his servants, the barbarous people followed these rejected heralds of salvation, as they re-yoked their wagons and departed from the place, with hooting and derisive vociferations, "Away with the white people," etc. With sorrowful hearts they retraced their weary steps over the waste-howling wilderness, in which there were few charms to engage, or in any degree to relieve their minds from the dark and heart-rending scenes which they had left behind, and which threw a shadow more gloomy still, on minds alive to the awful consequences of shaking off the dust of their feet against a city containing many thousands of immortal beings. They mused on the mystery not uncommonly attached to the ways of Him, who, though too wise to err, has His footsteps in the sea, and His path in the mighty waters. It may be profitable to trace the cause of this unexpected and mortifying reception, to its true source, as it exhibits to our view, how vigilant are the powers of darkness, when they witness their kingdom, which, for a lapse of ages, has been kept in peace, about to be assoiled by those who are appointed to break down their strongholds, and erect the standard of Him whose right it is to reign; and how good is often brought out of evil by Him, whose judgments are revealed even among the heathen.

Before the missionaries visited Lithako, C. Buys, to whom reference was made in treating on the mission to Kafir-land, had removed to the vicinity of the Yellow and Hart Rivers, and had intercourse with the Bechuanas. Into their minds he diffused his principles, which were hostile to the colonial government, and succeeded in making willing converts. Among them was Mothibi's brother. This man was at Lithako while the missionaries were there, and it was through his influence that they were rejected. This same person, in returning to the Hart River, probably to announce to Buys his success in opposing the settlement of the teachers at Kithako, was shot dead by the poisoned arrows of the Bushmen. After this enemy was removed, it appears that Mothibi felt more favourably towards those whom, with some degree of hesitation, he had refused as residents with his people. Messrs. Hamilton and Evans were still waiting at Griqua Town for an opening; and in one of their itinerating journeys, they were told, the king now seemed willing to receive them. This influenced them to make another journey to Lithako, but Mothibi, with about 1200 of his men, being absent for a month, they were compelled, by want of provisions, to return. Although their prospect had now begun to brighten a little, Mr. Evans, on returning to Griqua Town, relinquished the mission altogether, being disappointed in the character of the people, as well as in the language, which it was his special object to acquire, and reduce to writing. He returned to Graaff Reinet, entered the Dutch church, and, after a short career, died at Craddock.

CHAPTER XV.

Notwithstanding these gloomy reverses, Mr. Hamilton, nothing daunted, resolved on making another effort. In the mean time, Mr. Read arrived at Griqua Town with a large party of Hottentots, from Bethelsdorp; and as there were no provisions for their support, Mr. Hamilton was compelled to proceed to the colony for supplies, without which their stay at Lithako must have been but temporary; while Mr. Read continued his journey, determining either to settle at that place or at the Kuruman River, which the Bechuanas had recommended. On reaching the town, Mr. Read thought it prudent to take no notice of Mothibi's refusal of the brethren, but simply to remind him of the agreement with Mr. Campbell, and told him "that Mr. C. had influenced the good people beyond the Great Waters to send missionaries; that they rejoiced much at his promise to receive them, and had been very generous in sending by the missionaries a plentiful supply of articles to make him and his people happy, some of which were at Griqua Town, and some at Bethelsdorp, but which should be sent for." This information produced the desired effect on Mothibi's mind, and softened down his opposition. Some approved of the missionaries' remaining, but not to preach or to teach; and others on condition that they should aid them in their expeditions to plunder the Bauangketsi nation. To the latter stipulation they would not accede; but at the same time assured them that, should any enemy invade the town, assistance would be given by the missionaries. By kindness and perseverance, the various objections raised against their residence with them were eventually overcome. Thus was an important point gained; and which, of course, ought to be the first sought by such as would introduce the Gospel to barbarians; but it requires no little caution and prudence, in such a critical juncture, to avoid introducing a system which may afterwards involve either themselves or their successors in responsibilities and engagements, which circumstances put it out of their power to continue or fulfil. I confess I know of no part of the missionary's life in which he more requires the wisdom of the serpent in union with the harmlessness of the dove, than in his first intercourse with a savage people. What wisdom, what meekness, are necessary to him who proposes to introduce the elements of a spiritual empire, to sweep away refuges of lies, to prostrate idols and altars in the dust, to abolish rites and ceremonies, to transform barbarous and antiquated judicial systems, and, after apostolical example, "to turn the world upside down!"

As a people like the Bechuanas, who never had the slightest idea of idols, or of idol service, could have no notion whatever of the object of missionaries, beyond that of secular interests; it is necessary to refer to the temporal advantages to be expected from the establishment of Christianity, and this is the critical moment which gives a character to succeeding years! While they had had intercourse with the Griquas, amongst whom they had witnessed the progress and results of missionary labours, they were not ignorant of the political connexion in which they stood to the colony; and had been informed by some of the evil-disposed, that the missionary there was an agent of government, and a pioneer to prepare, by pacific measures, the minds of the natives for the control of a foreign power. Thus, kind promises, a profusion of gifts, bodily service, fascinating as these were to such *thoroughly sensual* beings as were the Bechuanas, did not entirely remove their suspicions, that the missionaries were only the emissaries of the colonial governor. I have frequently heard at a subsequent period, the views which were then entertained by men who are now instructed, enlightened, and established in the faith of the Gospel, and on whose minds not a lingering doubt remains that the missionaries are indeed the messengers of the Church of God. These men in their natural state, altogether devoted to sensual enjoyments, narrowly watched the conduct of the strangers, as well as that of their attendants;

and what might have been supposed unknown, or too minute for the apparently obtuse perceptions of the popular rabble, was analysed with scrutiny and precision; and deductions were drawn rarely in favour of the objects of their observation.

From these remarks the reader will perceive how much missionaries require Divine guidance in their first intercourse with heathen tribes and nations. It is extremely difficult adequately to conceive of the extent of the ignorance even of their wise men, on subjects with which infants are conversant in this country. Yet it cannot be denied, in spite of general appearances, that they are acute reasoners, and observers of men and manners. But to return, the prospect of a permanent settlement on the part of the missionaries, did not depend upon the caprice of one, but of many; and especially on Mahuto, the queen, whose influence over her husband was great. Her favour was not procured without a very considerable tax upon the comfort of the missionaries, whose resources, she presumed were at her command. She with many others, like the multitude of old, could express her attachment and admiration, so long as the loaves and fishes were available! Not unfrequently, if she was incensed, she would instigate her husband to acts in themselves harsh and severe. Her favour, therefore, was of no little importance when it could be secured. Nor is this at all surprising to those familiar with the heathen character; but, woe to those who remain, or who succeed to carry on the work, and to struggle with the difficulties consequent on such a system! We rarely find that this mode of proceeding among ignorant savages, eventually melts away in the light of Gospel day. There are exceptions; but these are associated with painful and protracted conflicts with the evils which the system now deprecated engenders.

The brethren had not remained long at Lithako, before an event occurred, which, though disastrous in itself, produced consequences of great importance to the future interests of the mission. Mothibi mustered a large expedition against the Bakuenas, nearly 200 miles to the north-east. Their object was to capture cattle. The supposed invincible commando was repulsed, driven, and scattered. Many were slain, others were dashed to pieces over precipices; and Mothibi, wounded in the foot, narrowly escaped with the loss of many of his warriors. The women had just been wailing over the loss of many cattle taken by the Bauangketsi; and now their husbands were gone to inflict the same distress on others! Bitter were their lamentations, as each succeeding party announced to many a distracted mother and child, that they were widows and orphans. Soon after this calamitous event, Mothibi and the majority of the town, were influenced to remove to the Kuruman River, which was in June, 1817. From this period to the arrival of the author, in company with Mr. Campbell, in 1820, the interests of the mission continued to fluctuate, but without any decisive evidences of the influences of the Holy Spirit being poured out. The public services were carried on, though by means of very imperfect interpreters; a serious drawback, of which, however, they were not sufficiently aware at that time. Notwithstanding these and many other impediments, good was being done, and the natives were gradually led to believe that the missionaries were their friends, though, as it afterwards appeared, few indeed attended for the sake of instruction. About this time an event occurred, which produced a very unpleasant sensation on the minds of the Bechuanas. A fair had been established at Beaufort, a village on the northern boundaries of the colony, for the purpose of affording means to the Griquas and Bechuanas, to avail themselves at one season of the year, of an opportunity of purchasing, by barter, what they might require. A considerable party of Bechuanas were persuaded to go, but they returned disappointed and mortified; and three of their number were drowned in crossing the Orange River. They were not able to obtain the beads and other articles they desired, and were rather roughly treated by some of the farmers, from whom they expected to receive the same attentions as from the missionaries. The journey was to them unprofitable and disastrous; and they long suspected and insinuated that they were advised to go thither, to be robbed and treated with contumely.

Mr. Campbell, after his very successful journey to the Bahurutsi, at Kurrichane, about 200 miles north-east of Lithako, returned, accompanied by Mr. Read, to the colony, while I was appointed to remain at Griqua Town for a short season, and then join the mission at the Kuruman.

Mrs. Moffat and myself could not but feel deeply when we bade what, at that time, we supposed to be a long and last adieu, to the man who had always been dear to us, and who was then still dearer. We had travelled with him over many an African hill and plain; we had held converse with each other on the interests of Christ's kingdom in Africa; and we had often bowed our knees together before the throne of God, on behalf of the sable sons and daughters of that desolate country, among whom we wandered, and for whose sake we were strangers in a strange land. The memory of our beloved friend is very pleasant. It was refreshing to meet him once more on our return to our native shores. He has now terminated his pilgrimage, and entered into rest. Let us who survive imitate him who now, through faith and patience, inherits the promises!

Mr. Hamilton was now left alone, to struggle with a variety of difficulties. His lot had been a hard one. In addition to great manual labour, in digging a long watercourse, preparing ground, and building, he had been compelled, from his scanty allowance, to toil with his own hands, to preserve himself and family from perfect beggary, while exposed to heavy taxes to keep nobles in good humour, enduring unremitting liberties, taken by those who seemed to think that they had a lawful right to obtain, by any and by all means, what they could lay hands upon of the missionary's property. One day, having no mills at that time to grind corn, he sat down, according to ancient custom, and with two hand-stones, as they were called, the upper being turned with a handle fixed into the top, he laboured and perspired for half a day, in order to obtain as much meal as would make a loaf sufficient to serve him (then alone) for at least eight days.

Having kneaded and baked his gigantic loaf, such a one as had not graced his shelf for many a month, he went to the chapel, and returned to his hut in the evening, with a keen appetite, promising himself a treat of his coarse home-made bread, when, alas! on opening the door of his hut, and very naturally casting his eye to the shelf, he perceived the loaf was gone. Some one had forced open the only little window, which appeared too small for a human being to enter, but which served as a place of egress for thief and loaf too; and thus vanished all his hopes for bread to supper, and to many succeeding meals.

Not discouraged by a multitude of similar mortifications, he continued his cheerless and noiseless career, his heart glowing with compassion for perishing souls, instant at all seasons to recommend the Saviour's love, and his iron frame of body daily bending to hard labour. He did not possess those means by which a few, who had been influenced to attend to instructions, might be prevailed upon to persevere. The results of the Beaufort fair still rankled in their minds; and when Mr. Hamilton inquired for the young people who were wont to profess a desire to learn, he found the spell was broken which had for a season made them the objects of hope. This lay heavy upon his mind, as though a most faithful, laborious, and persevering missionary, he was very naturally concerned lest he might be charged with depriving them of a single privilege, or manifesting the shadow of in attention to the interests of the meanest child.

In May, 1821, according to arrangements made when Mr. Campbell left the country, I returned, with my family, to the mission; an event earnestly desired and prayed for by Mr. Hamilton, as well as ourselves, and which would have taken place much earlier, had not paramount duties at Griqua Town prevented. The following chapters will contain the continuation of missionary conflicts for successive years, during which our faith was severely tried, while the object of our incessant labours and prayers seemed to fly farther from our grasp. As each succeeding wave rolled heavier and darker still over our heads, the heathen would ask, in derision, "Where is your God?" They will also exhibit the dawn of Gospel light on the minds of that people, the triumph of divine truth crowning our labours with success; so that now, instead of a solitary missionary station, once like the burning bush, we can look, with feelings no pen can describe, on temples raised to Jehovah, and crowds assembled, not to hear the vociferations of the fierce warrior, or the eloquent and martial strains of the senator, labouring to arouse his audience to revenge and war, but the heavenly message of peace and love.

Our day, sabbath, and infant schools, as also our printing-presses, are at work, to supply the increasing wants of a reading population; while the advanced standard-bearers see opening doors, and hear Macedonian voices saying, "Come over and help us." The Basuto country, once the theatre of plunder and bloodshed, is now studded with missionary stations of the French Evangelical and Wesleyan Missionary Societies; so that, from the eastern borders of the Southern Zahara to Port Natal, a phalanx presents itself, which, if zealously supported by faith and prayer, will ere long enter the tropics, and advance towards nations which will require another mode of warfare, to oppose pioneers of Islam delusion.

From the brief notices already given of the difficulties the missionaries had to encounter in obtaining a footing, and the still greater in advancing the objects of the mission, arising from the peculiar character and customs of the people, the reader will be comparatively prepared for the detail of events recorded in subsequent pages. The situation of the missionary among the Bechuanas is peculiar, differing, with slight exception, from any other among any nation on the face of the earth. He has no idolatry to arrest his progress, and his mind is not overwhelmed with the horrors which are to be found in countries where idols and idol temples are resorted to by millions of devotees; his ears are never stunned by their orgies; his eyes are never offended by human and other sacrifices nor is he the spectator of the unhappy widow immolated on the funeral pile of her husband; the infant screams of Moloch's victims never rend his heart. He meets with no sacred streams, nor hears of voluntary victims to propitiate the anger of imaginary deities. He seeks in vain to find a temple, an altar, or a single emblem of heathen worship. No fragments remain of former days, as mementoes to the present generation, that their ancestors ever loved, served, or reverenced a being greater than man. A profound silence reigns on this awful subject. Satan has been too successful in leading captive at his will a majority of the human race, by an almost endless variety of deities. As if creation were not sufficiently profuse, vanity has excited a host of inventive and degenerate minds to form images, of every shape and size, exhibiting the horrid, the ludicrous, and the obscene. While Satan is obviously the author of the polytheism of other nations, he has employed his agency, with fatal success, in erasing every vestige of religious impression from the minds of the Bechuanas, Hottentots, and Bushmen; leaving them without a single ray to guide them from the dark and dread futurity, or a single link to unite them with the skies.

Thus the missionary could make no appeals to legends, or to altars, or to an unknown God, or to ideas kindred to those he wished to impart. His was not the work of turning the stream backward to its ancient course. Their religious system, like those streams in the wilderness which loose themselves in the sand, had entirely disappeared; and it devolved on the missionaries to prepare for the gracious distribution of the waters of salvation in that desert soil, sowing the seed of the word, breathing many a prayer, and shedding many a tear, till the Spirit of God should cause it to vegetate, and yield the fruits of righteousness.

It has often occurred to me while perusing the letters and journals of missionaries in India, how very different our mode of husbandry is from theirs, though labouring in the same vineyard, with the same instruments, and having the same object in view, the gathering in of spiritual fruit to the garner of our God. Our difficulties are certainly of a widely different character, and some have thought ours in Africa small compared with those which our brethren have to encounter in India and elsewhere. This may be so; but during years of apparently fruitless labour, I have often wished to find something, by which I could lay hold on the minds of the natives,—an altar to an unknown God, the faith of their ancestors, the immortality of the soul, or any religious association; but nothing of this kind ever floated in their minds. "They looked upon the sun," as Mr. Campbell very graphically said, "with the eyes of an ox."

To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith, would extort an interjection of superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. Our labours might well be compared to the attempts of a child to grasp the surface of a polished mirror, or those of a husbandman labouring to transform the surface of a granite rock into arable land, on which he might sow his seed. To gain attention was the first great object of the missionary; and this was not to be done by calm reasoning, or exciting in their minds a jealousy for the honour of their own religious rites and ceremonies, for these they did not possess. What they heard was all right provided they got a bit of tobacco, or some little equivalent for their time—a thing of no value to them—which they spent in hearing one talk. Some would even make a trade of telling the missionary that they prayed, by which means God directed them to their lost cattle, at a few yards distance, after having been in search of them several days; and that in the same way he had brought game within reach of their spears. Replies to questions as to what they thought of the Word of God, were very cheap; and if they supposed that by such means they had obtained favour and respect, their success would be the subject of merriment in their own circles. Some individuals, to my knowledge, who had carried on this deception in the early period of the mission, many years afterwards boasted how expert they had been in thus gulling the missionary.

Although they had received much instruction, they appeared never for one moment to have reflected upon it, nor did they retain traces of it in their memories, which are generally very tenacious. Accordingly, most of those who at an early period made professions to please, died as they had lived, in profound ignorance. Munameets, though an early friend of the mission, the travelling companion of Mr. Campbell, and one of the most sensible and intelligent men of the nation, than whom no one at the station had enjoyed equal privileges, made the following remark to the writer, in his usual affectionate way, not long before his death—"Ra-Mary, your customs may be good enough for you, but I never see that they fill the stomach," putting his hand on his own; "I would like to live with you, because you are kind, and could give me medicine when I am sick. Though I am the uncle of Mothibi, I am the dog of the chief, and must gather up the crumbs (gorge at festivals). I am one of the elders of the people, and though I am still a youth (seventy years!) my thoughts and perceptions are neither so swift nor acute as they were. Perhaps you may be able to make the children remember your mekhua (customs)."

They could not see that there was any thing in our customs more agreeable to flesh and blood than in their own, but would, at the same time, admit that we were a wiser and a superior race of beings to themselves. For this superiority some of their wise heads would try to account, but this they could only do on the ground of our own statements, that a Great Being made man.

A wily rain-maker, who was the oracle of the village in which he dwelt, once remarked after hearing me enlarge on the subject of creation, "If you verily believe that that Being created all men, then, according to reason, you must also believe that in making white people he has improved on his work; He tried his hand on Bushmen first, and he did not like them, because they were so ugly, and their language like that of the frogs. He then tried his hand on the Hottentots, but these did not please him either. He then exercised his power and skill and made the Bechuanas, which was a great improvement; and at last he made the white people; therefore," exulting with an air of triumph at the discovery, "the white people are so much wiser than we are, in making walking-houses (wagons), teaching the oxen to draw them over hill and dale, and instructing them also to plough the gardens instead of making their wives do it, like the Bechuanas." His discovery received the applause of the people, while the poor missionary's arguments, drawn from the source of Divine truth, were thrown into the shade. They were always so averse to reasoning on any subjects of this nature, that the missionary felt it quite a treat to meet with an individual who would enter into a discussion, even though with derision and scorn.

With all their concessions, they would, with little ceremony, pronounce our customs clumsy, awkward, and troublesome. They could not account for our putting our legs, feet, and arms into bags, and using buttons for the purpose of fastening bandages round our bodies, instead of suspending them as ornaments from the neck or hair of the head. Washing the body, instead of lubricating it with grease and red ochre, was a disgusting custom, and cleanliness about our food, house, and bedding, contributed to their amusement in no small degree. A native, who was engaged roasting a piece of fat zebra flesh for me on the coals, was told that he had better turn it with a stick, or fork, instead of his hands, which he invariably rubbed on his dirty body for the sake of the precious fat. This suggestion made him and his companions laugh extravagantly, and they were wont to repeat it as an interesting joke wherever they came.

The government of the people partakes both of the monarchical and patriarchal, comparatively mild in its character. Each tribe has its chief or king, who commonly resides in the largest town, and is held sacred from his hereditary right to that office. A tribe generally includes a number of towns or villages, each having its distinct head, under whom there are a number of subordinate chiefs. These constitute the aristocracy of the nation, and all acknowledge the supremacy of the principal one. His power, though very great, and in some instances despotic, is nevertheless controlled by the minor chiefs, who in their *pichos* or *pitshos*, their parliament, or public meetings, use the greatest plainness of speech in exposing what they consider culpable or lax in his government. An able speaker will sometimes turn the scale even against the king, if we may call him such.

I have heard him inveighed against for making women his senators and his wife prime minister, while the audience were requested to look at his body, and see if he were not getting too corpulent; a sure indication that his mind was little exercised in anxieties about the welfare of his people.

He generally opens the business of the day with a short speech, reserving his eloquence and wisdom to the close of the meeting, when he analyses the speeches that have been delivered, and never forgets to lash in the most furious language those who have exposed his faults, and who, as he would express it, have walked over his body, placing their feet upon his neck. This is all taken in good part, and the exhausted chieftain is heartily cheered when the meeting dissolves. These assemblies keep up a tolerable equilibrium of power between the chiefs and their king, but they are only convened when differences between tribes have to be adjusted, when a predatory expedition is to be undertaken, or when the removal of a tribe is contemplated; though occasionally matters of less moment are introduced.

My object here is not to give a description of the manners and customs of the Bechuanas, which would require a volume, while it would be neither very instructive nor very edifying. They will, moreover, occasionally be referred to as they stand connected with circumstances narrated in the course of the work. I have briefly glanced at the national council as the stronghold or shield of the native customs, in which speakers have, in a masterly style, inveighed against any aggression on their ancient ceremonies, threatening confiscation and death to those who would arraign the wisdom of their forefathers. This was their form, while the responses of nobles were the pulse of the nation. But private thefts, murder, and a host of other crimes passed unnoticed in these assemblies, and were left to the avenger.

Of their customs they are as tenacious as the Hindoo could be of his caste, that dreadful barrier to evangelization in the East Indies. Their youth, for instance, would forfeit any thing rather than go uncircumcised. This national ceremony is performed from the age of eight to fourteen, and even to manhood, though the children born previous to their parents being initiated cannot be heirs to regal power. There is much feasting and dancing on the occasion, and every heart is elated at these festivities. The females have also their *boyali* at the same age, in which they are under the tuition of matrons, and initiated into all the duties of wives, in which it merits notice, that passive obedience is especially inculcated.

After these tedious ceremonies are over, the youth appears lubricated, assuming the character, and wearing the dress of a man, while he is considered able to bear the shield and wield the javelin. The girls also, when they have gone the round of weeks, drilling, dancing, singing, and listening to the precepts of the grave old women, have a piece of iron rather hot put into their hands, which they must hold fast for a time, though painful, to show that their hands are hard and strong for labour. They are then anointed, and, having put on the usual female dress, the lower part of their hair is shaven off, and the upper part profusely bedaubed with a paste of butter and *sebilo*, black shining ochre. Raised thus from comparative infancy to what they consider womanhood, they view themselves with as much complacency as if they were enrobed in the attire of the daughter of an eastern potentate. They have reached nearly to a climax in their life, for they expect soon to be married, and to be a mother they consider the chief end of a woman's existence.

These ceremonies were prodigious barriers to the Gospel. Polygamy was another obstacle, and the Bechuanas, jealous of any diminution in their self-indulgence, by being deprived of the services of their wives, looked with an extremely suspicious eye on any innovation on this ancient custom. While going to war, hunting, watching the cattle, milking the cows, and preparing their furs and skins for mantles, was the work of the men, the women had by far the heavier task of agriculture, building the houses, fencing, bringing firewood, and heavier than all, nature's charge, the rearing of a family. The greater part of the year they are constantly employed; and during the season of picking and sowing their gardens, their task is galling, living on a coarse, scanty fare, and frequently having a babe fastened to their backs, while thus cultivating the ground.

The men, for obvious reasons, found it convenient to have a number of such vassals, rather than only one, while the woman would be perfectly amazed at one's ignorance, were she to be told that she would be much happier in a single state, or widowhood, than being the mere concubine and drudge of a haughty husband, who spent the greater part of his life in lounging in the shade, while she was compelled, for his comfort as well as her own, to labour under the rays of an almost vertical sun, in a hot and withering climate. Their houses, which require considerable ingenuity as well as hard labour, are entirely the work of the women, who are extremely thankful to carry home even the heavier timbers, if their husbands will take their axes and fell them in the thicket, which may be many miles distant. The centre of the conical roof will, in many houses, be eighteen feet high, and it requires no little scrambling, in the absence of ladders, for females to climb such a height, but the men pass and repass, and look on with the most perfect indifference, while it never enters their heads that their wife, their daughter, or their mother, may fall and break a leg or neck. These houses, though temporary, and requiring great labour to keep them constantly in repair, are nevertheless very well adapted to the climate. They admit little light, which is not desirable in a hot country, and among millions of house-flies; but during the winter season they are uncomfortably airy and cold.

While standing near the wife of one of the grandees, who, with some female companions was building a house, and making preparations to scramble by means of a branch on to the roof, I remarked that they ought to get their husbands to do that part of the work. This set them all into a roar of laughter, Mahuto, the queen, and several of the men drawing near to ascertain the cause of the merriment, the wives repeated my strange, and, to them, ludicrous proposal, when another peal of mirth ensued. Mahuto, who was a sensible and shrewd woman, stated that the plan, though hopeless, was a good one, as she often thought our custom was much better than theirs. It was reasonable that woman should attend to household affairs, and the lighter parts of labour, while man, wont to boast of his superior strength, should employ his energy in more laborious occupations; adding, she wished I would give their husbands medicine to make them do the work. This remark was made rather in a way of joke. Poor woman, she little knew then that there was one whose omnipotent voice has declared, "I will put my Spirit into them, and create new hearts within them;" but now blessed be His holy name, she, and hundreds more, have been publicly baptized into the faith of the Gospel of the Son of God.

Again, the habits of the people were such as to warn us that the vision would tarry, and that there, as well as in the strongholds of idolatry, it was to be, "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." A traveller, such as Lichtenstein, whose stay was very short among the Bechuanas, was not likely to form an adequate judgment of their real character. They are, it is true, like the Kafirs, a superior race, have a dignity and openness, the natural results of independence; and to him must have presented a striking contrast to the slaves of the colony, whence he had come: but that they manifest the utmost "contempt of all chicane or deceit," which he urges as a proof "of innate rectitude, and consciousness of natural strength," is not correct; and had he dwelt among them, and sat with them in their public and private councils, lived in their dwellings, accompanied them on their journeys, and mingled with them on the field of battle, as the writer has done, he would not have attempted to revive the fabled delights and bliss of ignorance, reported to exist in the abodes of heathenism.

When we attempted to convince them of their state as sinners, they would boldly affirm, with full belief in their innate rectitude, that there was not a sinner in the tribe, referring us to other nations whom they dreaded, or with whom they were at war; and especially the poor despised Bushmen. That they are less ferocious than some tribes, we admit; but this is saying little in commendation of those who could with impunity rob, murder, lie, and exchange wives. No matter how disgraceful the action might be, or what deceit, prevarication, duplicity, and oaths, were required to support it; success made them perfectly happy in a practice in which most were adepts.

When they are styled savages, the appellation should be understood in a restrictive sense, especially when compared with the Zoolu tribes to the east, who, as we shall yet have occasion to show, though they are not cannibals, would, in fiercest barbarity, vie with any of the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific. The Bechuana character is frank and sociable, which, however, does not appear to arise from a benevolence of disposition, so much as from a degree of etiquette and habits, arising from relationship and locality. It has sometimes perfectly astounded the writer to see individuals who he had supposed were amiable and humane, when brought into certain positions, would, as if in their native element, wallow in crimes, which he expected they would naturally shudder to perpetrate. Having had long intercourse with many tribes, he feels persuaded that what he has stated will be found a tolerably correct estimate of the Bechuana character. But although they are revengeful to the last degree, if an offender propitiate the injured party by a gift, at the same time confessing his error, or, as is common, put the blame on his heart, the most perfect unanimity and cordiality succeeds.

Mr. Thompson in his travels correctly remarks, that, "like most barbarians, their political wisdom consists in duplicity and petty cunning; and their ordinary wars were merely predatory incursions upon their weaker neighbours for the purpose of carrying off cattle, with as little exposure as possible of their own lives. Their expeditions against the Bushmen were peculiarly vindictive, and conducted with all the insidiousness and murderous ferocity, without the heroic intrepidity of American or New Zealand savages:" examples of this will occur hereafter. All these characteristics are only what the records of Divine truth authorize us to expect from those who walk according to the prince of the power of the air. The inspired description given in Rom. iii. 10—18, is the real transcript of the condition of a people who have no fear of God before their eyes. Both ancient and modern missionaries have found it so; and whoever goes to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ among the heathen, goes on a warfare which requires all prayer and supplication, to keep his armour bright, and in active operation, to wrestle and struggle, and toil, to pulling down the strong-holds of Satan, whether in Africa, India, or the islands of the Pacific.

CHAPTER XVI.

When a mission is commenced among a barbarous people, it is a novelty; every thing about the stranger is new. His person, dress, and implements excite their surprise. His manners are the subject of conversation; his temporary abode continues to be visited by persons from a distance, to see the show; but instead of paying for their entertainment, and the annoyance their presence and cravings inflict on all occasions, they think they have a right to beg, if not to steal; that they may have some tangible proof that they have seen the stranger, and experienced his kindness. His resources must soon fail, and distance and poverty prevent him from replenishing his exhausted stores. He finds that he is only commencing his hardships, while he hears their hosannas changed to "away with him, away with him!" This reverse assumes a more serious aspect, when they perceive what is the real object of the missionary, and anticipate the probable result of the doctrines taught. The natural man in the grosser form of a savage, broods over the terrible havoc the new system will make with his darling pleasures; and violently rebels at the axe being laid at the root of his sensual enjoyments, without which life would be a grievous burden to him. This is a period in which the faith and the patience of the missionary are put to the test; and surely no where more so than among a lawless rabble.

The next barrier to be noticed, before concluding the subject, is, the entire absence of theological ideas, or religion, which has already been briefly glanced at. Dr. Vanderkemp, in his account of the Kafirs, makes the following remark: "If by religion we mean reverence for God, or the external action by which that reverence is expressed, I never could perceive that they had any religion, nor any idea of the existence of a God. I am speaking nationally, for there are many individuals who have some notion of His existence, which they have received from adjacent nations. A decisive proof of the truth of what I here say with respect to the national atheism of the Kafirs, is, that they have no word in their language to express the idea of the Deity; the individuals just mentioned, calling him 'Thiko, which is a corruption of the name by which God is called in the language of the Hottentots, literally signifying, one that induces pain."

To the above description given by Dr. V., I may add, that though I am aware Uhlanga is also used by the Kafirs to denote a Supreme Being, from what I know of the habits of the interior tribes, I perfectly agree with the Rev. S. Kay, in his account of the Amakosa genealogy, that *Uhlanga* or *Thlanga* is the name of the oldest of their kings, by whom they swore in former times; a custom which obtains universally in the interior. "It seems to me therefore," says the late Mr. Pringle, in his African Sketches, "doubtful, whether the god Uhlanga be not merely a deified chief or hero, like the Thor and Woden of our Teutonic ancestors;" and the same writer adds, "The Hottentot word *Uti'ko*, is now used by all the frontier (Kafir) tribes, to denote the Christian's God." These remarks will equally apply to the Hottentots and Namaquas, who are one people. While living among the latter, I made many inquiries respecting the name they had to denote the Divine Being, but could not come to any satisfactory conclusion on the subject, though I had the assistance of Africaner in my researches. The name they use is Tsui'kuap, or, as some tribes pronounce it, Uti'kuap: the Uti'ko of the Hottentots is articulated with the click or cluck peculiar to that language.

In my journey to the back parts of Great Namaqua-land, I met with an aged sorcerer, or doctor, who stated that he had always understood that Tsui'kuap was a notable warrior, of great physical strength; that, in a desperate struggle with another chieftain, he received a wound in the knee, but having vanquished his enemy, his name was lost in the mighty combat, which rendered the nation independent; for no one could conquer the Tsui'kuap (wounded knee.) When I referred to the import of the word, one who inflicts pain, or a sore knee, manifesting my surprise that they should give such a name to the Creator and Benefactor, he replied in a way that induced a belief that he applied the term to what we should call the devil, or to death itself; adding that he thought "death, or the power causing death, was very sore indeed." To him, as to many others, this Tsui'kuap was an object neither of reverence nor love. During tremendous thunder-storms, which prevail in that climate, and which it might be supposed would speak to the mind of man with an awful voice, I have known the natives of Namaqua-land shoot their poisoned arrows at the lightning, in order to arrest the destructive fluid.* May not the Tsui'kuap of these people be like the Thlanga of the Kafirs, an ancient hero; or represent some power, which they superstitiously dread, from its causing death or pain? The praying Mantis, as it is called, from the erect position and motion it assumes when alarmed, which is said to have been worshipped by the Hottentots, has no homage paid to it in Namaqua-land: at least Africaner's people knew nothing of it.

Dr. Sparrman, who had better opportunities of ascertaining the fact than any one else, remarks, that so far from worshipping this genus of insects, they have more than once caught several for him, and assisted him in sticking pins through them. "There is, however," he adds, "a diminutive species of insects, which some think it would be a crime, as well as dangerous, to harm; but this we have no more reason to look upon as any kind of religious worship, than we have to consider in the same light a certain superstitious notion prevalent among many of the more simple people in our own country, (Sweden,) who imagine that their sins will be forgiven them if they set a cock-chafer on its feet, that has happened to fall on its back. This will equally apply to the lady-bird and caterpiller, which children in England were wont to be afraid of injuring lest it should rain, though it was not an object of religious veneration. Some travellers have made a reference to the moon, as an object of worship by the Africans, because they dance in her light; but this is no proof that they worship her, any more than a countryman, in our own father-land, who prefers a moonlight night to a dark one to perform a journey. To those who have not been in warm climates, no idea can be formed how delightful the cool and silver moonbeams are. No wonder, then, that the natives, after sleeping soundly during the heat of the day, employ that refreshing season in the dance and song. The moonlight does not only tranquilize but exhilarates, while her bright horns are to them what lamps and chandeliers are to our splendid assemblies at home. It is impossible for any but an eye-witness to conceive of the dismal darkness which pervades a native village where neither lamp nor candle was ever thought of.

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* I knew a man who, though warned by myself and others of this daring practice, persisted, and was struck dead by the lightning. I have also heard of Bushmen throwing old shoes at it, or any thing they may happen to lay hold of.

Among the Bechuana tribes, the name adopted by the missionaries is *Morimo.* This has the advantage of the names used by the Kafirs and Hottentots, being more definite, as its derivation at once determines its meaning. *Mo* is a personal prefix, and *rimo* is from *gorimo* 'above.' From the same root *legorimo*, 'heaven,' and its plural *magorimo*, are derived. The genius of the Sechuana language warrants us to expect a correspondence between the name and the thing designated; but in this instance the order is reversed. Morimo, to those who know any thing about it, had been represented by rain-makers and sorcerers as a malevolent *selo*, or thing, which the nations in the north described as existing in a hole, and which, like the fairies in the Highlands of Scotland, sometimes came out and inflicted diseases on men and cattle, and even caused death. This Morimo served the purpose of a bugbear, by which the rain-maker might constrain the chiefs to yield to his suggestions, when he wished for a slaughter-ox, without which he pretended he could not make rain.

Morimo did not then convey to the mind of those who heard it the idea of God; nor did Barimo, although it was an answer to the question 'where do men go when they die?' signify heaven. According to one rule of forming the plural of personal nouns beginning with *mo*, Barimo would only be the plural of Morimo; as Monona, 'a man;' Banona, 'men.' But the word is never used in this form; nor did it convey to the Bechuana mind the idea of a person or persons but of a state or disease, or what superstition would style being bewitched. If a person were talking foolishly, or wandering in his intellect, were delirious, or in a fit, they would call him Barimo; which, among some tribes, is tantamount to *liriti*, shades or manes of the dead. 'Going to Barimo' did not convey the idea that they were gone to any particular state of permanent existence; for man's immortality was never heard of among that people; but, simply, that they died. They could not describe who or what Morimo was, except something cunning or malicious; and some who had a purpose to serve, ascribed to him power, but it was such as a Bushman doctor or quack could grunt out of the bowels or afflicted part of the human body. They never, however, disputed the propriety of our using the noun Morimo for the great Object of our worship, as some of them admitted that their forefathers might have known more about him than *they* did. They never applied the name to a human being, except in a way of ridicule, or in adulation to those who taught his greatness, wisdom, and power.

As to the eternity of this existence, they appear never to have exercised one thought. Morimo is never called *man*. As the pronouns agree with the noun, those which Morimo governs cannot, without the greatest violence to the language, be applied to *Mogorimo*, 'a heavenly one,' which refers to a human being. This power is, in the mouth of a rain-maker, what a disease would be in the lips of a quack, just as strong or weak as he is pleased to call it. I never once heard that Morimo did good, or was supposed capable of doing so. More modern inquiries among the natives might lead to the supposition that he is as powerful to do good as he is to do evil; and that he has as great an inclination for the one as for the other. It will, however, be found that this view of his attributes is the result of twenty-five years' missionary labour; the influences of which, in that as well as in other respects, extend hundreds of miles beyond the immediate sphere of the missionary. It is highly probable, however, that, as we proceed farther into the interior, we shall find the natives possessing more correct views on these subjects.

According to native testimony, Morimo, as well as man, with all the different species of animals, came out of a cave or hole in the Bakone country, to the north, where, say they, their footmarks are still to be seen in the indurated rock, which was at that time sand. In one of Mr. Hamilton's early journals, he records that a native had informed him that the footmarks of Morimo were distinguished by being without toes. Once I heard a man of influence telling his story on the subject. I of course could not say that I believed the wondrous tale, but very mildly hinted that he might be misinformed; on which he became indignant, and swore by his ancestors and his king, that he had visited the spot, and paid a tax to see the wonder; and that, consequently his testimony was indubitable. I very soon cooled his rage, by telling him, that as I should likely one day visit those regions, I should certainly think myself very fortunate if I could get him as a guide to that wonderful source of animated nature. Smiling, he said, "Ha, and I shall show you the footsteps of the very first man." This is the sum-total of the knowledge which the Bechuanas possessed of the origin of what they call Morimo, prior to the period when they were visited by missionaries. Thus their foolish hearts are darkened; and verily this is a darkness which may be felt. Such a people are living in what Job calls "a land of darkness and the shadow of death," spiritually buried, and without knowledge, life, or light.

When the rain-maker wanted something to do, he would pretend to work, or rather find work, for those who would chide him with having a cloudless sky instead of rain. To gain time was his grand study; and he was ingenious in inventing causes for the drought. I remember the wife of a poor man who returned from the hills with a bundle of firewood, bringing wondrous tidings that she had seen Morimo. This moment was eagerly seized by that arch official, and turned to account. He was an adept in the study of human nature, and knew that he was tolerably safe if he could keep the ladies employed; for he had heard murmurings in the towns. He delivered his mandate, and thousands of women from the towns and villages followed their oracle to the side of a neighbouring hill, where all began to work; and though many had empty stomachs, an extensive garden was cleared and cultivated for Morimo. Happy the poor woman who thus, without being a ventriloquist or Pythoness, had enabled the rain-maker to fall on so lucky a stratagem. *She* fared well, whoever fasted; and though the heavens continued as brass, and the earth as iron, she became, by the gifts of rich and poor, a spectacle of obesity, and soon died. This may account for the town people knowing something about the name Morimo, where the inhabitants of many villages and hamlets, being without rain-makers, are in perfect ignorance.

Even the rain-maker when asked by the missionary why he could thus honour the little malicious thing which they called Morimo, that only came out of a hole to inflict pain taking advantage of our Christian views as to the meaning of the word, would promptly reply, "Do not you say Morimo is the governor of the heavens, and that he only can make rain? why then should we not honour him?" This showed his skill in the appropriation of our principles to serve his own purposes. He also exhibited considerable cunning in this transfer; for, should rain not come at his call, he could bring in the Morimo of the teachers for some part, if not the whole, of the blame. Thus, when hail injured their crops, or rain fell in the cold and unseasonable part of the year, they would use the vilest epithets, and curse both the missionaries and their Morimo. When we assured them that God was in the heavens, and that He did whatever He pleased, they blamed us for giving Him a high position beyond their reach; for they viewed their Morimo as a noxious reptile. "Would that I could catch it, I would transfix it with my spear," exclaimed S., a chief, whose judgment on other subjects would command attention.

As the science of rain-making, and the character of one of whom it might have been said he had got a patent, will be described in a following chapter, I shall confine myself in this to replying to many questions which have been put to me in this country, as to the extent of the knowledge of divine things among the natives of South Africa. I am aware that the popular opinion is, that "man is a religious creature;" that "wherever he is to be found, there also are to be traced the impressions and even convictions of the existence of a God." It is also commonly believed, that wherever man is found scattered over the wide spread surface of earth's domain, the knowledge of a "vicarious offering," or sacrifice, by way of atonement, has retained its seat in the human mind. Such were my own views when I left my native land; and entertaining such views, I persuaded myself, or rather tried to persuade myself, that I could discover rays of natural light, innate ideas of a Divine Being, in the most untutored savage;—that I could never be at any loss to make appeals to something analogous to our own faith in the religious notions even of those among whom not a vestige of temple, altar, image, idol, or shrine, was to be found. When I was unsuccessful, I attributed it to my ignorance of the language, or the paucity of competent interpreters. So great was the force of early prejudices, that it was a long time before I could be induced to embrace what I once considered an erroneous view of the subject. Living among a people who were not in the habit of metaphysical disquisitions, which so often bewilder the understanding, I had only to draw conclusions from facts, which, according to the proverb, are "stubborn things," though even these sometimes fail to convince. Having asked the opinion of Mr. Campbell, as we were walking together, upon the views of a native Christian from Namaqua-land, with whom we had been conversing on this subject, and who had been giving us an ample and descriptive account of his former ideas, Mr. C. remarked, in his usual pithy style, "Ah, sir, the people in England would not believe that men could become like pigs, eating acorns under the tree, without being capable of looking up to see from whence they came. People who have had the Christian lullaby sung over their cradles, and sipped the knowledge of divine things with their mother's milk, think all men must see as they do."

One of the most convincing proofs that the minds of the people are covered by the profoundest darkness, is, that after the missionary has endeavoured for hours to impart to them a knowledge of the Divine Being, they not unfrequently address to him the question, "What is it you wish to tell me?" And if any thing were wanting to confirm this conviction, surely this fact will be sufficient, that even where he has succeeded in conveying to the vacant mind of the savage, ideas which he considers as paramount to all others, he is told that, certainly these fables are very wonderful, but not more so than their own.

Inquiring one day of a group of natives whom I had been addressing, if any of them had previously known that Great Being which had been described to them; among the whole party I found only one old woman, who said that she remembered hearing the name Morimo when she was a child, but was not told what the thing was. Indeed, even in towns, the general reply on that subject is, that these are things about which the old people can speak; but as they are not in the habit of instructing the rising generation on such topics, it is easy to see how even these vague notions become extinct altogether, as they have done in many parts of the country. Nor is it surprising that a chief, after listening attentively to me while he stood leaning on his spear, should utter an exclamation of amazement, that a man whom he accounted wise, should vend such fables for truths. Calling about thirty of his men, who stood near him, to approach, he addressed them, pointing to me, "There is Ra-Mary, (Father of Mary,) who tells me, that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard any thing to be compared with this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of Morimo; as also that Morimo causes winter to follow summer, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud;" and casting his arm above and around him, added, "God works in every thing you see or hear! Did ever you hear such words?" Seeing them ready to burst into laughter, he said, "Wait, I shall tell you more; Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us, which will never die; and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day; did you ever hear litlamane (fables) like these?" This was followed by a burst of deafening laughter, and on its partially subsiding, the chief man begged me to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think me mad!

But it is to the testimony of such as have been brought out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel, that we must look for decisive evidence on this point. The following is one example out of many which could be given. The question being put to one whose memory was tenacious as his judgment was enlightened, "How did you feel in your natural state, before hearing the Gospel? How did you feel upon retiring from private as well as public crimes, and laying your head on the silent pillow? Were there no fears in your breast, no spectres before your eyes, no conscience accusing you of having done wrong? No palpitations, no dread of futurity?" "No," said he. "How could we feel, or how could we fear? We had no idea that an unseen eye saw us, or that an unseen ear heard us. What could we know beyond ourselves, or of another world, before life and immortality were brought to us by the word of God." This declaration was followed by a flood of tears, while he added, "You found us beasts and not men."

CHAPTER XVII.

The preceding chapter contains facts from which important deductions may be drawn; and the writer has involuntarily been led to inquire, Are we compelled to enter the gloomy recesses of heathenism? If we look at home—a land of light—shall we not find individuals whose ignorance would equal that either of Hottentot or Bechuana? Have not our noble band of home missionaries brought to light instances of the grossest darkness? How many are there who have resisted the force of every argument on the subject, and even laughed to scorn every article in our creed, and have died martyrs to atheism! Let us go to the asylums for the deaf and dumb, and we shall find there persons having eyes to see and gaze on the infinitude of wonders in creation, and possessing minds capable of reasoning from effect to cause, who, previous to their being instructed, were perfectly ignorant of a Divine Being. While then we have these facts before us, we feel compelled to differ in opinion from those who would have us believe, that the volume of Nature "affords the primary and entire proof of God's existence;" and "to vindicate his claim *to be*, he leaves to the heavens which declare his glory, to the firmament which showeth his handywork, to the days which utter knowledge, and the nights which proclaim wisdom." The preceding examples exhibit to our view sentient beings, whose minds, notwithstanding the indications of Divine wisdom, power, and goodness in creation, are unconscious of any existence beyond what they see and feel. This demonstrates that all the knowledge of Divine things existing in every nation, from the refined Greek down a thousand generations, through the numberless shades of polytheism to the rude barbarian, is to be traced to Divine Revelation, whether written or traditional, and not to innate or intuitive ideas. This view of the subject we shall find, on more minute inquiry, in perfect accordance with the declarations contained in the inspired volume. For "it is He that teacheth man knowledge. I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the heavens by myself." These are the declarations of the great "I AM;" and without such a revelation, the world by wisdom could never have found out God. It is recorded by some author, that there were two periods of the world in which the knowledge of God was universal. This was at the creation, and during the days of Noah, after the flood. At the former period the revelation must have been made known by God himself; and at the latter by the preacher of righteousness in his own family. Keeping this in mind, there is no difficulty in understanding the following declaration of the Apostle. "For the invisible things of Him (His eternal power and Godhead) revealed or made known at the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead."[*] That the stupendous earth and heavens, and the endless variety of order, change, and the dazzling beauty and grandeur of every thing touched by the finger of Jehovah, do testify with a voice, loud as the thunder's roar, clear as the noon-tide beam, there can be no question; but surely not by uttering speech to a previously uninformed mind, and conveying the primary idea of the existence of God. This, in my humble opinion, is not what the Apostle intended to convey, but simply that God originally imparted the knowledge of his own being to man, and that tradition has circulated the report through the nations of the earth, which has undergone, by satanic influence on the minds of fallen creatures, all those modifications presented to us in the pantheon, or in the minds of savages.

The Scriptures, so far from teaching us that we may infer the being of a God from the works of creation, assert that our knowledge of the visible universe, as the production of God's creative power, is derived, not from the deductions of reason, but from a belief of the Divine testimony revealing the fact; "Through faith we understand that the worlds were made by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."* Such as advocate the dignity of human reason may spin a fine theory, but let them go to the hut or the den of the sunburnt African, and ask if any such a system has been spun by these children of nature. It is easy to detect the borrowed plumes with which the heathen moralists bedecked their bright effusions. Philosophers and poets find no difficulty in following nature to nature's God, when they have revelation to lead the way, but let them point out to us nations who have found the Almighty without other aids than their own resources. It is to this that Tertullian refers, when he asks them, "Which of your poets, which of your sophisters, have not drunk from the fountains of the prophets?" and thus, as Dr. Ellis expresses it, "their noblest flights took wing from the gospel." Many heathen philosophers who possessed advantages vastly superior to any of Africa's sons, instead of inferring from works of creation, the existence of a Supreme Being, generally maintained that the *matter*, and some even that the *form* of the world itself was eternal, and others again substituted parts of the visible universe for God himself. Even no less a person than the learned philosopher Dr. Clarke, the defender of natural religion, admits, that "of the philosophers themselves, who should have corrected the errors of the vulgar, some argued themselves out of the belief of the very being of God." The following from President Edwards's "Miscellaneous Observations," will be found to throw additional light on the subject:—

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[*] Romans i. 20:—"*For* (λὰδ, *nam*, *siquidem*, forasmuch as) *the invisible things of him*, his eternal power and godhead, as afterwards explained, *from* not ἐκ, but ἀπὸ, ever since, *the creation of the world*, when they were fully communicated, *are clearly seen*, because after a declaration of his nature and existence, the Divine attributes are plainly evinced, *being understood* νοούμενα, explained to the understanding, by the things that are made, ποιήμασι, the works of God, or things which he had done, not only of creation but of providence, in the deluge, in the wonderful preservation of the church, and destruction of his enemies, in his many appearances, miracles, and interpositions with mankind, which, through all ages, had been related to them, and were a sensible demonstration of omniscience, omnipotence, invisibility, and immateriality, *even his eternal power and godhead*, which alone could effect such wonderful things.'—*Ellis on Divine Things.*

> "If the most sagacious of the philosophers were capable of doing this, after hearing so much of a first cause and a creation, what would they have done, and what would the gross of mankind, who are inattentive and ignorant, have thought of the matter, if nothing had been taught concerning God and the origin of things; but every single man left solely to such intimation as his own senses and reason could have given him? We find the earlier ages of the world did not trouble themselves about the question, whether the being of God could be proved by reason; but either never inquired into the matter, or took their opinions upon that head, merely from tradition. But allowing that every man is able to demonstrate to himself, that the world, and all things contained therein, are effects, and had a beginning, which I take to be a most absurd supposition, and look upon it to be almost impossible for unassisted reason to go so far; yet, if effects are to be ascribed to similar causes, and a good and wise effect must suppose a good and wise cause; by the same way of reasoning, all the evil and irregularity in the world must be attributed

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* Heb. xi. 3.

to an evil and unwise cause. So that either the first cause must be both good and evil, wise and foolish, or else there must be two first causes, an evil and irrational, as well as a good and wise principle. Thus man, left to himself, would be apt to reason, 'If the cause and the effects are similar and conformable, matter must have a material cause, there being nothing more impossible for us to conceive than how matter should be produced by spirit, or any thing else but matter.' The best reasoner in the world, endeavouring to find out the causes of things by the things themselves, might be led into the grossest errors and contradictions, and find himself, at the end, in extreme want of an instructor.

"What instance can be mentioned, from any history, of any one nation under the sun, that emerged from atheism or idolatry into the knowledge or adoration of the one true God, without the assistance of revelation? The Americans, the Africans, the Tartars, and the ingenious Chinese, have had time enough, one would think, to find out the right and true idea of God; and yet, after above five thousand years' improvement, and the full exercise of reason, they have, at this day, got no farther in their progress towards the true religion, than to the worship of stocks and stones and devils. How many thousand years must be allowed to these nations to reason themselves into the true religion? What the light of nature and reason could do to investigate the knowledge of God, is best seen by what they have already done. We cannot argue more convincingly on any foundation than that of known and incontestable facts."

All this, and much more that might be said on the subject, goes to prove, that reason, whose province is not to invent, but to collect, arrange, and deduce, cannot discover first principles; and that unless these are supplied by the law and the testimony, the mind must wander as it has done in the bewildering maze of uncertainty, and darken instead of seeing more clearly the reflected beams of revealed truth, which tradition has conveyed like a glimmering ray to the minds of most of the inhabitants of our globe.

It appears evident, then, from what has been written, that all the relics of theology to be found in heathen lands, are only the remaining fragments which have been handed down by a vitiated and defective tradition. But more than this, we find people not only in Africa, but in other parts of the world, from whose intellectual horizon the last rays of tradition have fled,—proving what the Scriptures affirm, that man's depraved nature is such, as to choose darkness rather than light,—and who have now most emphatically forgotten God. The late Rev. William Roby, in his Lectures on Revealed Religion, from which some hints have been taken, makes the following remarks:

"With respect to ourselves, it must be admitted, that we derived our knowledge of the truth from instruction; and wherever it exists, it may be traced through antecedent generations, to the first parents of the human race: and they could derive it from no other than their Creator.

The advocates of human reason and natural religion, may talk and write on these subjects, but their systems are *radically defective* in various respects. They are not only obscure and confused; inadequate and imperfect; different and contradictory; but are all of them merely hypothetical. They are founded upon nothing but presumption, they cannot justly *pretend* to certainty, for they acknowledge no infallible standard; presenting no evidence of Divine authority, they have no claim to religious obligation. Acknowledging no positive rule, no decisive testimony, no superior tribunal; one individual pretending to reason, exercising his judgment upon them, has as great a right to deny, as another has to affirm."

Since the publication of my sermon, preached before the Directors of the London Missionary Society, many questions have been put to me on the preceding subjects, which has induced me to proceed at greater length in this discussion. As to the question of man's responsibility, according to these views, the same question may be put with equal propriety, in reference to the idolater, whose "too superstitious" parents taught him from earliest infancy to venerate a block of wood, or reptile deified; or in reference to the deaf and dumb, or many others, whose senses are entire, whose minds were never cultivated by those who might have saved them. "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not;" will be the great condemning charge brought against the wilful transgressor, by the Judge of all the earth. The issue of the principles inculcated by Him, who shall come in flaming fire to take vengeance on those that know not God, will be, that "He who knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes; but he who knew not his Lord's will, and committed deeds worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes." The apostle Paul asserts to the Athenians that the times of pagan ignorance, "God winked at, but now commandeth all men every where to repent." The same apostle, feeling the full weight of the Saviour's commission, adds to the fearful list of iniquities, and flagitious sins, committed by his own countrymen, the Jews, that of "forbidding him and his colleagues to preach to the Gentiles, that they might be saved." Thus, if the apostle is to be our example, and the commands of the Saviour are to be our guide, our duty is as plain as if written by a noonday ray, to make known to perishing heathen, whether at home or abroad, the words of eternal life.

Before concluding this general review of the prevailing notions which exist among the tribes of Southern Africa, which throw some light on their origin, and present the most formidable barriers to their evangelization; a few remnants of tradition may be noticed. Among the tribes, and especially those nearer to the coast, some customs remain which are thought to have a reference to sacrifices, offerings, and purifications; such as might be expected to be found among people descending from the East, as all the Bechuana tribes appear to have done. In many instances their slaughtering of animals on occasions of a tree being struck with lightning, or to procure rain, or to restore the sick, may be easily traced to the inventive brain of wily rainmakers, who in such a case, as at their public festivals and ceremonies, never lose sight of their stomachs. One will try to coax the sickness out of a chieftain by setting him astride an ox, with its feet and legs tied; and then smothering the animal by holding its nose in a large bowl of water. A feast follows, and the ox is devoured, sickness and all. A sorcerer will pretend he cannot find out the guilty person, or where the malady of another lies, till he has got him to kill an ox, on which he manœuvres, by cutting out certain parts. Another doctor will require a goat, which he kills over the sick person, allowing the blood to run down the body; another will require the fat of the kidney of a fresh slaughtered goat, saying, that any old fat will not do; and thus he comes in for his chop. These slaughterings are prescribed according to the wealth of the individual, so that a stout ox might be a cure for a slight cold in a chieftain, while a kid would be a remedy for a fever among the poor, among whom there was no chance of obtaining any thing greater. The above ceremonies might with little difficulty be construed into sacrifices, if we felt anxious to increase the number of traditionary remains. Is it, however, to be wondered at among a pastoral people, whose choicest viand is broiled or boiled meat, and to whom fat of any kind is like the richest cordials, that they should solemnize every event or circumstance with beef? When a covenant is made between parties, or a mutual treaty entered into, one animal, or more must be killed; and, like Jacob and Laban of old, they eat together. All this is very natural, but the following is not so agreeable a part of the business. When Sibonelo, a chief of the Barolong, made a covenant with Buys, who fled to him from Kafir-land, the paunch of a large ox was taken, with its contents, and an incision being made in each side of the stomach, the one forced his body through it, and the other followed, intimating by this ceremony that they were henceforward one people. But, beyond these, there is something more like sacrifice among the Zoolus, or what may with more propriety be viewed as honouring the manes of the dead; to which reference will be made in my journey to Moselekatse. However, it never appeared to me that *they* deified them any more than the thoughtless in this country do, when they swear by St. George. The distinguished and heroic deeds of those who have signalized themselves in aggrandizing the nation, are the theme of their songs like those of Ossian, the son of Fingal. Their poets and public eulogists, to please their vain monarch, work themselves up to a state of enthusiasm bordering on phrenzy, and attribute the most unbounded powers and achievements to personages of royalty and fame. A similar custom, doubtless, gave rise to the deified heroes of antiquity.

Is it surprising, that ignorant, and not unfrequently, feeble-minded chiefs, should yield to a kind of superstitious veneration and regard for the names of those who have distinguished themselves by deeds of valour, until by frequent contemplation and eulogy they become most exaggerated and extravagant, so as to foster pride and vainglory, and awaken the suspicion of something more than human? This has been the custom of all ages, and has been the fertile means of throwing an impenetrable veil over the history of many characters and events, when the absence of letters prevented their being handed down to posterity in their naked form.

The ceremonies to be found among the Bechuanas, apparently of Mosaic or patriarchal origin, are found upon examination to be like shells without the kernel. Whatever may have been their origin, they have merged into the ordinary habits of savage life, and centuries ago lost the last vestiges of the tradition of their original design. Happy for us that we have not been left to feel after God among the distant orbs of heaven, or amid the diversified displays of power and skill in our own world. "If therefore natural theology is rightly defined to be, that which is attainable by the light of nature only, then all who have the light of nature, and the use of reason, are capable of attaining it; otherwise, the definition will be false and imperfect. The general character of man will hold true that he is without knowledge, till he receives instruction, and without conscience, till informed what the will of God is."*

The multitude of ignorant savages to be found in the world corroborates this statement, and the means by which some have sunk lower than others in the depths of ignorance, may be easily traced. Nations have the sacred monuments of the past before their eyes from age to age, have the mementos of what they are intended to represent, and are constantly reminded by this means of the religion of their ancestors.

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* Ellis on Divine Things.

If we look over the map of the Gentile world, we find the victims of all the grades of idolatry, from the most refined and abstract, to the most savage and debased, involved in the gross darkness described in the preceding pages. Some nations from time immemorial have been under the domination of systems so cruel, that their tenets may be read in characters of blood. Those of others are involved in so many labyrinths, that we cannot ascribe their contrivance to even a host of the most inventive minds, or to the experience of a succession of ages. If we examine those idolatrous structures, which crush so many millions of our race in the East, which have endured for ages, and with their multiplied ramifications, have tried the faith and zeal of the churches of Christ, the most legitimate conclusion at which we can arrive is, that Satan, the god of this world, has been most successful in aiding the minds of men, completely to transform "the invisible things" first revealed to man. Al though it must be admitted, that the Hindoos are highly intellectual, and their system is indicative of superlative cunning, yet, such is the delusion of its votaries, that they give themselves up, as if reason had reeled from its pivot, to a worship at which a babe might shriek with terror, or smile at as a toy.

The immense structures which have been raised to perpetuate these strange commixtures of heaven and hell, and the puzzling dogmas of their shasters, only serve to retain the minds of millions in the grossest idolatry.

We might select other grades, such as are to be found in the Eastern Archipelago, the South Sea Islands, or America, diverging, according to their respective positions, still farther from the original symbols of divine worship. As we traverse the more sequestered sections of the great human family, we find the glimmering rays of tradition still less conspicuous. Some even, have before their eyes the sacred remains of former ages in gigantic busts, or broken piles of ruined grandeur, which once echoed to the tones of idolatrous devotion, where hecatombs were slain, and which were perfumed with the incense of votive offerings, while myriads there shouted "Great is Diana." Ask their descendants or successors what these things mean; and they are silent as the lifeless deities before their eyes. Among some a few shadows seem still to linger, which the fancy of a sorcerer employs to feed the mind of the populace, with ideas more gross than could have arisen from the absence of all tradition. Thus we find in the downward scale of human degradation, men, who as the apostle says, "did not like to retain God in their knowledge," turn the truth into a lie or an idol. These again become varied according to the fancies of their votaries: others are content with fetiches and charms, and finally some from their nomade life and isolated position, have lost all idea of the being of a God.

If we find in some parts of the world those, who, though reclining under the very shadow of edifices of idolatry, are ignorant of their origin or use; what are we to expect from Africans, whose progenitors, I am led to suppose, were not very civilized themselves when they first began to people their vast continent? Africa, doubtless, was orginally peopled by each family, or tribe of its first settlers, becoming too numerous for its locality, some branching out to the more sequestered parts; and, not unfrequently, communities rent asunder by intestine broils, have sought separate settlements elsewhere; others, again, have been driven to take refuge from a superior force in the recesses of the wild champaign; and, lastly, little communities have probably arisen, from rebels and murderers, whose crimes have compelled them to seek shelter among beasts of prey. We can readily perceive from these circumstances, how easy it was for a people during such a lapse of time, descending from Mizraim and Phut, and migrating through Egypt; or descending from Cush, and passing from Asabia to the eastern and southern parts of the African continent, from the fierce and restless tribes of Ishmael, to forget every vestige of the creeds of their progenitors. It is easy for men to degenerate in religion and civilization, especially when compelled to lead a wandering life, which is by no means favourable to the cultivation of devotion in the soul; but numberless examples prove, that nothing less than a divine lever can raise them. In all ages "hunger and ignorance have been the great brutalizers of the human race;" and, if we look at the large tracts of barren country inhabited by some of the African tribes, it is not surprising that they are what they are,—ignorant, filthy, and sometimes very disgusting in their appearance. Degraded as they are, they merit not the epithets which have been heaped upon them, by those who are unmindful that *their* position only, has prevented them from becoming Hottentots and Bushmen themselves.

We close our remarks on this subject by a quotation from "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind," by Dr. Pritchard.

> "If these tribes are, as I have endeavoured to prove, not a distinct class of nations, but only the offsets of stems, differing widely from them when existing under more favourable circumstances; if the apparent inferiority in their organization, their ugliness, thin, meagre, and deformed stature, are usually connected with physical conditions unfavourable to the development of bodily vigour,—there will be no proof of original inferiority in anything that can be adduced respecting them. Their personal deformity and intellectual weakness, if these attributes really belong to them, must be regarded as individual varieties. Similar defects are produced in every part of the human race by the agency of physical circumstances parallel to those under which the tribes in question are known to exist. If these were reversed, it is probable that a few generations would obliterate the effect which has resulted from them." Vol. ii. p. 349, &c.

It may also be here added, from the same learned author,

> "That they have not indeed contributed towards the advancement of human art or science, but they have shown themselves willing and able to profit by these advantages when introduced among them. The civilization of many African nations is much superior to that of the Aborigines of Europe, during the ages which preceded the conquests of the Goths and Swedes in the north, and the Romans in the southern parts."

CHAPTER XVIII.

We shall now return to our labours among the Bechuanas, which had already been carried on for about five years. The natives had by this time become perfectly callous and indifferent to all instruction, except it were followed by some temporal benefit in assisting them with the labour of our hands, which was not always in our power. The following extract from a letter written at this time, depicts our real situation:—"I often feel at a loss what to say relative to the kingdom of Christ, at this station. A sameness marks the events of each returning day. No conversions, no inquiry after God, no objections raised to exercise our powers in defence. Indifference and stupidity form the wreath on every brow—ignorance, the grossest ignorance of Divine things, forms the basis of every action; it is only things earthly, sensual, and devilish, which stimulate to activity and mirth, while the great subject of the soul's redemption appears to them like an old and ragged garment, possessing neither loveliness nor worth. O, when shall the day-star arise on their hearts! We preach, we converse, we catechise, we pray, but without the least apparent success. Only satiate their mendicant spirits by perpetually giving, and we are all that is good, but refuse to meet their demands, their praises are turned to ridicule and abuse."

Our time was incessantly occupied in building, and labouring frequently for the meat that perisheth; but our exertions were often in vain, for while we sowed, the natives reaped. The site of the station was a light sandy soil, where no kind of vegetables would grow without constant irrigation. Our water ditch, which was some miles in length, had been led out of the Kuruman River, and passed in its course through the gardens of the natives. As irrigation was to them entirely unknown, fountains and streams had been suffered to run to waste, where crops even of native grain (holcus sorghum), which supports amazing drought, are seldom very abundant from the general scarcity of rain. The native women, seeing the fertilizing effect of the water in our gardens, thought very naturally that they had an equal right to their own, and took the liberty of cutting open our water ditch, and allowing it on some occasions to flood theirs. This mode of proceeding left us at times without a drop of water, even for culinary purposes. It was in vain that we pleaded, and remonstrated with the chiefs, the women were the masters in this matter. Mr. Hamilton and I were daily compelled to go alternately three miles with a spade, about three o'clock P. M., the hottest time of the day, and turn in the many outlets into native gardens, that we might have a little moisture to refresh our burnt-up vegetables during the night, which we were obliged to irrigate when we ought to have rested from the labours of the day. Many night watches were spent in this way; and after we had raised with great labour vegetables, so necessary to our constitutions, the natives would steal them by day as well as by night, and after a year's toil and care we scarcely reaped anything to reward us for our labour. The women would watch our return from turning the streams into the watercourse, and would immediately go and open the outlets again, thus leaving us on a thirsty plain many days without a drop of water, excepting that which was carried from a distant fountain, under a cloudless sky, when the thermometer at noon would frequently rise to 120° in the shade. When we complained of this, the women, who one would have thought would have been the first to appreciate the principles by which we were actuated, became exasperated, and going to the higher dam, where the water was led out of the river, with their picks completely destroyed it, allowing the stream to flow in its ancient bed. By this means the supply of water we formerly had was reduced to one-half, and that entirely at the mercy of those who loved us only when we could supply them with tobacco, repair their tools, or administer medicine to the afflicted. But all this, and much more, failed to soften their feelings towards us. Mrs. Moffat, from these circumstances, and the want of female assistance, has been compelled to send the heavier part of our linen a hundred miles to be washed.

Our situation might be better conceived than described: not one believed our report among the thousands by whom we were surrounded. Native aid, especially to the wife of the missionary, though not to be dispensed with, was a source of anxiety, and an addition to our cares; for any individual might not only threaten, but carry a rash purpose into effect. For instance, Mrs. M., with a babe in her arms, begged, and that very humbly, of a woman, just to be kind enough to move out of a temporary kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going into the place of worship. The woman, a plebeian, seized a piece of wood to hurl it at Mrs. M.'s head, who of course immediately escaped to the house of God, leaving her the undisputed occupant of the kitchen, any of the contents of which she would not hesitate to appropriate to her own use. It required no little fortitude and forbearance in the wife of the missionary, who had to keep at home, and attend to the cares and duties of a family, to have the house crowded with those who would seize a stone, and dare interference on her part. As many men and women as pleased might come into our hut, leaving us not room even to turn ourselves, and making every thing they touched the colour of their own greasy red attire; while some were talking, others would be sleeping, and some pilfering whatever they could lay their hands upon. This would keep the housewife a perfect prisoner in a suffocating atmosphere, almost intolerable; and when they departed they left ten times more than their number behind—company still more offensive. As it was not pleasant to take our meals amongst such filth, our dinner was often deferred for hours, hoping for their departure; but, after all, it had to be eaten when the natives were despatching their game at our feet. Our attendance at public worship would vary from one to forty; and these very often manifesting the greatest indecorum. Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob, when the missionary was engaged in public service. The thief would just put his head within the door, discover who was in the pulpit, and, knowing he could not leave his rostrum before a certain time had elapsed, would go to his house and take what he could lay his hands upon. When Mr. Hamilton and I met in the evening, we almost always had some tale to tell about our losses, but never about our gains, except those of resignation and peace, the results of patience, and faith in the unchangable purposes of Jehovah. "I will be exalted among the heathen," cheered our often baffled and drooping spirits.

Some nights, or rather mornings, we had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. These they have more than once driven into a bog or mire, at a late hour informing us of the accident, as they termed it; and, as it was then too dark to render assistance, one or more would fall a prey to the hyenas or hungry natives. One night they entered our cattle-fold, killed one of our best draught oxen, and carried the whole away except one shoulder. We were compelled to use much meat, from the great scarcity of grain and vegetables; our sheep we had to purchase at a distance; and very thankful might we be, if, out of twenty, we secured the largest half for ourselves. They would break their legs, cut off their tails, and more frequently carry off the whole carcase. Tools, such as saws, axes, and adzes, were losses severely felt, as we could not at that time replace them, when there was no intercourse whatever with the Colony. Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back, beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article. Knives were always eagerly coveted, our metal spoons they melted; and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return.

The following ludicrous circumstance once happened, and was related to the writer by a native in graphic style. Two men had succeeded in stealing an iron pot. Having just taken it from the fire, it was rather warm for handing conveniently over a fence, and by doing so, it fell on a stone and was cracked. "It is iron," said they, and off they went with their booty, resolving to make the best of it, that is, if it would not serve for cooking, they would transform it into knives and spears. After some time had elapsed, and the hue and cry about the missing pot had nearly died away, it was brought forth to a native smith, who had laid in a stock of charcoal for the occasion. The pot was farther broken to make it more convenient to lay hold of with the tongs, which are generally of the bark of a tree. The native Vulcan, unacquainted with cast-iron, having with his small bellows, one in each hand, produced a good heat, drew a piece from the fire. To his utter amazement it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer. Another and another piece was brought under the action of the fire, and then under the hammer with no better success. Both the thief, and the smith, gazing with eyes and mouth dilated on the fragments of iron scattered round the stone anvil, declared their belief that the pot was bewitched, and concluded pot-stealing to be a bad speculation.

Mr. Hamilton, whose house was frequently left alone, fared worse than when there was any one to keep an eye on visitors. He has more than once returned from preaching, and found a stone left in the pot instead of the meat on which he had hoped to dine. Indeed there would be no end to describing all the losses, mortifications, and disappointments we daily met with in the course of our duty. We can never look back on those years of sorrow without lifting up our hearts to God in grateful adoration for the grace afforded, while we hung our harps upon the willows, and after years of labour felt as if it would never fall to our lot to sing the song of triumph in a strange land. Often have we met together to read the word of God, that never-failing source of comfort, and, contented with being only the pioneers, have poured out our souls in prayer for the perishing heathen around. There were seasons when, by faith, in the sure word of promise, we could look beyond "the gloomy hills of darkness," and rejoice in the full assurance of hope in the latter-day glory. These were a few of our difficulties, while others, more perplexing still, arose from the conduct of individuals who had accompanied the missionaries or assistants. These, though selected from other stations as professors of religion, when they came to associate with the natives, exhibited much of that weakness which may be expected from people just emerging from the grossness of heathenism. When the needful discipline was exercised on some, others were offended, and thus caused much pain of mind, by an exhibition of improper tempers towards those whose only object was to save them from ruin. The Bechuanas could not fail of observing these inconsistencies, and thus they became stumbling-blocks to the heathen.

The acquisition of the language was an object of the first importance. This was to be done under circumstances the most unfavourable, as there was neither time nor place of retirement for study, and no interpreter worthy the name. A few, and but a few words were collected, and these very incorrect, from the ignorance of the interpreter of the grammatical structure either of his own or the Dutch language, through which medium all our intercourse was carried on. It was something like groping in the dark, and many were the ludicrous blunders I made. The more waggish of those from whom I occasionally obtained sentences and forms of speech, would richly enjoy the fun, if they succeeded in leading me into egregrious mistakes and shameful blunders; but though I had to pay dear for my credulity, I learned something. After being compelled to attend to every species of manual, and frequently menial labour for the whole day, working under a burning sun, standing on the saw-pit, labouring at the anvil, treading clay, or employed in cleaning a water ditch, it may be imagined that I was in no very fit condition for study, even when a quiet hour could be obtained in the evening for that purpose. And this was not all; an efficient interpreter could not be found in the country; and when every thing was ready for inquiry, the native mind, unaccustomed to analyze abstract terms, would, after a few questions, be completely bewildered. I can fully enter into the feelings of Dr. Burchell, in the following extract from his travels, bearing directly on the subject:—

> "Those whose minds have been expanded by a European education, cannot readily conceive the *stupidity*, as they would call it, of savages, in every thing beyond the most simple ideas and the most uncompounded notions, either in moral or in physical knowledge. But, the fact is, their life embraces so few incidents, their occupations, their thoughts, and their cares are confined to so few objects, that their ideas must necessarily be equally few, and equally confined. I have sometimes been obliged to allow Mochunka to leave off the task when he had scarcely given me a dozen of words; as it was evident that exertion of mind, or continued employment of the *faculty of thinking*, soon wore out his powers of reflection, and rendered him really incapable of paying any longer attention to the subject. On such occasions, he would betray by his listlessness and the vacancy of his countenance, that abstract questions of the plainest kind soon exhausted all mental strength, and reduced him to the state of a child whose reason was dormant. He would then complain that his head began to ache; and as it was useless to persist *invitâ Minervâ*, he always received immediately his dismissal for that day."

The reducing of an oral language to writing being so important to the missionary, he ought to have every encouragement afforded him, and be supplied with the means necessary for the attainment of such an object. The Bechuanas, though they had never known the worth of time, could, like men in general, set a high value on service done for a stranger. They supposed that, as we were supported by resources, not drawn from the country, we had only to call for riches, and they would come; while at the same time we had the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet, which indeed we could not have accomplished without personal hard labour.

A missionary who commences giving direct instruction to the natives, though far from being competent in the language, is proceeding on safer ground than if he were employing an interpreter, who is not proficient in both languages, and who has not a tolerable understanding of the doctrines of the Gospel. Trusting to an ignorant and unqualified interpreter, is attended with consequences not only ludicrous, but dangerous to the very objects which lie nearest the missionary's heart. The natives will smile, and make allowances for the blundering speeches of the missionary; and though some may convey the very opposite meaning to that which he intends, they know from his general character what it should be, and ascribe the blunder to his ignorance of the language. They are not so charitable towards his interpreter, whose interest it is to make them believe that he is master of a language of which they know nothing, and consequently they take for granted, that all is correct which comes through his lips. I have been very much troubled in my mind on hearing that the most erroneous renderings have been given to what I had said. Since acquiring the language, I have had opportunities of discovering this with my own ears, by hearing sentences translated, which at one moment were calculated to excite no more than a smile, while others would produce intense agony of mind from their bordering on blasphemy, and which the interpreter gave as the word of God. The interpreter who cannot himself read, and who understands very partially what he is translating, if he is not a very humble one, will, as I have very often heard, introduce a cart-wheel, or an ox-tail into some passage of simple sublimity of Holy Writ, just because some word in the sentence had a similar sound. Thus the passage, "The salvation of the soul is a great and important subject;" The salvation of the soul is a very great *sack*, must sound strange indeed. Oh, it is an untold blessing for one in such circumstances to have an humble and devout interpreter, who feels the very words glow as they pass through his lips. I have felt in Namaqua-land, with such an one, as if a holy unction from above were resting both on myself and interpreter. Alas! for us among the Bechuanas, ours was not of this description; he had accompanied Mr Campbell to Kurrechane, brought home a concubine with him, and apostatizing, became an enemy to the mission.

This was one of the trials to which allusion has been made, and was a severe blow; while the heathen laughed at our puny efforts to reform the nation. They had boasted that our Jesus and Jehovah, of whom we liked to talk so frequently, should never get one convert to bow the knee to their sway; and now these boasts were reiterated with epithets of contumely and scorn. Sometimes a cheering ray would pierce through the thick gloom which hung over our prospects, in the form of a kind word or action on the part of a chief or person of influence, though that was generally either the precursor of a favour to be asked, or a return for one granted. We needed the graces of faith and patience, and but for almighty support, we must have fainted and fallen in the struggle. It was then that the prayers of the churches at home were answered, though not in the way human minds anticipated. It was then that the Divine promises were perused with renewed feelings of ardour and consolation; and it was then that we were taught experimentally, "that it was not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It did indeed produce a melancholy feeling, when we looked around us, on so many immortal beings, not one of whom loved us, none sympathized, none considered the day of their merciful visitation; but with their lives, as with their lips, were saying to the Almighty, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways."

With such interpreters and aids as we could obtain, we ceased not to lift up our voices to proclaim the Gospel jubilee. The commission of him, who tasted death for every man, dwelt on our tongues; and though the declaration of Omnipotence, "My word shall not return unto me void," assured us that our labours were not in vain, still we felt it an arduous employ. Every means was resorted to, and every season improved, to arrest the attention of the native mind, and every thing hopeful, even in the countenance of an individual, was eagerly treasured up in our hearts; but to our grief, we found every indication like the morning cloud and the early dew. We itinerated by turn every Sabbath, to the neighbouring villages: and very frequently after four and five miles' walk, could not get an individual to listen to the message of Divine mercy. Without the influence of the chief men of the hamlet, it was scarcely possible at any time to collect a few individuals together; and if this was accomplished, they thought they were entitled to a reward for the exercise of their authority in promoting the object of our wishes; and not unfrequently, when they commanded, or rather, pretended to command the attendance of their people, they laughed at the mandate, which they well knew was only that of the lips. Finding that a little bit of tobacco had some influence in increasing our congregations at these out-places, as well as for the purpose of obtaining a draught of water, we would take a small portion of our little stock; but when we happened to forget it, we were frequently told to go back first, and bring the tobacco. We were wont to start very early, having to go on foot, in order to return to the station before the sun got so hot as to cause walking on the sand, especially in thin shoes, to be attended with considerable pain. I have known the chief of a village defer the collecting of his people together till the sun had become very hot, knowing our extreme reluctance to return without having had an opportunity of saying something to them about their eternal interests; and when they found this delay compelled the missionary in his course homeward over a sandy plain, to step from one tuft of grass to another, and stop frequently under the shadow of a bush till his glowing feet should cool; it afforded them no little satisfaction and enjoyment.

Many of them thought us a strange race of beings; while some would insinuate that we had some other object in view, of a very different character than to make them believe in fables; and what was, if possible, still more consolatory, they would tell us, that we had come to their country to get a living. Some brighter minds, however, inferred from what they saw that all our resources being foreign, and some of them employed to administer to the wants of the natives, besides the taxes levied by thieves, that these surmises were not exactly the whole of the truth, but that we must be runaways from our native land, preferring a suffering life in their country to returning to our own, to be punished for some crime of which we had been guilty. "What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" asked a chief, when I begged him to endeavour to recover my knife, which had been stolen from my jacket that I had laid down while preaching. "If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you," said another.

Our itinerating journeys to the Batlaros, who lived at Patane, about twenty miles to the westward, were of a more agreeable nature, if a comparison may be drawn. The thing was more novel to that people, and a congregation might be convened, though their wildness and ignorance may in some measure be conceived of by the following extract from one of my journals:—"Arrived at Tlogo's village. Tlogo the chief, and a number of people, having congregated at the wagon, I embraced the opportunity of speaking to them a little about the things of God. I had scarcely begun, when the greater part of them took to their heels. At the conclusion, something was said in reference to what had taken place, when one who could speak a few words of the Dutch language broke out in the following harangue: 'The Bechuanas are very hard-headed, and will not hear, though God has given them so many things. He has given them oxen, goats, and women,'—ranking the latter among the inferior animals.

The missionary requires incessant patience and perseverance, for often when he has, by many kind speeches and a present to the chief, collected an audience, he finds his first words are only a signal for instant dismissal. I have found some chiefs, who, entirely ignorant of the motives of the missionary, have professed great anxiety to have one, and would bring a young daughter into the presence of Mrs. Moffat assuring me that he would give her to be my wife, were I to take up my abode with him. This, no doubt, was very generous; and he, poor man, in his ignorance, must have thought me not only saucy but silly, not to embrace so fascinating an offer. These visits, although without any apparent success, were not lost either upon the natives or ourselves; for while they gradually familiarized our character and objects to the people, they taught us lessons very important in preparing us for trials greater than these.

In imparting instruction, we were obliged to keep to first principles. Among such a people it was necessary to assert who God was, as well as what He had done for a sinful world. It is recorded of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland, that they had been in the habit of directing the attention of their hearers to the existence and attributes of God, the fall of man, and the demands of the Divine law; hoping thus, by degrees, to prepare the minds of the heathen for the more mysterious and sublime truths of the Gospel. As, however, this plan had been tried for five years with no success, they now resolved, in the first instance, simply to preach Christ crucified to the benighted Greenlanders; and not only were their own souls set at peculiar liberty in speaking, but the power of the Holy Ghost evidently accompanied the word spoken to the hearts and consciences of the hearers: so that they trembled at their danger as sinners, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable in the appointment and exhibition of Christ as a Saviour from the wrath to come. This fact has been reiterated; and, by the deductions drawn from it, many, we believe, have been led to suppose that the subsequent labours of other missionaries, for sixteen years, in the South Sea Islands, without fruit, must have arisen from their not "thus directing their principal attention to the only subject which was likely to be permanently profitable to the heathen." This, however, we conceive to be a very erroneous conclusion; for if we examine the journals and experience of those who laboured a much longer period than the Greenland missionaries, with no better success, we shall find that the burden of their report was, "God so loved the world," etc. If these missionaries, whom we can never cease to admire, and whose extraordinary love to the Saviour influenced them to brave the tempests of an arctic sky, had confined their preaching exclusively to the attributes of God, which, as ministers of the New Testament, we can scarcely think they did, we should not wonder at their little success. It ought also to be recollected, that, by their first efforts to enlighten the minds of the natives respecting the character of the Divine Being, they were preparing the way for dilating more fully on the theme of man's redemption.

The course pursued by the apostles among the Jews, who were acquainted with the nature and operations of the true God, was to proclaim the reign of the Messiah, and even to baptize in the name of the Lord Jesus only; but Paul, whose all-absorbing theme was Christ, and Him crucified, determined, while standing on Mar's Hill, among the literati of Athens, to discourse first on the character and attributes of the true God, of whom they were ignorant. His sermon, or rather the exordium, is entirely restricted to the establishment of this most important point. This was his mode of convincing both Stoics and Epicureans of the fallacy of their tenets; and by thus introducing the character and government of what was to them an "Unknown God," he prepared them for the attraction of the Cross, which was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. This inimitable discourse was addressed to idolaters, and admirably calculated to overthrow the notions of his opponents; for while the Epicureans acknowledged no gods, except in name, they absolutely denied that they exercised any government over the world or its inhabitants; and while the Stoics did not deny the existence of the gods, they held that all human affairs were governed by fate.

The Acts of the Apostles has very properly been designated a "Missionary Book;" and he who takes the first propagators of Christianity as his models, cannot err. The missionary having this guide, and relying on the direction and promises of the Great Head of the Church, will find it necessary to adapt his discourses to the circumstances of the people among whom he labours. In Greenland he will, in the first instance, endeavour to undermine the influence of the Angekoks; in Western Africa, that of the Greegrees; and, in Southern Africa, the assumed power of Rain-makers; by declaring that "God made the world and all things therein, and giveth to all life, breath, and all things." This should be done more especially among a people who have no idolatry whatever; while the exhibition of Him who is the desire of all nations ought on no occasion to be withheld.

The question may be raised, What would Paul have done among the Hindoos, the Esquimaux, or the atheistical nations of the interior of Africa? We presume that he who found it necessary, yea, of incalculable importance to become all things to all men, would leave the mode of argument requisite to convince the Jew, and preach to them as he did to the people of Lystra, that they should turn from their vanities unto the living God, who made heaven and earth and seas, and all things that are therein; and turn the attention from soothsayers, sorcerer, charms and amulets, to that divine and gracious Being who gives rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness. All this the missionary finds it necessary to do, to clear away a mass of rubbish which paralyzes the mental powers of the natives; while he knows full well, that if he wishes to save souls, he must preach Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God, without which all his efforts to save souls must be like the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

We found it necessary to make every subject as striking and interesting as possible to gain attention, for our greatest complaint was indifference, a cold assent being the most we could obtain from even the most intelligent of them. We held one service in Dutch on the Sabbath evenings for the edification of our own souls as well as those of two or three Hottentots and their families. This was the only service in which we felt any thing like real enjoyment, the others affording only that which arose from the sense of discharging a duty.

About this time a circumstance occurred which operated as a balm to some of our sorrows. We had been exceedingly tried by the conduct of Fransinna, a Hottentot woman from Bethelsdorp. She had taken offence at our having sent away a young Hottentot in our service on account of immoral conduct, which disgraced the mission in the eyes of the Bechuanas. She took this opportunity of instigating the king and his people against us, by insinuating that we had ascribed it to Mothibi, who, of course, was hurt at being charged with that which was our own act. While her unchristian and violent spirit was threatening the overthrow of the mission, she was suddenly seized with a remarkable distemper, which prostrated her in a short time on a bed of sickness. She was visited and faithfully dealt with.

Her conduct in endeavouring to frustrate our efforts among the Bechuanas, was set before her in its true colours. She was soon thoroughly convinced of the guilt of such hostility, and of the reasonableness of the step on our part which had excited her displeasure. She frankly confessed her crimes, was cut to the heart for the injury she had done to the cause, and earnestly implored forgiveness, when she was directed afresh to the fountain opened for sin. She remained several months in severe affliction, and about a month before her death, one of her legs from the knee was consigned to the dust, the rest of her limbs meanwhile gradually decaying; but while worms were literally destroying her body, she knew in whom she had believed. From the commencement of her affliction, the Lord had made her to feel that he had a controversy with her, and thrice happy was it for her that she heard the rod and Him who had appointed it. She acknowledged that for some time previous she had wandered from God, and had done things to the grief of our souls and the injury of the cause; she also said that she had used her endeavours to persuade her husband and the other Hottentots to abandon the station and return home, and that in the midst of her fiery opposition to us the Lord laid his hand upon her. She had thus been brought to a sense of her danger, and to have recourse to the precious blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin. She made a full, free, and public confession of all her iniquity; and a short time before her death, remembering again the injury she had attempted to do by endeavouring to persuade the men to abandon the mission, she called them together to her bedside, and, as her dying request, entreated them not to leave the missionaries, however accumulated their privations might be, adding, that it was at their peril they deserted them. During the whole of her illness not a murmur escaped her lips. Resting on the righteousness of Christ, she gloried in his cross. A lively gratitude to God, who had redeemed her, beamed forth in her whole demeanour, and when we were called to witness her last struggle with the king of terrors, we beheld with feelings no tongue can utter, the calmness and serenity of her mind in the lively anticipation of immortal glory, and saw her breathe her last. Thus, as with captive Israel of old, "our God did lighten our eyes, and give us a little reviving in our bondage."

CHAPTER XIX.

In every heathen country the missionary finds, to his sorrow, some predominating barriers to his usefulness, which require to be overcome before he can expect to reach the judgments of the populace. Sorcerers or rain-makers, for both offices are generally assumed by one individual, are the principal with which he has to contend in the interior of Southern Africa. They are, as Mr. Kay rightly designates them, "our inveterate enemies, and uniformly oppose the introduction of Christianity amongst their countrymen to the utmost of their power. Like the angekoks of the Greenlanders, the pawaws of the Indians, and the greegrees of Western Africa, they constitute the very pillars of Satan's kingdom in all places where such impostors are found. By them is his throne supported and the people kept in bondage; when these, therefore, are confounded, and constrained to flee, we cannot but rejoice, for then indeed have we demonstrative evidence that "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." The rain-maker is in the estimation of the people no mean personage, possessing an influence over the minds of the people superior even to that of their king, who is likewise compelled to yield to the dictates of this arch-official. The anomalies in the human character can alone account for reasonable, and often intelligent beings yielding a passive obedience to the absurd demands of this capricious individual. Nothing can exceed his freaks of fancy, and the adroitness with which he can awe the public mind and lead thousands captive at his will. Each tribe has one, and sometimes more, who are also doctors and sextons, or the superintendants of the burying of the dead, it being generally believed that that ceremony has some influence over the watery treasures which float in the skies. He will sometimes give orders, that none of the dead must be buried, but dragged to a distance from the town to be devoured by the hyenas and jackals. One old woman died in her house not far from our premises; we dared not commit the body to the dust, and having no friend to perform the needful duty, her son was called from a distance. From their national horror of a corpse, he tied a thong to her leg, avoiding the touch of that form which gave him birth, dragged the corpse to some bushes, and left the thong, because it had been in contact with the body of his mother. Though the bodies of the poor are habitually exposed, the orders of the rain-maker apply to all, because if any were buried it would not rain. This shows that, in their ceremonies connected with burying the dead, there is no reference to pleasing the spirits of the departed; on the contrary, a rain-maker himself contended that there were no such existences. "What is the difference," he asked me, pointing to his dog, "between me and that animal? You say I am immortal, and why not my dog or my ox? They die, and do you see their souls? What is the difference between man and the beasts? None, except that man is the greater rogue of the two." Such was that wise man's view of man's dignity and man's immortality. Yet, notwithstanding this low estimate, when a person was buried, a privilege granted to the more noble, it was attended to with scrupulous minuteness.

The following is a brief sketch of the ceremony of interment, and the custom which prevails among these tribes in reference to the dying. When they see any indications of approaching dissolution in fainting fits or convulsive throes, they throw a net over the body, and hold it in a sitting posture, with the knees brought in contact with the chin, till life is gone. The grave, which is frequently made in the fence surrounding the cattle fold, or in the fold itself, if for a man, is about three feet in diameter, and six feet deep. The body is not conveyed through the door of the fore-yard or court connected with each house, but an opening is made in the fence for that purpose. It is carried to the grave, having the head covered with a skin, and is placed in a sitting posture. Much time is spent in order to fix the corpse exactly facing the north; and though they have no compass, they manage, after some consultation, to place it very nearly in the required position. Portions of an ant-hill are placed about the feet, when the net which held the body is gradually withdrawn; as the grave is filled up, the earth is handed in with bowls, while two men stand in the hole to tread it down round the body, great care being taken to pick out every thing like a root or pebble. When the earth reaches the height of the mouth, a small twig or branch of an acacia is thrown in, and on the top of the head a few roots of grass are placed; and when the grave is nearly filled, another root of grass is fixed immediately above the head, part of which stands above ground. When finished, the men and women stoop, and with their hands scrape the loose soil around on to the little mound. A large bowl of water, with an infusion of bulbs, is then brought, when the men and women wash their hands and the upper part of their feet, shouting "pùla, pùla," rain, rain. An old woman, probably a relation, will then bring his weapons, bows, arrows, war axe, and spears, also grain and garden seeds of various kinds, and even the bone of an old pack-ox, with other things, and address the grave, saying, "there are all your articles." These are then taken away, and bowls of water are poured on the grave, when all retire, the women wailing, "yo, yo, yo," with some doleful dirge, sorrowing without hope. These ceremonies vary in different localities, and according to the rank of the individual, who is committed to the dust. It is remarkable that they should address the dead; and I have eagerly embraced this season to convince them that if *they* did not believe in the immortality of the soul, it was evident from this, to them now unmeaning custom, that their ancestors once did. Some would admit this might possibly have been the case, but doubted whether they could have been so foolish. But with few exceptions among such a people, argument soon closes, or is turned into ridicule, and the great difficulty presents itself of producing conviction where there is no reflection. When we would appeal to the supposed influence of the dead body in neutralizing the rain-maker's medicines for producing rain, and inquire how such an influence operated, the reply would be, "The rain-maker says so."

Years of drought had been severely felt, and the natives, tenacious of their faith in the potency of a man, held a council, and passed resolutions to send for a rain-maker of renown from the Bahurutsi tribe, 200 miles north-east of the Kuruman station. Rain-makers have always most honour among a strange people, and therefore they are generally foreigners. The one in question had been very successful among the Bahurutsian mountains, which, lying east of the Backbone of Africa, and at the sources of those rivers which empty themselves into the Indian Ocean, were visited not only with great thunder-storms, but land rains, with the under strata of clouds, which the natives call female ones, resting on the summits. It was natural to suppose that the offer must be a tempting one which could draw him from a post so lucrative, and where he had so signalized his boasted powers. The Bechuanas possess very inventive minds; and when they have a point to gain, as truth and honour are never regarded, they find no difficulty in embellishing their story. The ambassadors received their commission with the strictest injunction not to return without the man. No doubt many were their cogitations on the journey how they might best succeed. Promises were cheap, and with a redundance of the fairest kind, they succeeded beyond expectation. This, however, was not surprising, when they assured him that, if he would only come to the land of the Batlapis, and open the *teats* of the heavens, which had become as hard as a stone, cause the rains to fall and quench the flaming ground, he should be made the greatest man that ever lived; his riches should be beyond all calculation; his flocks covering the hills and plains; he should wash his hands in milk, while all would exalt him in the song, and mothers and children would call him blessed. When a period had elapsed sufficient to allow the messengers time to return, it was rumored through the town, that they had been murdered, a common event in those days. The gloom which this cast over the native mind, formed a striking contrast to the dazzling rays pouring forth from an almost vertical sun blazing in a cloudless sky. The heavens had been as brass, scarcely a cloud had been seen for months, even on the distant horizon. Suddenly a shout was raised, and the whole town was in motion. The rain-maker was approaching. Every voice was raised to the highest pitch with acclamations of enthusiastic joy. He had sent a harbinger to announce his approach, with peremptory orders for all the inhabitants to wash their feet. Every one seemed to fly in swiftest obedience to the adjoining river. Noble and ignoble, even the girl who attended to our kitchen fire, ran. Old and young ran. All the world could not have stopped them. By this time the clouds began to gather, and a crowd went out to welcome the mighty man who, as they imagined, was now collecting in the heavens his stores of rain.

Just as he was descending the height into the town, the immense concourse danced and shouted, so that the very earth rang, and at the same time the lightnings darted, and the thunders roared in awful grandeur. A few heavy drops fell, which produced the most thrilling ecstacy on the deluded multitude, whose shoutings baffled all description. Faith hung upon the lips of the impostor, while he proclaimed aloud that this year the women must cultivate gardens on the hills, and not in the valleys, for these would be deluged. After the din had somewhat subsided, a few individuals came to our dwellings to treat us and our doctrines with derision. "Where is your God?" one asked with a sneer. We were silent, because the wicked were before us. "Have you not seen our Morimo? Have you not beheld him cast from his arm his fiery spears, and rend the heavens? Have you not heard with your ears his voice in the clouds?" adding with an interjection of supreme disgust, "You talk of Jehovah, and Jesus, what can they do?" Never in my life do I remember a text being brought home with such power as the words of the Psalmist; "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen." Then truly the enemy came in as a flood, and it became us to take refuge in the Most High, to be enabled to lift up a standard against him. In conducting our evening service, my mind was powerfully directed to Psalm xcvii. 2, "Clouds and darkness are round about him," etc.

It was natural for us to calculate on our already dark and devious course becoming more gloomy still, from the stormy ebullitions of minds inflated by the fictitious scenes which the magic powers of the rain-maker could paint with a masterly hand. He had before his singularly delightful, though clamorous reception among his new friends, been particularly informed of the character and objects of the Missionaries, which his discerning mind would soon discover stood in fearful opposition to his own. The rain-makers, as I have since had frequent opportunities of observing, were men of no common calibre, and it was the conviction of their natural superiority of genius, which emboldened them to lay the public mind prostrate before the reveries of their fancies. Being foreigners, they generally amplified prodigiously on their former feats. The present one, as has been noticed, was above the common order. He kept the chiefs and nobles gazing on him with silent amazement, while the demon of mendacity enriched his themes with lively imagery, making them fancy they saw their corn-fields floating in the breeze, and their flocks and herds return lowing homewards by noonday from the abundance of pasture He had in his wrath desolated the cities of the enemies of his people, by stretching forth his hand, and commanding the clouds to burst upon them. He had arrested the progress of a powerful army, by causing a flood to descend, which formed a mighty river, and arrested their course. These, and many other pretended supernatural displays of his power, were received as sober truths. The report of his fame spread like wild-fire, and the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes came to pay him homage. We scarcely knew whether to expect from him open hostility, secret machinations, or professed friendship. He, like all of his profession, was a thinking and calculating soul, in the habit of studying human nature, affable, engaging, with an acute eye, and exhibiting a dignity of mien, with an ample share of self esteem, which, notwithstanding all his obsequiousness, he could not hide. He waited upon us, and it was well; for though we wished at all times to become all things to all men, he would have grown old before we could have constrained ourselves to pay court to one, who, under the influence of the great enemy of souls, had reached the very pinnacle of fame. He found we were men of peace, and would not quarrel. For the sake of obtaining a small piece of tobacco, he would occasionally pay us a visit, and even enter the place of worship. He was also studious not to give offence, while in the course of conversation, he would give a feeble assent to our views, as to the sources of that element, over which he pretended to have a sovereign control. He said he was poor, and this fact to thinking minds, would have proved that his successful achievements must have been either gratuitous or ill rewarded. When I put a question on the subject to one of his admirers, in order to excite suspicion, the reply was, "The Bahurutsis," the people from whom he came, "are stingy; they never reward people for their services."

It might be briefly noticed that in order to carry on the fraud, he would when clouds appeared order the women neither to plant nor sow, lest they should be scared away. He would also require them to go to the fields, and gather certain roots and herbs, with which he might light what appeared to the natives mysterious fires. Elate with hope, they would go in crowds to the hills and dales, herborize, and return to the town with songs, and lay their gatherings at his feet. With these he would sometimes proceed to certain hills, and raise smoke; gladly would he have raised the wind also, if he could have done so, well knowing that the latter is frequently the precursor of rain. He would select the time of new and full moon for his purpose, aware that at those seasons there was frequently a change in the atmosphere. It was often a matter of speculation with me whether such men had not the fullest conviction in their own minds that they were gulling the public; and opportunities have been afforded which convinced me, that my suspicions were well grounded. I met one among the Barolongs, who, from some service I had done him, thought me very kind, and, before he knew my character, became very intimate

He had derived benefit from some of my medicines, and consequently viewed me as a doctor and one of his own fraternity. In reply to some of my remarks, he said, "It is only wise men who can be rain-makers, for it requires very great wisdom to deceive so many;" adding, "you and I know that." At the same time he gave me a broad hint that I must not remain there, lest I should interfere with his field of labour.

The rain-maker found the clouds in our country rather harder to manage than those he had left. He complained that secret rogues were disobeying his proclamations. When urged to make repeated trials, he would reply, "You only give me sheep and goats to kill, therefore I can only make goat-rain; give me fat slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain." One day, as he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, on which one of the principal men entered his house to congratulate him, but to his utter amazement found him totally insensible to what was transpiring. "Héla ka rare, (Halloo, by my father,) I thought you were making rain," said the intruder, when, arising from his slumbers, and seeing his wife sitting on the floor shaking a milk-sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning, "Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?" This reply gave entire satisfaction, and it presently spread through the length and breadth of the town, that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack. The moisture caused by this shower was dried up by a scorching sun, and many long weeks followed without a single cloud, and when these did appear they might sometimes be seen, to the great mortification of the conjurer, to discharge their watery treasures at an immense distance. This disappointment was increased when a heavy cloud would pass over with tremendous thunder, but not one drop of rain. There had been several successive years of drought, during which water had not been seen to flow upon the ground; and in that climate, if rain does not fall continuously and in considerable quantities, it is all exhaled in a couple of hours. In digging graves we have found the earth as dry as dust at four or five feet depth, when the surface was saturated with rain.

The women had cultivated extensive fields, but the seed was lying in the soil as it had been thrown from the hand; the cattle were dying from want of pasture, and hundreds of living skeletons were seen going to the fields in quest of unwholesome roots and reptiles, while many were dying with hunger. Our sheep, as before stated, were soon likely to be all devoured, and finding their number daily diminish, we slaughtered the remainder and put the meat in salt, which of course was far from being agreeable in such a climate, and where vegetables were so scarce.

All these circumstances irritated the rain-maker very much; but he was often puzzled to find something on which to lay the blame, for he had exhausted his skill. One night, a small cloud passed over, and the only flash of lightning, from which a heavy peal of thunder burst, struck a tree in the town. Next day the rain-maker and a number of people assembled to perform the usual ceremony on such an event. It was ascended, and ropes of grass and grass roots were bound round different parts of the trunk, which in the *Acacia giraffe* is seldom much injured. A limb may be torn off, but of numerous trees of that species which I have seen struck by lightning, the trunk appears to resist its power, as the fluid produces only a stripe or groove along the bark to the ground. When these bandages were made he deposited some of his nostrums, and got quantities of water handed up, which he poured with great solemnity on the wounded tree, while the assembled multitude shouted "*Pùla, pùla.*" This done, the tree was hewn down, dragged out of the town, and burned to ashes. Soon after this unmeaning ceremony, he got large bowls of water, with which was mingled an infusion of bulbs. All the men of the town then came together, and passed in succession before him, when he sprinkled each with a zebra's tail, which he dipped in the water.

As all this and much more did not succeed, he had recourse to another stratagem. He knew well that baboons were not very easily caught among the rocky glens and shelving precipices, therefore, in order to gain time, he informed the men that, to make rain, he must have a baboon: that the animal must be without a blemish, not a hair was to be wanting on its body. One would have thought any simpleton might have seen through his tricks, as their being able to present him with a baboon in that state was impossible, even though they caught him asleep. Forth sallied a band of chosen runners, who ascended the neighbouring mountains. The baboons from their lofty domiciles had been in the habit of looking down on the plain beneath at the natives encircling, and pursuing the quaggas and antelopes, little dreaming that one day they would themselves be objects of pursuit. They hobbled off in consternation, grunting and screaming and leaping from rock to rock, occasionally looking down on their pursuers, grinning and gnashing their teeth.

After a long pursuit with wounded limbs, scratched bodies, and broken toes, a young one was secured and brought to the town, the captors exulting as if they had obtained a great spoil. The wily rogue, on seeing the animal, put on a countenance exhibiting the most intense sorrow, exclaiming, "My heart is rent in pieces; I am dumb with grief;" and pointing to the ear of the baboon, which was scratched, and the tail, which had lost some hairs, added, "Did I not tell you I could not make rain if there was one hair wanting?" After some days another was obtained; but there was still some imperfection, real or alleged. He had often said, that, if they would procure him the heart of a lion, he would show them he could make rain so abundant, that a man might think himself well off to be under shelter, as when it fell it might sweep whole towns away. He had discovered that the clouds required strong medicine, and that a lion's heart would do the business. To obtain this, the rain-maker well knew was no joke. One day it was announced that a lion had attacked one of the cattle outposts, not far from the town, and a party set off for the twofold purpose of getting a key to the clouds and disposing of a dangerous enemy. The orders were imperative, whatever the consequences might be, which, in this instance, might have been very serious, had not one of our men shot the terrific animal dead with a gun. This was no sooner done than it was cut up for roasting and boiling; no matter if it had previously eaten some of their relations, they ate it in its turn. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm when they returned to the town, bearing the lion's heart, and singing the conqueror's song in full chorus; the rain-maker prepared his medicines, kindled his fires, and might be seen upon the top of the hill, stretching forth his puny hands, and beckoning the clouds to draw near, or even shaking his spear, and threatening that if they disobeyed, they should feel his ire. The deluded populace believed all this, and wondered the rains would not fall. Asking an experienced and judicious man, the king's uncle, how it was that so great an operator on the clouds could not succeed, "Ah," he replied, with apparent feeling, "there is a cause for the hardheartedness of the clouds if the rain-maker could only find it out." A scrutinizing watch was kept up on every thing done by the missionaries. Some weeks after my return from a visit to Griqua Town, a grand discovery was made, that the rain had been prevented by my bringing a bag of salt from that place in my wagon. The charge was made by the king and his attendants, with great gravity and form. As giving the least offence by laughing at their puerile actions, ought always to be avoided when dealing with a people who are sincere, though deluded, the case was on my part investigated with more than usual solemnity. Mothibi and his aid-de-camp accompanied me to the storehouse, where the identical bag stood. It was open, with the white contents full in view. "There it is," he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. But finding, on examination, that the reported salt was only white clay or chalk, they could not help laughing at their own credulity.

We fearlessly pointed out to them their delusion, and our only wonder was that we had not been accused before; we had occasionally heard whisperings that we were not guiltless of the great drought. We tried both in public and in private conversation to impress them with the sublime truths of creation, providence, and redemption, but the universal reply was, "maka héla," only lies. In a conversation with Mothibi, the rain-maker, and a few others, I remarked, in reference to some insinuations, that I should with great pleasure meet him before an assembly of the people, and discuss the subject. To this he at first consented, but soon afterwards retracted, for this reason, that the subject which we should have to discuss, was far too high for the people, being what only rain-makers and philosophers could talk about. We consoled ourselves with the hope that there was no probability of our being implicated, as our few cows as well as theirs were dying, and we were without a drop of milk. Nothing could exceed the artfulness with which he carried on the game; he said the Bushmen had cut down certain bushes behind the hills, and he advised an extirpating commando to go against them. This was overruled. He then discovered that a corpse, which had been put into the ground some weeks before, had not received enough water at its burial. He knew the horror the Bechuanas had at the idea of touching a putrid body, and he thought he would fix them, and made it known that the body must be taken up, washed, and re-interred. He supposed they would not do this, but he was mistaken; the ceremony, horrible as it must have been, was performed, but the sky remained cloudless still.

The people at last became impatient, and poured forth their curses against brother Hamilton and myself, as the cause of all their sorrows. Our bell, which was rung for public worship, they said, frightened the clouds; our prayers came in also for a share of the blame. "Don't you," said the chief rather fiercely to me, "bow down in your houses, and pray and talk to something bad in the ground?" A council was held, and restrictions were to be laid on all our actions. We refused compliance, urging that the spot on which the mission premises stood, had been given to the missionaries. The rain-maker appeared to avoid accusing us openly; he felt some sense of obligation, his wife having experienced that my medicines and mode of bleeding did her more good than all his nostrums. He would occasionally visit our humble dwellings, and when I happened to be in the smith's shop, he would look on most intently when he saw a piece of iron welded, or an instrument made, and tell me privately he wished I were living among his people, assuring me that there was plenty of timber and iron there.

One day he came and sat down, with a face somewhat elongated, and evincing inward dissatisfaction. On making inquiry, I found, as I had heard whispered the day before, that all was not right; the public voice was sounding ominous in his ears. He inquired how the women were in our country; and supposing he wished to know what they were like, I pointed him to my wife, adding, that there were some taller, and some shorter than she was. "That is not what I mean," he replied; "I want to know what part they take in public affairs, and how they act when they do so." I replied, "that when the women of my country had occasion to take an active part in any public affairs, they carried all before them;" adding, in a jocose strain, "wait till we missionaries get the women on our side, as they now are on yours, and there will be no more rain-makers in the country." At this remark he looked at me as if I had just risen out of the earth. "May that time never arrive!" he cried, with a countenance expressive of unusual anxiety. I replied, "that time would assuredly come, for Jehovah, the mighty God, had spoken it." He was evidently chagrined, for he had come for advice. "What am I to do?" he inquired; "I wish all the women were men; I can get on with the men, but I cannot manage the women." I viewed this as a delicate moment, and, feeling the need of caution, replied, "that the women had just cause to complain; he had promised them rain, but the land was dust, their gardens burned up, and were I a woman, I would complain as loudly as any of them." To his inquiry, "What am I to do to pacify them?" I recommended him to be an honest man, and confess that he had been misleading himself as well as the public. "They will kill me," he said. I repeated my advice, "Be honest," adding, that if he were in any danger, we would do what we could to save him. He arose, and retired with a sorrowful countenance, leaving Mr. Hamilton and myself to draw our own conclusions. Of one thing we were persuaded, that a storm was gathering, not such a one, however, as would cover the hills and valleys with verdure, and the fields with corn, but one which might sweep away the desire of our hearts, in breaking up the mission. At such seasons we were enabled by faith to realize the consoling assurance, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

The rain-maker kept himself very secluded for a fortnight, and, after cogitating how he could make his own cause good, he appeared in the public fold, and proclaimed that he had discovered the cause of the drought. All were now eagerly listening; he dilated some time, till he had raised their expectation to the highest pitch, when he revealed the mystery. "Do you not see, when clouds come over us, that Hamilton and Moffat look at them?" This question receiving a hearty and unanimous affirmation, he added, that our white faces frightened away the clouds, and they need not expect rain so long as we were in the country. This was a home-stroke, and it was an easy matter for us to calculate what the influence of such a charge would be on the public mind. We were very soon informed of the evil of our conduct, to which we pleaded guilty, promising, that as we were not aware that we were doing wrong, being as anxious as any of them for rain, we would willingly look to our chins, or the ground, all the day long, if it would serve their purpose. It was rather remarkable, that much as they admired my long black beard, they thought that in this case it was most to blame. However, this season of trial passed over, to our great comfort, though it was followed for some time with many indications of suspicion and distrust.

Shortly after, we accidentally heard that some one was to be speared. Violent as the natives some times were against us, we did not suspect injury was intended to ourselves. We imagined it was the poor rain-maker, and though we felt anxious by any means to save his life, the great difficulty was to find out whether he was to be the victim; for though we had several of their people about us, and their council chamber was in the open air exposed to the vulgar, it was a difficult matter to discover secrets of that description. Anxious to save life, which the Bechuanas will sometimes allow to be redeemed, it occurred to me that a very simple stratagem might unveil the mystery; I knew an individual of influence who was likely to know the affair. She was often ailing, and, like all the natives, fond of medicines, for among such a people a doctor is always welcome, especially if he asks no fee. My inquiries about the state of her health, and the expression of sympathy, were most acceptable, and the moment I saw her well pleased, I asked, as if it were a well-known fact, "Why are they thinking of killing the rain-maker? they surely do not intend to eat him. Why not let the poor man go to his own land?" She very abruptly asked, "Who told you?" Rising, I said, "that is all I want to know;" when she called out after me, "Do not tell that I told you, or they will kill me." I entered the public fold, where about thirty of the principal men sat in secret council; it was a council of death. Had I put the question whether they really intended to commit that deed, they would have gazed on me with utter amazement, that I should have harboured such a suspicion, and have sworn, by all their forefathers that ever lived, that they had no such intention. I asked no question, but charged them with the fact, pointing out the magnitude of the crime of adding sin to sin, thus provoking Jehovah, by placing a man on His throne, and then killing him, because he was unable to do what they wished him to perform. I then pleaded hard that his life might be spared, and he allowed to return to his own country in peace. A well-known old man arose, in a state of great rage, quivering his spear, and, adverting to the excessive drought, the lean herds, the dying people, and the cattle which the rain-maker had eaten, vowed that he would plunge that spear into the rain-maker's heart, and asked who was to hinder him. I said I should, with my entreaties, and if these would not do, I should offer a ransom to save his life. I was asked if I was not aware that he was our enemy, and that if he had had his will we should have been dead. They had often thought us very silly and weak-minded, to persist in telling them the same thing so often about "one Jesus;" but now to see a man labour to save the life of his enemy, was what they could not comprehend. His life was spared, however, and Mothibi, after conducting him over the plain towards the Matluarin River, returned, and entered our house with a smile of the most entire satisfaction on his countenance, perfectly sensible of his meritorious conduct, and expecting congratulations, which were liberally, and we thought deservedly, bestowed.

Thus ended, among the Batlapis, the career of a notable rain-maker, whom I shall have occasion to notice in my visit to the Bauangketsi nation, where he was eventually murdered. It is a remarkable fact, that a rain-maker seldom dies a natural death. I have known some, and heard of many, who had, by one means or other, fallen a prey to the fury of their disappointed employers, but notwithstanding this, there was no want of successors. There is not one tribe who have not imbrued their hands in the blood of these impostors, whom they first adore, then curse, and lastly destroy.

CHAPTER XX.

Although we were thus delivered from the machinations of one who, as we afterwards learned, was an active, though covert, enemy to our influence among the people, and though his removal afforded us the sincerest gratification, the public mind was opposed to our residence in the country. Every change appeared for the worse; and as we proceeded with our work, our prospects became darker than ever. The Bushmen had been very troublesome in taking cattle and killing the watchers. We could not approve of the Bechuana system of vengeance and extirpation, which, instead of diminishing the evil, appeared only to add fuel to the fire of their fierce passions. We were suspected of befriending that hapless race of beings, from charging our men, who sometimes went to assist in retaking cattle, on no account to shoot the Bushmen. It was in vain we appealed to the injunctions of Jesus, our Lord and Master: every argument of that description was always met with vehemently savage vociferations of "Măka héla," lies only. They candidly acknowledged that we wronged no man, and that we had no wish to inflict an injury on a single individual; but they would with equal candour tell us, that we were the cause of all the drought; and we have been more than once asked if we were not afraid of lying down in our beds, lest we and our reed-built houses should be burned to ashes before morning.

Every thing wrong done by a Griqua while hunting in the country, was thrown in our teeth; and if any one of the natives felt himself aggrieved during a visit to that people, we were told that we ought to have prevented it. The improper conduct of some professors who came to hunt and barter, as in the first instance when the mission was commenced, was held up to us as the fruits of the Gospel, and they would tell us to go to certain people, and make them good, before attempting the renovation of the Bechuana nation. We became inured to such threatening reproaches and scorn; but many were the melancholy hours we spent in gloomy forebodings. Much gratitude is, however, due to Him who "restraineth his rough wind in the day of his east wind," that we were never allowed to suspect that they would do us any personal violence.

The following fact will illustrate, in some measure, the position in which we stood with the people, who, by this time, were chafed in spirit by the severe drought, and mortified to the highest degree to see all their boasted powers vanish like a vapour on the mountain's brow. One day, about noon, a chief man, and a dozen of his attendants, came and seated themselves under the shadow of a large tree, near my house. A secret council had been held, as is usual, in the field, under pretence of a hunt, and the present party was a deputation to apprise us of the results. I happened at that moment to be engaged in repairing my wagon near at hand. Being informed that something of importance was to be communicated, Mr. Hamilton was called. We stood patiently to hear the message, being always ready to face the worst. The principal speaker informed us, that it was the determination of the chiefs of the people that we should leave the country; and referring to our disregard of threatenings, added what was tantamount to the assurance that measures of a violent kind would be resorted to, to carry their resolutions into effect, in case of our disobeying the order. While the chief was speaking, he stood in a rather imposing, I could not say threatening, attitude, quivering his spear in his right hand. Mrs. M. was at the door of our cottage, with the babe in her arms, watching the crisis, for such it was. We replied, "We have indeed felt most reluctant to leave, and are now more than ever resolved to abide by our post. We pity you, for you know not what you do; we have suffered, it is true; and He whose servants we are has directed us in His word, 'when they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another;' but although we have suffered, we do not consider all that has been done to us by the people amounts to persecution; we are prepared to expect it from such as know no better. If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us, you must resort to stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may shed blood or burn us out. We know you will not touch our wives and children. Then shall they who sent us know, and God who now sees and hears what we do, shall know, that we have been persecuted indeed." At these words the chief man looked at his companions, remarking, with a significant shake of the head, "These men must have ten lives, when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality." The meeting broke up, and they left us, no doubt fully impressed with the idea that we were impracticable men.

We could not help feeling deeply thankful for the turn this short, but solemn interview, had taken. The charge brought against us by the rain-maker was, by every passing cloud and whistling blast from the torrid zone, brought fresh to their minds; and they thought that, having teachers of strange doctrines among them, such as their forefathers never knew, the country would be burned up. They were wont to tell us of the floods of ancient times, the incessant showers which clothed the very rocks with verdure, and the giant trees and forests which once studded the brows of the Hamhana hills and neighbouring plains. They boasted of the Kuruman and other rivers, with their impassable torrents, in which the hippopotami played, while the lowing herds walked to their necks in grass, filling their *makukas* (milk sacks) with milk, making every heart to sing for joy. It was in vain that we endeavoured to convince them that the dry seasons had commenced at a period long anterior to the arrival of the missionaries. Independent of this fact being handed down by their forefathers, they had before their eyes the fragments of more fruitful years in the immense number of stumps and roots of enormous trunks of *acacia giraffe*, when now scarcely one is to be seen raising its stately head above the shrubs; while the sloping sides of hills, and the ancient beds of rivers, plainly evinced that they were denuded of the herbage which once clothed their surface. Indeed, the whole country north of the Orange River lying east of the Kalagare desert, presented to the eye of an European something like an old neglected garden or field. As, however, the natives never philosophized on atmospheric changes, and the probable causes of the failure of the plenteous years, they were not likely to be convinced such could depend on any thing done by man, even though they were credulous enough to believe that their rain-makers could charm or frighten the clouds into showers, or that our faces or prayers could prevent their descending.

When reference has been made to certain trees, especially the Milkwood, (*sideroxylum inerme*,) and a few shrubs which they prohibit being touched with a knife or an axe when the rain is expected, I have embraced the opportunity of trying to convince the more intelligent, that they themselves were the active agents of bringing about an entire change of atmosphere. The Bechuanas, especially the Batlapis and the neighbouring tribes, are a nation of levellers—not reducing hills to comparative plains, for the sake of building their towns, but cutting down every species of timber, without regard to scenery or economy. Houses are chiefly composed of small timber, and their fences of branches and shrubs. Thus when they fix on a site for a town, their first consideration is to be as near a thicket as possible. The whole is presently levelled, leaving only a few trees, one in each great man's fold, to afford shelter from the heat, and under which the men work and recline.

The ground to be occupied for cultivation is the next object of attention; the large trees being too hard for their iron axes, they burn them down by keeping up a fire at the root. These supply them with branches for fences, while the sparrows, so destructive to their grain, are thus deprived of an asylum. These fences, as well as those in the towns, require constant repairs, and indeed the former must be renewed every year, and by this means the country for many miles around becomes entirely cleared of timber; while in the more sequestered spots, where they have their out-posts, the same work of destruction goes on. Thus, of whole forests where the giraffe and elephant were wont to seek their daily food, nothing remains.

When the natives remove from that district, which may be after only a few years, the minor species of the acacia soon grows, but the *acacia giraffe* requires an age to become a tree, and many ages must pass before they attain the dimensions of their predecessors. The wood, when old, is a dark red, rough grained, and exceedingly hard and heavy: after being dried for years, when thrown into the water it sinks like lead. In the course of my journeys I have met with trunks of enormous size, which, if the time were calculated necessary for their growth, as well as their decay, one might be led to conclude that they sprung up immediately after the flood, if not before it. The natives have also the yearly custom of burning the dry grass, which on some occasions destroys shrubs and trees even to the very summit of the mountains. To this system of extermination may be attributed the long succession of dry seasons. "The felling of forests has been attended in many countries by a diminution of rain, as in Barbadoes and Jamaica.* For in tropical countries, where the quantity of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere is great, but where, on the other hand, the direct rays of the sun are most powerful, any impediment to the free circulation of air, or any screen which shades the earth from the solar rays, becomes a source of humidity; and whenever dampness or cold have begun to be generated by such causes, the condensation of vapour continues. The leaves, moreover, of all plants are alembics, and some of those in the torrid zone have the remarkable property of distilling water, thus contributing to prevent the earth from being parched up."† This was a philosophy which the more acute thinkers among the people could partially comprehend, though they could not believe. I do not, however, despair of eventually seeing the whole of the population, some of whom are now commencing the building of stone fences and brick houses, so fully satisfied on this point that they will find it for their own interest, as well as contributing to the beauty of the country to encourage the growth of timber, particularly as it is only such as is indigenous which can grow to any extent. To the same cause may be traced the diminution of fountains, and the entire failure of some which formerly afforded a copious supply, such as Griqua Town, Campbell, and a great number of others which might be mentioned; and which, according to the established theory of springs, must be supplied by melted snow, rain, dew, and vapours condensed. It has been remarked, that since the accidental destruction of whole plains of the *Olea similis* (wild olive) by fire, near Griqua Town, as well as the diminishing of large shrubs on the neighbouring heights, a gradual decrease of rain has succeeded in that region, and thus the subterranean caverns found to serve as reservoirs in the bowels of the earth cease to be supplied, especially when there are no lofty mountains to pierce the clouds, or arrest and condense vapours which float in the atmosphere.

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* Phil. Trans. vol. ii. p. 264.

† Lyell's Prin. Geo.

The climate in the countries from the borders of the colony to 25° north latitude, and to 24° east longitude, is very similar. The winds which prevail, especially in the higher regions, are from the west and north-east. Cold, withering winds frequently blow from the south during the winter months, in which rain rarely falls, and never with a south wind. In spring, (the end of August,) the north gales commence, and blow daily, with great violence, from about 10 A. M., to nearly sunset, when a still, serene night succeeds. During the prevalence of these winds, which continue till November, when the air becomes modified by thunderstorms, the atmosphere appears as if dense with smoke, reaching as high as the clouds; this appearance is occasioned by the light particles of dust brought from the sandy plains of the Kalagare desert, which is so exquisitely fine, that it penetrates seams and cracks which are almost impervious to water. These winds may, with great propriety, be styled sandy monsoons. They are so dry, as to affect the skin very disagreeably; and the process of exsiccation goes on rapidly, producing in the human frame extreme languor, and febrile symptoms, especially with those of a delicate constitution, who, though the morning may be perfectly serene, have in themselves indications of approaching wind for hours before it rises. Towards the latter end of the windy season, the thirsty cattle may frequently be seen turning their heads northward to snuff the aqueous blast, as their instinctive powers catch the scent of the green herbage which is brought from the tropical regions. When this is the case, there is reason to hope that clouds will soon make their appearance from the opposite quarter. The wind is rarely from the east; and when it is, we expect rain, which will sometimes continue for days, and is what we denominate land-rains, being without thunder. The instinct of cattle under these circumstances is very remarkable, and sometimes leads to serious consequences. I have known these animals, after having travelled nearly 200 miles from their country, when passing through one more sterile and dry, eagerly snuff the odoriferous gale blowing from the luxuriant plains they had left, and start off in a straight line to the place from whence they had come.

Many years previous to my sojourn in Namaqua-land, Africaner lost the greater part of his cattle from this cause. One evening a strong wind commenced blowing from the north; it smelt of green grass, as the natives expressed it. The cattle, not being in folds, started off after dark. The circumstance being unprecedented, it was supposed they had merely wandered out to the common where they were accustomed to graze; but it was found, after much search, that some thousands of cattle had directed their course to the north. A few were recovered, but the majority escaped to the Damara country, after having been pursued hundreds of miles. This instinct directs the migrations of the antelope and the wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure. Jer. ii. 24. These winds, I have learned from inquiry, come from within the tropics, where rain has fallen, and the cool air thereby produced, rushes southward over the plains, filling up the space caused by the rarefaction of the air, owing to the approach of the sun to the tropic of Capricorn. The more boisterous these winds are, the more reason we have to expect rain. They cannot extend to any great height, as the thunder-storms which follow, and which often commence with a small cloud in the opposite direction, increasing into mountains of snow, with a tinge of yellow, pursue an opposite course. These are preceded by a dead stillness, which continues till the tornado bursts upon us with awful violence, and the clouds have discharged their watery treasures. In such a case there are almost always two strata of clouds, frequently moving in opposite directions. The higher mountain-like masses, with their edges exactly defined, going one way, while the feelers, or loose misty vapour beneath, convulsed, and rolling in fearful velocity, are going another; while the peals of thunder are such as to make the very earth tremble. The lightning is of three descriptions, one kind passing from cloud to cloud; this is seldom accompanied with any rain. Another kind is the forked, which may be seen passing through a cloud, and striking the earth; this is considered the most dangerous. The most common, not always accompanied by rain, is what we are in the habit of calling stream or chain-lightning. This appears to rise from the earth, in figures of various shapes, crooked, zigzag, and oblique; and sometimes like a water-spout at sea; it continues several seconds, while the observer can distinctly see it dissolve in pieces like a broken chain. The perpetual roar of awful thunder on these occasions may be conceived, when twenty or more of these flashes may be counted in one minute. The lightning may also be seen passing upwards through the dense mass of vapour, and branching out like the limbs of a naked tree in the blue sky above. In such storms the rain frequently falls in torrents, and runs off very rapidly, not moistening the earth, except in sandy plains, more than six inches deep.

These storms are frequently very destructive, though not attended with that loss of life common in more populous countries. People are killed, especially such as take refuge under trees; houses are struck, when, in general, some, if not all, the inmates perish. Game are frequently killed by it, and I have known about fifty head of cattle levelled on the spot. Though persons do become so far accustomed to these fearful diplays of Almighty power as even to long for them, because they bring rain, yet they frequently produce great terror, especially among the lower orders of the animal creation. The antelopes flee in consternation; and I have had opportunities of observing the Balala (poor Bechuanas) start off early on the morning following such a storm, in quest of the young which have been cast through terror: thus illustrating the words of the psalmist, as rendered in our English translation, "The voice of the Lord causeth the hinds to calve,"* or somewhat clearer, as in the Dutch, "cast their young."

While on the subject of thunder, it may be proper to observe, that we have in those latitudes what the natives call *serumairi*, (serumaeeree,) which is thunder without clouds. I have frequently heard it during my long abode in the country, and once in a position where no clouds could be seen for fifty or sixty miles round, even on the most distant horizon, for many weeks; indeed, it may be said to be heard only when there are no clouds whatever to be seen. When it does occur, which is not often, it is after the sun has passed the meridian, and when the day is hottest, with little or no wind. The explosion appears to be in the clear blue sky; and, though over our heads, the intonations are soft, and nothing like lightning is to be seen.

Among the varieties of meteorological phenomena, it might be here noticed, that explosions of substances occasionally take place, which generally strike awe into the heathen, who are afraid of signs in the heavens. These occur after dry and sultry days. I never met, however, with a Mochuana who had seen or heard of the fall of aerolites. The natives never appeared to have formed any idea of the causes which produce the phenomena of the heavens, such as eclipses. The vague, though universal, notion prevails, when the moon is eclipsed, that a great chief has died. They are directed by the position of certain stars in the heavens, that the time has arrived, in the revolving year, when particular roots can be dug up for use, or when they may commence their labours of the field. This is their *likhakologo*, (turnings or revolvings,) or what we should call the spring time of the year. The Pleiades they call *selemêla*, which may be translated, cultivator, or the precursor of agriculture, from *lemêla*, the relative verb to cultivate *for*;[*] and *se*, a pronominal prefix, distinguishing them as the actors. Thus, when this constellation assumes a certain position in the heavens, it is the signal to commence cultivating their fields and gardens.[†] Thunder they supposed to be caused by a certain bird, which may be seen soaring very high during the storm, and which appeared to the natives as if it nestled among the forked lightnings. Some of these birds are not unfrequently killed, and their having been seen to descend to the earth may have given rise to this ludicrous notion. I have never had an opportunity of examining this bird, but presume it belongs to the vulture species.

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* Psalm xxix. 9

Leaving these subjects for the present, we turn again to the mission, which, while it suffered much from the presence of the rain-maker, his absence did not appear to have produced any change on the minds of the natives, except that of mortification.

We could not help being sincerely thankful that there was no public prohibition made against attendance on divine worship; therefore, generally, a few came, though sometimes only such as were our dependents. A very large majority had never entered the chapel, being threatened by their superiors if they did; and others would not for their lives have set a foot within the threshold. At an early period, when the place of worship was built, a wooden Dutch clock had been fixed upon the wall, for the purpose of regulating the hours of worship. Immediately above the dial was a small box, in which were a couple of lilliputian soldiers, who strutted out when the clock struck. Conrad Buys, and others, had poisoned the minds of some of the leading men with the idea, that the missionaries were only the precursors of the Government, who would soon follow in their train, and make soldiers of every one of them. The little images in the clock were soon magnified into Goliaths, and the place of worship looked upon as an *eintlu ea kholego*, a house of bondage. It was necessary to take down the fairy-looking strangers, and cut a piece off their painted bodies, to convince the affrighted natives that the objects of their alarm were only bits of coloured wood. Many, however, thought themselves too wise to be thus easily deceived. Though perfectly convinced of the egregrious folly of believing that the little *lisêto*, "carved ones," would one day seize them by the throat in the sanctuary, they nevertheless continued to suspect, that the motives of the missionary were anything but disinterested.

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[*] This peculiarity in the Sechuana language will be explained in the chapter on its character.

[†] Dr. Thomas Winterbottom, in his account of the native Africans in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, observes, in remarkable unison with this statement, that "the proper time for preparing the plantations is shown by the particular situation in the heavens of the Pleiades, called by the Bulloms, awarrang." In fact this notion prevails in almost all the nations of the interior of Africa with which we are acquainted, and forcibly illustrates the import of the interrogation, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades (spring)?"

CHAPTER XXI.

FOR more than a year numerous and strange reports had at intervals reached us, some indeed of such a character as induced us to treat them as the reveries of a madman. It was said that a mighty woman, of the name of Mantatee, was at the head of an invincible army, numerous as the locusts, marching onward among the interior nations, carrying devastation and ruin wherever she went; that she nourished the army with her own milk, sent out hornets before it, and, in one word, was laying the world desolate. Concluding that these might be only rumours of a destructive war carrying on by Chaka, the tyrant of the Zoolus, and that he was at too great a distance from us to affect our operations, I resolved on a journey which I had been contemplating for some months. This was to visit Makaba, the chief of the Bauangketsi, a powerful tribe, situated upwards of two hundred miles north-east of Lithako. I had various reasons for taking this step. The Batlapis, and the neighbouring tribes were living in constant dread of an attack from so powerful an enemy, of whom they could never speak without stigmatizing him with the most opprobrious epithets. It was desirable to open up a friendly intercourse to prevent hostilities, and it seemed advisable for me to attend more exclusively to the acquirement of the language, by associating, for awhile, with the natives, when, at the same time, an opportunity was thus afforded of becoming better acquainted with the localities of the tribes, and, in addition to these objects, was the ultimate design of introducing the Gospel among that interesting people.

About this time receiving an invitation from Makaba, the path of duty was plain; but Mothibi, and indeed all the people, were greatly opposed to my design. Every thing injurious to the character of the Bauangketsi was raked up and placed before me. All the imaginary and real murders Makaba had ever committed were set in array, and every one swore by their king and their fathers, that if I went my doom was fixed, for I should never return, and therefore Ma-Mary and the two children might leave and return to our friends in England, for she would never see me again. We, with Mr. Hamilton, had deliberated together, and prayed over the subject, and were not dismayed by their representations. When the day arrived for my departure, Mothibi, finding he could not prevail by arguments, positively forbade those under his control to accompany me. Feeling no inclination to give up my intention, I started with such men as I had. On reaching Old Lithako, on the third day, I found the reports about the Mantatees somewhat revived, and the natives strongly advised me to proceed no farther than Nokaneng, about twenty miles distant. The reports being such as we had heard before, and knowing that they wished, by every means, to intimidate me, I proceeded on the following day, after having preached to a great number of the natives. On arriving at Nokaneng, I found that rumours had reached that place that the Barolongs, at Kunuana, about one hundred miles off, had been also attacked, and the towns were in the hands of the marauders; but as spies had been sent out to ascertain the truth, I remained, employing every opportunity afforded to impart instruction. The spies returning without having heard anything of the reported invaders, I proceeded, with my small company, towards the Bauangketsi tribes. After travelling four days over a dry and trackless part of the country, occasionally meeting with a few of the poor Bechuanas, we came to a fine valley, Mosite, in which were some pools, and plenty of game, especially the rhinoceros. Having shot one of these ponderous animals, we halted a day to prepare the meat, by cutting it up into slices, and hanging it in the sun to dry. One would have been more than sufficient for our company; and it was only at the urgent request of the poor people that a couple more were shot, as they very rarely succeed in killing such animals, except it be in a pit-fall.

During our stay at this place a circumstance occurred which may throw some light on the habits of these people, and confirms the old adage, "that the one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." It was at noon-day when a fine large hartebeest (khama of the Bechuanas,) the swiftest of the antelope species,* darted close past the wagon, and descended towards the extensive valley. Startled by so unusual an occurrence, one of the natives called out, "It is the wild dogs;" and presently the whole pack made their appearance, following their leader, which was pursuing the antelope. We seized our guns to attack them as beasts of prey. The poor people who were sitting around their flesh-pots started up and followed, begging of us most earnestly not to kill the wild dogs, for they were their providers. We of course laid down our guns again, and directed our attention to the khama, which was soon overtaken and seized by the hind leg. It turned round to defend itself, and then started off till again seized by the wild dog. As we had in a measure retarded the speed of the pack, about thirty in number, the single dog was engaged baiting the khama looked round and gave a piteous howl for his companions to come to his assistance. When they overtook the poor animal they fell upon it with one accord, and instantly brought it to the ground. One of my men ran off in order to secure a piece of the skin of which he wanted to make shoes, but by the time he reached the spot, nothing remained but bones, and those well picked. These the poor people afterwards collected for the sake of the marrow. On farther inquiry, I found that these people are in the habit, when they see an antelope, or even an ostrich, pursued by the wild dogs, of endeavouring to frighten them away, that they may come in for a share of the prey. One of the men, with much feeling for himself and companions, said, patting his hand on his stomach, "Oh, I am glad you did not shoot the dogs, for they often find us a meal."

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* "The *hartebeest* is one of the finest animals of the antelope family; it is fleet, and graceful in its gait. The male is about seven feet long and five feet high, with handsome recurvated horns growing from approximated bases. The female is of a smaller size. The flesh is good, and bears a considerable resemblance to beef."—*Pringle.* There are immense herds of these animals in the interior, and generally of a larger size than the above.

At another place the poor people were very glad, on the same account, that we had not killed the lion, which had been troublesome to us during the night. These children of the desert very promptly described the manner of the wild-dog chase, which I have since had opportunities of witnessing. When the dogs approach a troop of antelopes, they select one, no matter how it may mingle with others on the dusty plain; the dog that starts never loses scent, or, if he does, it is soon discovered by the pack, which follow after, as they spread themselves the more readily to regain it. While the single dog who takes the lead has occasion to make angles in pursuit of his prey, the others, who hear his cry or short howl, avoid a circuitous course, and by this means easily come up again, when a fresh dog resumes the chase, and the other turns into the pack. In this way they relieve each other till they have caught the animal, which they rarely fail to accomplish, though sometimes after a very long run. Should they in their course happen to pass other game much nearer than the one in pursuit, they take no notice of it. These dogs, of which there are two species, never attack man, but are very destructive to sheep and goats, and even to cows, when they come in their way.

While these things were going on we were on the alert, and made inquiries of every stranger we met about the invaders, but could learn nothing, although we were not more than fifteen miles from the town, of which it was reported the enemy were in possession. We saw, on a distant height, some men who were evidently looking our way, and their not approaching our wagons was so unusual with hungry natives, that we thought they must be strangers from a great distance, or some of the Mantatees. Two days passed over, and on the next, when we were about to start for the Bauangketsi, two Barolongs passing by, informed us of the fact that the Mantatees were in possession of the town, which lay rather in our rear, behind some heights, which we distinctly saw. As one of these men had narrowly escaped with his life in the conflict with that people, no doubt was left in our minds as to the propriety of returning immediately to the place whence we had come, particularly as there was a probability that our course might be intercepted, some prisoners who had escaped having reported that the enemy were about to start for Lithako. We lost no time in returning to Nokaneng, and were met there by individuals who authenticated my report to some thousands, who were pleasing themselves with the idea that there was no such enemy. When I arrived at our station the fearful news spread rapidly. A public meeting was convened, and the principal men met, to whom I gave a circumstantial account of all the information I had gathered respecting the character and progress of the Mantatees. That they were really a numerous and powerful body, had destroyed many towns of the Bakone tribes, slaughtered immense numbers of people, laid Kurrechane in ruins, scattered the Barolongs, and, in addition, were said to be cannibals! The alarming tidings produced at first a gloom on every countenance, and when I had finished speaking, a profound silence reigned for some minutes. Mothibi then replied in the name of the assembly, that he was exceedingly thankful that I had been *tlogo e thata*, hard-headed, and pursued my journey, for, by so doing, I had discovered to them their danger.

All were now ready to bless me for having taken my own way. They solicited counsel, but all I could give was to flee to the Colony, or call in the assistance of the Griquas, that as the Bechuanas were entirely unable to resist so numerous and savage a force as the Mantatees, I would proceed instantly to Griqua Town, give information, convey their wishes, and obtain assistance and wagons to remove our goods from the station. Some proposed fleeing to the Kalagare desert, but from this I strongly dissuaded them, fearing that many would perish from want. As no time was to be lost, in the absence of horses, I proceeded with my wagon to Griqua Town, where I had the pleasure of meeting, at Mr. Melvill's house, George Thompson, Esq., of Cape Town, who was on a tour, and about to visit Lithako.

As soon as the purpose of my embassy was communicated, Waterboer, the chief, started off for Campbell, on horseback, to confer with the people there, it being the opinion of the Griquas that if the enemy were to be resisted at all, it should be done at a distance. They promised to lose no time in coming to the Kuruman with a party, when further deliberations might be made. Next morning I returned, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, and many anxious minds were anticipating the result of my journey, the public mind being completely unhinged, although no fresh tidings had arrived respecting the objects of their terror. The resolution of the Griquas to meet the enemy at a distance, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were sent off to the different towns and villages, and to the Batlaros, that a *pitsho*, or parliament, be convened on the following day. As subjects of great national interest were to be discussed, all were in motion early in the morning of June 13, 1823. About 10 A. M. the whole body of armed men, amounting to about 1000, came to the outskirts of the town, and returned again to the public fold or place of assembly, some singing war-songs, others engaged in mock-fights, with all the fantastic gestures which their wild imaginations could invent. The whole body took their seats, lining the fold, leaving an arena in the centre for the speakers.

A few short extracts from some of the speeches will serve to show the manner in which these meetings are conducted. Although the whole exhibits a very grotesque scene, business is carried on with the most perfect order. There is but little cheering, and still less *hissing*, while every speaker fearlessly speaks his own sentiments. The audience is seated on the ground, each man having before him his shield, to which is attached a number of spears. A quiver containing poisoned arrows is hung from the shoulder, and a battle-axe is held in the right hand. Many were adorned with tiger-skins, and tails, and had plumes of feathers waving on their heads.* In the centre a sufficient space was left for the privileged, those who had killed an enemy in battle, to dance and sing, in which they exhibited the most violent and fantastic gestures conceivable, which drew forth from the spectators the most clamorous applause. When they retire to their seats, the speaker commences, by commanding silence. "Be silent, ye Batlapis. Be silent, ye Barolongs," addressing each tribe distinctly, not excepting the white people, if any happen to be present, and to which each respond with a groan. He then takes from his shield a spear, and points it in the direction in which the enemy is advancing, imprecating a curse upon them, and thus declaring war, by repeatedly thrusting his spear in that direction, as if plunging it into the enemy. This receives a loud whistling sound of applause. He next directs his spear towards the Bushmen-country, south and south-west, imprecating also a curse on those "ox-eaters," as they are called. The king, on this, as on all similar occasions, introduced the business of the day by, "Ye sons of Molehabangue,"—viewing all the influential men present as the friends or allies of his kingdom, which rose to more than its former eminence under the reign of that monarch, his father,—"the Mantatees are a strong and victorious people, they have overwhelmed many nations, and they are approaching to destroy us. We have been apprised of their manners, their deeds, their weapons, and their intentions. We cannot stand against the Mantatees; we must now concert, conclude, and be determined to stand; the case is a great one. You have seen the interest the missionary has taken in your safety; if we exert ourselves as he has done, the Mantatees can come no farther. You see the white people are our friends. You see Mr. Thompson, a chief man of the Cape, has come to see us on horseback; he has not come to lurk behind our houses as a spy, but come openly and with confidence;—his intentions are good; he is one on whom the light of day may shine; he is our friend. I now wait to hear what the general opinion is. Let every one speak his mind, and then I shall speak again." Mothibi manœuvred his spear as at the commencement, and then pointing it towards heaven, the audience shouted, "Pùla" (rain,) on which he sat down amidst a din of applause.

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* It was natural to expect that, however much the natives might contemn our doctrines, as being in direct opposition to their customs, and to the lusts of the flesh, they would, nevertheless, be led, for their own comfort and convenience, to adopt our plain and simple modes of dress. Though, strictly speaking, they were neither naked nor obscene in their attire and manners, their dress, to say the least, was disgusting. Any thing like an infringement on the ancient garb of the nation, was looked on as a caricature of ours, and therefore it appeared in their eyes, what a man in this country would be with a lady's bonnet or cap on his head —a merry Andrew. Various articles of clothing were sent from England for the queen and noblesse of Lithako; but none of these made their appearance. When visitors came, which in those days was a rare thing, they would offer the present of a garment, which shared the same fate. Mahuto, the queen, promised that if Mrs. M. would make her a dress, she would wear it. She gladly set her needle to work. The dress was presented, but that too disappeared. When the missionary's wife prevailed on a couple of girls to come into the house to nurse, and do other little household services, it required some persuasion to induce them to put on something like a frock to keep them from making every thing the greasy red colour of their own bodies. When they returned in the evening to their homes, they would throw off the temporary garb, however bright its colours, as something filthy and disgusting. An idea may be formed of the fantastic appearance of the natives in the absurd use of some articles of European dress, from the fact that we observed the king, while sitting among the warriors at the meeting, wearing a white garment, but could form no idea what it was, until he bounded into the arena, and, lo! it was a *chemise!* Whence it came, or what became of it afterwards, no one knew.

Between each speaker a part or verse of a wàr-song is sung; the same antics are then performed, and again universal silence is commanded. The second speaker, Moshume, said, "To-day we are called upon to oppose an enemy who is the enemy of all. Moffat has been near the camp of the enemy; we all opposed his going; we are to-day all glad that he went; he did not listen to us, he has warned us and the Griquas. What are we now to do? If we flee they will overtake us; if we fight they will conquer, they are as strong as a lion, they kill and eat, they leave nothing. (Here an old man interrupted the speaker, begging him to roar aloud that all might hear.) I know ye, Batlapis," continued Moshume, "that at home and in the face of women ye are men, but women in the face of the enemy; ye are ready to run when you should stand; think, think and prepare your hearts this day, be united in one, make your hearts hard." Incha, a Morolong, commenced his speech by recommending that the Batlapis should wait till the Mantatees arrived and then attack them; he had scarcely said this, when he was interrupted by Isite, a young chief, who sprang up, calling out, "No, no; who called upon you to speak foolishness? Was there ever a king or chief of the Batlapis who said you must stand up and speak? Do you intend to instruct the sons of Molehabangue? Be silent! You say you know the men, and yet you wish us to wait till they enter our town; the Mantatees are conquerors, and, if we flee, we must lose all. Hear and I will speak; let us attack the enemy where they are; if we retreat, there will be time for those in the rear to flee. We may fight and flee, and at last conquer; this we cannot do if we wait till they approach our town." This speech was loudly cheered, while Incha silently sat down. A chief, considerably advanced in years, afterwards addressed the assembly. "Ye sons of Molehabangue, ye have now had experience enough to convince you that it is your duty to proceed against the Mantatees, who have no object but to steal and destroy. Ye sons of Molehabangue! ye sons of Molehabangue! ye have done well this day. You are now acting wisely, first to deliberate and then to proceed: the missionary has discovered our danger like the rising sun after a dark night; a man sees the danger he was in when darkness shut his eyes. We must not act like Bechuanas, we must act like Makoöas (white people.) Is this our pitsho? No, it is the pitsho of the missionary; therefore we must speak and act like Makoöas."

Taisho arose, and having commanded silence, was received with reiterated applause; on which an old warrior rushed furiously up to him, and holding forth his arm, called out, "Behold the man who shall speak wisdom. Be silent, be instructed; a man, a wise man has stood up to speak." Talsho informed the preceding speaker that he was the man who charged his people with desertion in time of war. "Ye cowards, ye vagabonds," he exclaimed. "deny the charge if you can. Shall I count up how often you have done so? Were I to repeat the instances, you would decamp like a chastened dog, or with shame place your head between your knees." Addressing the assembly, he said, "I do not rise to-day to make speeches, I shall wait till the day of mustering. I beseech you to reflect on what is before you, and let the subject sink deep into your hearts, that you may not turn your backs in the day of battle." Turning to the king, he said, "You are too indifferent about the concerns of your people; you are rolled up in apathy; you are now called upon to show that you are a king and a man."

When several other speakers had delivered their sentiments, chiefly exhorting to unanimity and courage, Mothibi resumed his central position, and after the usual gesticulations, commanded silence. Having noticed some remarks of the preceding speakers, he added, "It is evident that the best plan is to proceed against the enemy, that they come no nearer; let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be the scenes of bloodshed and destruction. No! let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children." Turning to the aged chief, he said, "I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true, they are good for the ear; it is good that we be instructed by the Makoöas; I wish those evil who will not obey; I wish that they may be broken in pieces." Then addressing the warriors, "There are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot; think on what has been said, and obey without murmuring. I command you, ye chiefs of the Batlapis, Batlaros, Bamairis, Barolongs, and Bakotus, that you acquaint all your tribes of the proceedings of this day; let none be ignorant; I say again, ye warriors prepare for the battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle axes as sharp as hunger." "Be silent, ye Kidney-eaters,"* (addressing the old men,) "ye who are of no farther use but to hang about for kidneys when an ox is slaughtered. If your oxen are taken, where will you get any more?" Turning to the women, he said, "Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning insinuations. No, rouse the warrior to glory, and he will return with honourable scars, fresh marks of valour will cover his thighs, and we shall then renew the war-song and dance, and relate the story of our conquest." At the conclusion of this speech the air was rent with acclamations, the whole assembly occasionally joining in the dance; the women frequently taking the weapons from the hands of the men and brandishing them in the most violent manner, people of all ages using the most extravagant and frantic gestures for nearly two hours.

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* Kidneys are eaten only by the aged, and young people will not taste them on any account, from the superstitious idea that they can have no children if they do so.

CHAPTER XXII.

During the interval of eleven days which elapsed before assistance could arrive from Griqua Town, very great uneasiness prevailed on the station, and most of our heavy goods were packed and buried, that we might not be encumbered should flight become inevitable.* As it had been frequently reported that there were white men among the invaders, when the commando, consisting of about a hundred horsemen, arrived, it was the general opinion that I ought to accompany them; as, having some knowledge of the language, my presence might have more influence in bringing about a treaty; and Mr. Melvill, government agent at Griqua Town, having arrived with the intention of accompanying the commando, we started on the following day. Before leaving, we all met to pray for divine counsel, which we felt we greatly needed. The future appeared dark and portentous, and we were convinced that nothing but an Almighty power could preserve the country from an impending ruin, by arresting the progress of those whose feet were swift to shed blood. A blessing on the means of preventing its further effusion was earnestly implored, and if recourse must be had to violent measures, that the heads of those engaged might be shielded in the day of battle.

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* Mr. Thompson, who, with a guide, reconnoitred the movements of the Mantatees whom he witnessed entering Old Lithako, returned to the colony to give information of the near approach of so powerful an enemy. He had taken the liveliest interest in the whole affair as well as in the welfare of the mission, which endeared him not only to us, but to the natives, who had very characteristically described him as a "man on whom the light of day might shine. His kind and generous disposition sympathised with us in our anxieties and troubles, which at the same time afforded him opportunities of forming a correct estimate of our real situation and danger, which he has so well described in his "Travels," long before the public.

Having bivouacked at the Matluarin River, Waterboer, the Griqua chief, I, and a few others, mounted our horses, after dark, rode forward for about four hours, and then halted among some trees till morning. At day-break we again proceeded till we came within sight of the enemy, who were lying a short distance south of the town of Lithako. A second and more numerous division occupied the town itself. Our first impressions were, on seeing an immense black surface on the opposite declivity, from which many small columns of smoke were arising, that the bushes and grass had been set on fire during the night; but on closer inspection were startled to find it the camp of one portion of the enemy containing a mass of human beings. As we drew nearer, we saw that we were discovered, and considerable confusion prevailed. The war axes and brass ornaments could be distinctly seen glittering in the sun.

Waterboer and I rode up to a young woman whom we saw in one of the ravines. In reply to our question, made in the Bechuana language, she said that the invaders had come from a distant country, but would give no farther information. She was gathering the pods of the acacia, and eating them; which, as well as her appearance indicated the most extreme want. Having told her who we were, and that our object was to speak to the people, and not to fight, we gave her some food, and a piece of tobacco,—requesting her to go and apprise them of our wishes. We then advanced within two musket shots of the enemy, where we found, reclining under a small rock, an old man and his son; the latter without the least signs of animation, while the father could scarcely articulate that he too was dying from hunger. We could only learn from this object of pity, that the people to whom he belonged were the common enemy so much dreaded. We remained here for about half an hour, to allow the young woman ample time to inform the main body, and at the same time to convince the enemy we were not afraid of them, nor disposed to injure them. In the mean time we despatched one of our men to give information to the commando, who were about twenty miles behind. On looking around in search of water, we saw the dead bodies (reduced to skeletons) of several of the enemy, who had come to the pool to drink, and there expired; one lying partly in the element with which we had to quench our thirst. While standing, we observed that all the cattle were collected and inclosed in the centre of the multitude. No one came near us, except a few warriors, who, in a threatening attitude, dared our approach, but whose spears fell short of the mark. It had been agreed that one of our number, and I, after advancing within a short distance of the enemy, should dismount, and go forward unarmed, and invite two or three of them to come and speak with us. This plan, however, was entirely defeated. We had all just approached within a hundred yards, and two of us were just about leaving our saddles, when the savages uttered a hedious yell; and I had hardly time to say, "Be upon your guard, they are preparing to attack," when several hundred armed men rushed forward in a furious manner, throwing their weapons with such velocity, that we had scarcely time to turn our terrified steeds, and gallop clear of them. Having retreated a few hundred yards, we stopped, and stood perfectly astonished at their savage fury. Seeing no possible means of bringing them to a parley, we retired to a height at a short distance, but within view of the enemy. Here we remained the whole day, and, to supply our wants, shot two *khoris*, called by the colonists wild peacock, a species of bustard, which we very thankfully roasted and ate. We, at a very great risk, sent the horses to the water,—all to inspire confidence in the Mantatees, that some one might be influenced to draw near,—but none approached. At sunset I left Waterboer and the scouts, and rode back, to confer with Mr. Melvill and the other Griqua chiefs, and to devise some scheme to bring the enemy to terms of peace, and prevent, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle. The Griquas had come, headed by their respective chiefs, Adam Kok, Berend Berend, Andries Waterboer, and Cornelius Kok; but it was unanimously agreed that Waterboer should take the command. Cornelius, nobly and generously, insisted on my taking his best horse, urging that my life was far more valuable than his. This kind act was the more sensibly felt as the horse was one of the strongest in the commando; and but for this circumstance, I could not have done what I did, nor, humanly speaking, could I have escaped with my life.

Having spent an almost sleepless night on the plain, from extreme cold, we were all in motion next morning before daylight. The attempt made the preceding day to bring about a friendly communication having entirely failed, it was judged expedient for the commando to ride up to the invaders, hoping from the imposing appearance of about one hundred horsemen, to intimidate them, and bring them to a parley. For this purpose, the commando approached within 150 yards, with a view to beckon some one to come out. On this the enemy commenced their terrible howl, and at once discharged their clubs and javelins. Their black dismal appearance, and savage fury, with their hoarse and stentorian voices, were calculated to daunt; and the Griquas, on their first attack, wisely retreated to a short distance, and again drew up. Waterboer, the chief, commenced firing, and levelled one of their warriors to the ground; several more instantly shared the same fate. It was confidently expected that their courage would be daunted when they saw their warriors fall by an invisible weapon; and it was hoped they would be humbled and alarmed, that thus farther bloodshed might be prevented. Though they beheld with astonishment the dead, and the stricken warriors writhing in the dust, they looked with lion-like fierceness at the horsemen, and yelled vengeance, violently wrenching the weapons from the hands of their dying companions, to supply those that they had discharged at their antagonists. Sufficient intervals were afforded, and every encouragement held out for them to make proposals, but all was ineffectual. They sallied forth with increased vigour, so as to oblige the Griquas to retreat, though only to a short distance, for they never attempted to pursue above two hundred yards from their camp. The firing, though without any order, was very destructive, as each took a steady aim. Many of their chief men fell victims to their own temerity, after manifesting undaunted spirit. Again and again the chiefs and Mr. Melvill met to deliberate on how to act, to prevent bloodshed among a people who determined to die rather than flee, which they could easily have done.

Soon after the battle commenced, the Bechuanas came up, and united in playing on the enemy with poisoned arrows, but they were soon driven back; half-a-dozen of the fierce Mantatees made the whole body scamper off in wild disorder. After two hours and a half's combat, the Griquas, finding their ammunition fast diminishing, at the almost certain risk of loss of life, began to storm; when the enemy gave way, taking a westerly direction. The horsemen, however, intercepted them, when they immediately descended towards the ravine, as if determined not to return by the way they came, which they crossed, but were again intercepted. On turning round, they seemed desperate, but were soon repulsed. Great confusion now prevailed, the ground being very stony, which rendered it difficult to manage the horses. At this moment an awful scene was presented to the view. The undulating country around was covered with warriors, all in motion, so that it was difficult to say who were enemies or who were friends. Clouds of dust were rising from the immense masses, who appeared flying with terror, or pursuing with fear. To the alarming confusion was added the bellowing of oxen, the vociferations of the yet unvanquished warriors, mingled with the groans of the dying, and the widows' piercing wail, and the cries from infant voices. The enemy then directed their course towards the town, which was in possession of a tribe of the same people, still more numerous. Here again another desperate struggle ensued, when they appeared determined to inclose the horsemen within the smoke and flames of the houses, through which they were slowly passing, giving the enemy time to escape. At last, seized with despair, they fled precipitately. It had been observed during the fight that some women went backward and forward to the town, only about half a mile distant, apparently with the most perfect indifference to their fearful situation. While the commando was struggling between hope and despair of being able to route the enemy, information was brought that the half of the enemy under Chuane were reposing in the town, within sound of the guns, perfectly regardless of the fate of the other division, under the command of Karaganye. It was supposed they possessed entire confidence in the yet invincible army of the latter, being the more warlike of the two, Humanly speaking, had both parties been together, the day would have been lost, when they would, with perfect ease, have carried devastation into the centre of the colony. When both parties were united, they set fire to all parts of the town, and appeared to be taking their departure, proceeding in an immense body towards the north. If their number may be calculated by the space of ground occupied by the entire body, it must have amounted to upwards of forty thousand. The Griquas pursued them about eight miles; and though they continued desperate, they seemed filled with terror at the enemies by whom they had been overcome.

As soon as they had retired from the spot where they had been encamped, the Bechuanas, like voracious wolves, began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and war axes. As fighting was not my province, of course I avoided discharging a single shot, though, at the request of Mr. Melvill and the chiefs, I remained with the commando, as the only means of safety. Seeing the savage ferocity of the Bechuanas, in killing the inoffensive women and children, for the sake of a few paltry rings, or of being able to boast that they had killed some of the Mantatees, I turned my attention to these objects of pity, who were flying in consternation in all directions. By my galloping in among them, many of the Bechuanas were deterred from their barbarous purposes. It was distressing to see mothers and infants rolled in blood, and the living babe in the arms of a dead mother. All ages and both sexes lay prostrate on the ground. Shortly after they began to retreat, the women, seeing that mercy was shown them, instead of flying, generally sat down, and, baring their bosoms, exclaimed, "I am a woman, I am a woman!" It seemed impossible for the men to yield. There were several instances of wounded men being surrounded by fifty Bechuanas, but it was not till life was almost extinct that a single one would allow himself to be conquered. I saw more than one instance of a man fighting boldly, with ten or twelve spears and arrows fixed in his body. The cries of infants which had fallen from the breasts of their mothers, who had fled or were slain, were distinctly heard, while many of the women appeared thoughtless as to their dreadful situation. Several times I narrowly escaped the spears and war-axes of the wounded, while busy in rescuing the women and children. The men, struggling with death, would raise themselves from the ground, and discharge their weapons at any one of our number within their reach: their hostile and revengeful spirit only ceased when life was extinct. Contemplating this deadly conflict, we could not but admire the mercy of God, that not one of our number was killed, and only one slightly wounded. One Bechuana lost his life while too eagerly seeking for plunder. The slain of the enemy was between four and five hundred.

The Mantatees are a tall, robust people, in features resembling the Bechuanas; their dress consisting of prepared ox hides, hanging double over the shoulders. The men during the engagement were nearly naked, having on their heads a round cockade of black ostrich feathers. Their ornaments were large copper rings, sometimes eight in number, worn round their necks, with numerous arm, leg, and ear, rings of the same material. Their weapons were war-axes of various shapes, spears, and clubs; into many of their knob-sticks were inserted pieces of iron resembling a sickle, but more curved, sometimes to a circle, and sharp on the outside. Their language was only a dialect of the Sechuana, as I understood them nearly as well as the people among whom I lived. They appeared more rude and barbarous than the tribes around us, the natural consequences of the warlike life they had led. They were suffering dreadfully from want; even in the heat of battle, the poorer class seized pieces of meat and devoured them raw. At the close of the battle, when Mr. Melvill and I had collected many women and children, and were taking them to a place of safety, it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them forward. They willingly followed till they found a piece of meat, which had been thrown away in the flight, when nearly all would halt to tear and devour it, though perfectly raw. Some of the prisoners were so extremely weak as to oblige us to leave them behind. We learned from others that the Mantatees had intended to begin their march towards Kuruman the very day we encountered them, and had slaughtered cattle to make themselves strong. They had driven out the inhabitants of Nokaneng, ransacked and burnt that town, and were about to finish with Lithako in the same manner, when "the thunder and lightning of the Griquas" (as they termed the musketry) drove them back.

As my presence was no longer required, either to prevent bloodshed or save life, I returned to the station, where Mr. Melvill arrived two days after with the prisoners, to whose comfort and welfare he attended with unremitting care. It was afterwards deemed advisable that some of the Griquas should go and learn what direction the enemy had taken; but this they declined. Messrs. Hamilton and Melvill then set off with a wagon, to rescue the women and children who might still survive, trusting that some of the Griquas would follow with their horses, which Mr. M. offered to hire. Two days after their departure the report reached us, that, after the battle, the retreating enemy had attacked and plundered three different towns, and were even threatening yet to visit the Kuruman, to revenge their loss, supposing that the horses and guns being gone, the Bechuanas, whom they considered as the dust of their feet, would be utterly unable to resist them.

On receiving the above alarming information, I despatched two men with a letter to Messrs. Hamilton and Melvill, for whose safety we now felt the most trembling anxiety, being without horses, and not a single Griqua having accompanied them. I also sent off with all speed a letter to Waterboer, pointing out the necessity of recalling his force. The uncertainty whether the enemy was not in the precincts of the town, caused us to spend a most uneasy night. This was a night of great anxiety. Messengers arrived announcing the certain approach of the Mantatees. It was dark and dreary. The town, without lights of any description, except the few embers of the house-fires, round which sat the trembling families. Most of the men were out of doors, listening to anything like an unusual sound. The dogs kept up incessant barking. No watches were set, no spies sent out. There was no inhabitant between us and the field of battle.

Every one appeared afraid to move from the spot where he stood. A cry of sorrow was raised in one part of the town which made every heart palpitate. It was the intelligence of one newly arrived,—the melancholv tale of the parent of a family having been slain by the Mantatees. Occasionally a chief would come to our houses to announce his terror. Imagination painted the town surrounded by a host of the enemy, waiting the dawn of day to commence a general massacre. The Mantatee women in our kitchens and outhouses perceived the alarm, and looked on, or slept with the most perfect indifference. Again and again parties came and knocked violently at our door, relating new fears—the spectres of their feverish minds. Mrs. M. put warm clothes on the two sleeping babes, in case of being able to escape on foot towards the mountain, while I hung my cloak on my gun fast by the door, ready to seize it for protection, in our flight, from beasts of prey. A woman who had the day before but scarcely escaped the deadly weapons of the enemy, ran the whole night, and on reaching the threshold of one of the houses, fainted with fatigue, and fell to the ground. On recovering, the first word she articulated was, "The Mantatees!" This went through the thousands like an electric shock. As morning light drew near, the intensity of feeling increased a hundred-fold. This was a season for the exercise of prayer, and faith in the promises of our God The name of Jehovah was to us a strong tower, for, on looking back to that as well as to similar periods, we have often wondered that our fears were not greater than they were. Happily the dawning morn dispelled them.

As great uncertainty existed as to when the Griquas might return, it appeared proper that our wives and children should set off with two wagons towards Griqua Town, and remain there till affairs were a little settled; this they did on the following day, and in the evening Messrs. H. and M. returned totally ignorant that danger was so near. They had not reached the spot where the battle was fought, having seen footmarks of many men who had apparently passed there that morning, which deterred them from proceeding farther. They ran many risks in venturing both by night and day to places where they saw strangers, who might have been armed men, but who proved to be women, some of whom had found their way to a considerable distance south of Lithako. They found some literally feasting on the dead bodies of their companions. One night they crept within thirty yards of several groups of women, but the possibility of men being there obliged them to return; they succeeded, however, in collecting about thirty women and children, whom they brought to the Kuruman. While we were yet conversing, I received a letter from Waterboer, informing us that it was impossible for him to come to our assistance, having himself received intelligence that an immense body of Mantatees was coming down the Yellow and Mud rivers towards Griqua Town, and that as some of the Griquas on the river had already taken flight, he was under the necessity of returning home, and advised us to lose no time in repairing thither, as the only place of safety.

When we communicated our intention to the natives, they deeply regretted our leaving them, and Mothibi and several of his chiefs, with many women, came to express their concern, though they thought the step a reasonable one.

Our families having proceeded the day before, and the people being unsettled, and scattered, and their most valuable property secreted, they were ready to flee at a moment's warning. It was therefore with the full consent of the chiefs that we left, although now it appeared we were fleeing into danger instead of from it; reports having arrived that the Mantatees had fled entirely, while at the same time it was rumoured that a horde was coming down the Vaal river towards Griqua Town. Mr. Melvill and I proceeded on horseback, leaving Mr. Hamilton to follow with the Mantatee women and children.

When Mr. Hamilton arrived at Tlose Fountain, two days' journey south of our station on the Kuruman, a circumstance occurred which may be noticed, were it only to show what human beings are in certain situations. Halting at the above place in the evening, a dead horse was found that had belonged to one of the Griquas and which had been killed by the bite of a serpent. Next morning the women fell on the swollen and half putrid carcase, and began, like so many wolves, to tear it limb from limb, every one securing as much as she could for herself. Mr. Hamilton, who looked on with utter amazement, advised them to avoid the part where the animal was bitten. To his friendly warning they paid no attention whatever; in the space of about an hour a total dissection was effected, and every particle of skin, meat, bone, the entrails, and their contents, were carried off. Mr. H. was obliged to remain the whole day, finding it absolutely impossible to induce them to leave the spot till every particle was devoured, and in the evening they actually danced and sang with joy! This will appear the more astonishing, as the women were allowed a regular supply of rations; but when people have fasted for a year they require quantities of food, which, if mentioned, would appear increditable, and a long period elapses before the stomach regains its wonted tone. It would only excite disgust were the writer to describe sights of this kind which he has been compelled to witness. On Mr. H.'s arrival at Griqua Town, we had the mortification to hear that the Bechuanas had actually dug up and stolen many of the articles we had buried, in the prospect of our being driven away by the Mantatees, and that our houses had been broken into and ransacked, notwithstanding Mothibi's endeavours to prevent what now appeared to him and his chiefs great ingratitude. He gave orders to the man we left behind to take care to shoot the first depredator, but we felt comfortable, fully assured that he would do no such thing.

In the preceding sketch, I have glanced but very briefly at the varied scenes connected with the mournful picture of that day. It would have been an easy matter to give more facts, but my mind still shrinks from farther details of feats of savage barbarity, and lion-like ferocity, which I witnessed among the Mantatee warriors. No less furious and revengeful was the spirit manifested by the Batlapi and other tribes, who though the most accomplished cowards, compared with the invaders, showed that they were, if less inured to war, still as cruel as those, who for years had been imbruing their hands in the blood of thousands. The wounded enemy they baited with their stones, clubs, and spears, accompanied with yellings and countenances indicative of fiendish joy. The hapless women found no quarter, especially if they possessed any thing like ornaments to tempt the cupidity of their plunderers. A few copper rings round the neck, from which it was difficult to take them, was the signal for the already uplifted battle-axe to sever the head from the trunk, or the arm from the body, when the plunderer would grasp with a smile his bleeding trophies. Others, in order to be able to return home with the triumph of victors, would pursue the screaming boy or girl, and not satisfied with severing a limb from the human frame, would exhibit their contempt for the victims of their cruel revenge, by seizing the head and hurling it from them, or kicking it to a distance.

The women evinced the most entire indifference to the objects of terror by which they were surrounded; but still mothers clung to their infants, whose piteous cries were sufficient to melt a heart of stone. With all their conquests and the many thousands of cattle which they must have captured, they were dying from hunger. Their march for hundreds of miles might have been traced by human bones. Not having seen horsemen before, they imagined horse and rider constituted only one animal; but this, as we afterwards heard, did not intimidate them, for their determination was fixed on attacking the Colony, having heard that there were immense flocks of sheep there. Had they succeeded in reaching the Orange river, or the borders of the Colony, where they would most probably have been defeated, the destruction of human life would have been even more dreadful, as they must have perished from want, when retreating through exasperated thousands of the tribes they had vanquished, towards their own country. Some of the Bechuanas were so sensible of this, that they secretly wished that it might be so, in order that they might satiate their vengeance on a conquered foe.

Taking a review of these melancholy scenes, we cannot help startling at the dreadful effects of sin. What a train of miseries mark the chequered scenes of man's short life; and how peculiarly appalling is the state of degradation to which that part of mankind is reduced, who inhabit the interior of Africa! Imagining that annihilation is the common lot of man, the world is their god; to acquire the few fleeting and sensual enjoyments it affords, they will endure any hardship, break through any tie, and with brutal enthusiasm tear the yet palpitating heart from the breast of their fallen enemy. Surely these facts are calculated to draw forth our compassion towards them. What a call for missionary exertions! for nothing but the word of inspiration can lead them from "these doleful shades of heathenish gloom."

It may not be inappropriate here to introduce the follow ing reflections, from the pens of other writers, who had an opportunity of perusing the whole of the author's journals relative to this affair. After making some extracts from my communications to the Directors, the editor of the Missionary Transactions writes:

> "We cannot dismiss the above appalling details without making one or two observations. In the first place, the dreadful exhibition they present of the ferocious cruelty and base degradation to which the human race may be reduced, when destitute of the advantages of Christianity and civilization, affords a powerful argument for the prosecution of missionary undertakings, independently of all considerations relating to a future state. Our second observation is, that Christian missionaries are often instrumental in conferring important incidental benefits on the countries and vicinities where they labour. In the present case, a missionary was the person who ascertained the approach of the invading tribes in time to procure help from Griqua Town; and it was at his call that the Griquas gave their assistance. Had it been merely a message from a Bechuana chief, it is doubtful whether the Griquas would have moved until the enemy had approached their own borders. Again, had not the Griquas been previously brought into a comparatively civilized state by the influence of the missionaries who have resided among them, they would not have been in a condition to have resisted the enemy. This resistance was effectual, and appears, under Providence, to have saved the Town of New Lithako from the fate of Kurreechane, and the Bechuanas who inhabit it,-whom, as we have seen, the invaders regarded as dust under their feet, from destruction. Nor is it at all improbable that the colony is itself indebted, under Providence, to the same causes for the prevention of an extensive predatory inroad on its territory, by the invading tribes."

On the same subject, the Rev. Dr. Philip, in a letter to Mr. Campbell writes:

> "In reading over Mr. Moffat's journal, we cannot help noticing with gratitude, the hand of God in all the circumstances connected with the deliverance of our missionary friends and the people of Lithako. Had Mr. M. not undertaken the journey he proposed, he might have remained ignorant of the approach of the enemy; or had he gone forward on his journey without hearing of them, as he might have done in that country, Lithako must have fallen, and he himself, and the mission families, might have been involved in the same destruction; and had he been spared to return from his visit to Makaba, one cannot contemplate him, even in imagination, standing on the ruins of Lithako, and treading on the ashes of his murdered wife and children, without shuddering with horror! But the circumstances which indicate an invisible arm in the preservation of our friends, do not stop here. Had he delayed his journey, or had he deferred calling in the Griquas, whatever escape might have been provided for him and our other missionary friends, Mothibi and his people would have been ruined. The influence of the missionaries upon them would in all probability have been lost, and their circumstances might have been rendered so desperate, as to preclude all hope of being of any service to them in future."

In taking leave of these appalling recitals, it only remains to be noticed, that the Mantatees, after finally leaving the country, separated into two divisions. The one proceeded eastward, towards the Bakone country, while the other proceeded to that of the Basuto, from the eastern parts of which they had emigrated, or rather been driven, by the destructive inroads of the Zoolu, Matabele, and other tribes. Like many other pastoral people, when robbed of their cattle, they have nothing left; and thus must either perish or rob others; and from being wild men they become more like wild beasts. Oppression and hunger make a wise man mad in any country; and when we follow the Mantatees in their long campaign of active warfare and bloodshed, we cease to wonder that habit rendered them fierce and fearless as the beasts of prey, among which they roamed. It is a deeply interesting fact, that a missionary is now labouring with success among the latter, conquering them with far other weapons than those which were found necessary to arrest their devastating career at Old Lithako.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The events recorded in the preceding chapter were of so peculiar a character, and the circumstances under which they took place so remarkable, that we were naturally led to anticipate a favourable change in the prospects of the mission. We had been but a short time at Griqua Town, when all reports of farther invasion from the interior died away, the enemy having taken another route; and we accordingly retraced our steps to a spot, now in some measure endeared to us. The people in general appeared to feel deeply sensible of the lively interest which the missionaries had taken in their welfare, especially as they could not help seeing that it was not without much suffering and deprivation of comfort on our part. They could not but wonder that we remained in the country, when we might have escaped to the colony with comparatively little loss of property; and they did not hesitate to say this to ourselves, with evident admiration of our conduct. We had long deplored the unsuitable character of the spot on which we lived for a missionary station; and owing to the succession of dry seasons, there was every prospect, from the diminution of the fountain, of its becoming still more trying.

All the buildings which had hitherto been raised were but temporary; and the prospect of being left on a sandy plain without even drinking-water, not only prevented our erecting comfortable abodes, but determined us to embrace what appeared a favourable juncture for recommending a removal to a situation more eligible. A place eight miles distant, and about three miles below the Kuruman fountain, was examined, and appeared, from the locality, its proximity to the source of the river, from which a very large supply of water issued, to be a better spot for a missionary station than any other for hundreds of miles round. When this situation was first proposed to the chiefs it was rejected, owing to the distance from trees and bushes, of which to make their houses and fences. In a former chapter, the disposition and habits of the people in this respect have been explained. The country around where we now lived had in its turn been denuded, and it was in vain that we tried to convince them that they could not expect every advantage in one locality. We found it of no avail to point out to them the manner in which some of the interior tribes built their fences and folds with stone, and of which they had numerous examples before their eyes at Old Lithako, in the ruins of many cattle-folds, and fences on the hills.* Rather than gather or quarry stones to raise a substantial fence, a man would take a forked stick, a thong, and his axe, and occupy nearly a whole day in bringing from a distance a bundle of the hook-thorn (acacia) to fill up a gap in his cattle or sheep fold. Mothibi told us we might go and settle at *Seuri* (the island), the native name for the place, an island, being in the middle of an extensive valley of reeds, covered with water, because we should be a protection to his cattle from the Bushmen, who were troublesome in that quarter.

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* From these fences or walls, which, however, exhibit nothing like what is understood by masonry, but only stone dykes, the place derives its name, Lorako, a wall (of defence), Lithako (walls). They are supposed to have been built in the days of Tlou, the greatest of the Barolong kings, whose power extended from the Bahurutsian mountains to the Hambana hills, a distance of two hundred miles. The Batlapis were then an insignificant tribe, which rose to renown and influence, and threw off the yoke of one of the sons of Tlou, whose kingdom had been divided among his sons; and, owing to their wars and contentions for supremacy, the Barolong nation dwindled to a tribe, now scattered in various sections

As I had contemplated a journey to Cape Town, in order to obtain supplies, as well as on account of Mrs. M.'s health, which had suffered considerably, Mr. Hamilton and I were anxious to settle the subject of removal with the natives before I went, that the necessary preparations for so important a measure might be made while at Cape Town. At our request Mothibi, two or three of his chiefs, with Peclu, his son and heir-apparent, accompanied us to the spot. After examination, it was agreed that about two miles of the valley, from the ford downward, should henceforth be the property of the London Missionary Society, and that for the same a remuneration should be given on my return from Cape Town. Having completed these arrangements, I proceeded thither with my family in October, 1823, leaving Mr. Hamilton alone on the station. As Mothibi was anxious that his son should see the country of the white people, he sent him with us, and appointed Taisho, one of his principal chiefs, to accompany him. The kind reception they met with from his Excellency the Governor, and the friends in Cape Town, and the sights they saw, produced strange emotions in their minds. They were delighted with every thing they beheld, and were in raptures when they met again their old friend George Thompson, Esq., who showed them no little kindness. It was with some difficulty that they were prevailed upon to go on board one of the ships in the bay; nor would they enter the boat till I had preceded them. They were perfectly astounded, when hoisted on deck, with the enormous size of the hull, and the height of the masts; and when they saw a boy mount the rigging, and ascend to the very mast-head, they were speechless with amazement. Taisho whispered to the young prince, "A ga si khatla?" Is it not an ape? When they entered the splendid cabin, and looked into the deep hold, they could scarcely be convinced that the vessel was not resting on the bottom of the ocean. "Do these water houses (ships) unyoke like wagon-oxen every night?" they inquired. "Do they graze in the sea to keep them alive?" A ship in full sail approaching the roads, they were asked what they thought of that. "We have no thoughts here; we hope to think again when we get to the shore," was their reply. They would go anywhere with me or Mr. Thompson, for whom they entertained a kindly feeling, but they would trust no one else.

On the very day we reached Cape Town, the Nepos arrived bringing Messrs. Robson, Edwards, and Hughes, three additional labourers for our mission. This was a highly interesting season to us, who had so lately been greatly tried and perplexed.

We were also encouraged to hope that the visit of the young prince and Taisho would produce a salutary impression on their countrymen on their return, and at least convince them that the missionaries had friends, and were not obliged to live a life of self-denial among the Bechuanas because they were not allowed to dwell elsewhere. Mr. Robson, who began very early to feel the effects of a warm climate, was, after taking medical advice, induced to remain, at least for a season, at one of our colonial stations, and accordingly went to Bethelsdorp, where he laboured for some time, and has since been most successfully engaged as a missionary at Port Elizabeth. Mr. Edwards was detained for the purpose of improving the temporal affairs, and superintending the erection of new buildings at some of our colonial stations.

With Mrs. M.'s health somewhat improved, we left Cape Town, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and, after enduring for two months the tedium and monotony of an African journey, we reached the station in May, 1824; having left our companions to remain for a season at Griqua Town, Mrs. H.'s situation rendering it improper for her to travel. Our return, which had been expected with much interest and some anxiety, by the parents of the young prince, was hailed with all the grotesque expressions of extravagant delight. During our absence Mr. Hamilton had continued his quiet and apparently fruitless labours, but with the consolation that the natives had been much kinder than they were wont to be. Soon after our departure he had suffered the loss of his dwelling-house by fire, when almost all that was valuable to him was destroyed, as well as many of the Society's tools. The visit to the Cape appeared to give great satisfaction to all parties. The original engagement for the land on which to establish our new station was ratified. The spot on which the first houses ever built there were to stand was surveyed, and the course of the water-ditch, or canal, marked out. As we had been led to expect labourers from the colony to assist in carrying on the public work, the preliminaries only of removal could be attended to; and as Mr. Hughes was to join the mission after a time, it was judged proper that I should in the interim fulfil my promise to Makaba, king of the Bauangketsi, for which we had heard that he was very anxious, having been informed of my former attempt to do so.

I left on the 1st of July, accompanied by some Griquas, who were going part of the way with a view to hunt elephants. After travelling three days, over a comparatively sandy plain, studded with clumps of acacias, we reached the Mashaua, or Old Lithako river, where we obtained water, by digging in its bed. Here we were joined by another party, under the chief Berend Berend. Leaving this spot, where the draught oxen, which were numerous, obtained a very scanty supply of water, we proceeded in a northerly direction, over another sandy plain, on which large acacia trees were thinly scattered. At sunset our Bechuana guides, according to custom, halted for the night; but as the water was distant, our party was anxious to proceed in the cool of the night, for the sake of the oxen. Our guides assured us that we should lose our way; but the majority was resolved to follow what appeared to be the direct course, for road there was none. While the owners of the long string of wagons were proceeding, trusting to the first team, they, as is very common, laid themselves down on their stretchers, and slept. The wagon-drivers also began to get very drowsy; and after some hours' riding, I could plainly discover from the stars that we were diverging to the left, and gave information to the leading wagon-drivers, but were assured they were right, while I was equally sure they were wrong. About two o'clock A. M. we halted. The principal individuals of the party having dozed a little, arose and surrounded the kindled fires, which were now acceptable, though the day had been exceedingly hot. While preparing a cup of coffee, I took out my compass, to assure the party that for more than two hours we had been travelling towards the Mashaua, from whence we had come. The more sagacious looked for some time at the little instrument, and then, looking around and upwards to the stars, pronounced it to be an impostor. Others remarked, that it might know the right way in its own country, but how was it to find it out there?

While eating a morsel of food, for which we had an uncommon relish, the waning moon began to diffuse a pale lustre on the eastern horizon. "What a fire!" said one. "It is the moon," I replied. All, starting to their feet, exclaimed, "The moon cannot rise on that side of the world;" and Antonie, a venerable old man, who had been once a slave, said, very respectfully, "Sir, your head has turned; the moon never rose in the west in my life, and I am an old man." "It is the moon," I again said; but no one believed me, and we resumed our repast. Presently the moon's horn was seen above the horizon, when all rose again, some saying, "What is that?" I had no further need to argue the point. Antonie, in grave amazement, exclaimed, "The moon has for once risen on the wrong side of the world!" Soon after the sun's rays threw additional light on their bewildered imaginations, and showed to all that, for half the night, we had been travelling towards the station of the former day, instead of from it. But, what was still worse, it was discovered that nearly all our draught oxen had left us, and returned to the water we had quitted. Horses were despatched to bring them back, and in the evening they all returned, were immediately inyoked, and at a late hour we reached water, where we found some of our guides, who laughed most heartily at our self-conceit about seeing in the dark. Here we halted for a couple of days, to refresh our oxen, while our hunters brought us in plenty of the flesh of the rhinoceros and buffalo. We then proceeded over a country of lime-stone, covered with the hook-thorn acacia, and halted again at Kongke, where we spent the Sabbath, on which we rested,—according to a previous agreement with the Griquas, that there should be neither hunting nor travelling on that day,—and enjoyed the usual services. Here also I had an opportunity of addressing the natives, who congregated around us, in a country which at first appeared to be without an inhabitant. A party of Bechuanas, who had accompanied us thus far, now proceeded north-west, towards the Kalagare, and we journeyed towards the east.

The country became rather more interesting, being interspersed by hills of lime-stone, covered with trees and shrubs, with an abundance of game, some of which must travel at least twenty miles to obtain water. I found, however, that many of the antelope kind could remain two days without water, while rhinoceroses and quaggas were in the habit of frequenting it daily. Some of the company killed two elephants during the day, and we were compelled to bivouac in a plain without water, as it was dangerous to proceed, owing to the number of lions, whose roar we heard in the distance. Next day we proceeded in a more northerly direction over an undulating country, covered with a considerable quantity of timber, but of the poorest quality. We halted at two natural wells of rather an extraordinary description, an iron schist formation, about 100 yards from each other. One is about sixteen feet deep, with four feet of water: they are both nearly perpendicular, and about two feet and a half in diameter. The hill in which they are, is composed of a conglomerate mass of iron schist, and near the mouth, as well as in the sides of these holes, are appearances as if the whole had once been in a state of fusion, and that these were the apertures of some internal fires, but nothing like lava appears in the neighbourhood. From the older natives who have resided near these wells all their lives, I learned that they were once much deeper. The water was excellent, and to obtain sufficient for ourselves and horses, we fastened a vessel to the end of a rope; the oxen we sent to a water at a distance, called Khuari. Two elephants were shot; this was glorious news for the *poor* Bechuanas, or *Sauneys*, who instantly resorted to the carcases, and with their wretched knives and spears soon dissected the ponderous animals. Miserable, indeed, is the condition of these poor people, to whom reference has already been made in the first chapter, where the reader will see a parallel is drawn between them and the Bushmen, who have decidedly the advantage. The latter are independent, and can give or withhold their services to the neighbouring tribes at pleasure. Their sufferings beyond the common lot of homeless tribes, arise from their stealing of cattle, which renders them obnoxious to their richer neighbours. All that they procure in the chase, even the daintiest of the game, is their own. Not so with the poor Bechuanas. If any of the people from the towns fall in with them, they are in the most peremptory manner ordered to perform every service, however galling. Of this I had frequent opportunities of convincing myself during the present journey. They are generally spoken of in the same manner as pack-oxen, or beasts of burden, being employed for that purpose. While we were here a Mochuana met some of these people carrying meat which they had procured at a great distance, and were taking to their families, when he ordered them to take every ounce of it to his own abode.

If the wounded game happen to fall at a place remote from water, these people are collected, especially the females, and compelled to carry the meat perhaps a distance of thirty miles; and to prevent their elopement, when their services are required the following day, they are sometimes hedged into a fold made of hook-thorn bushes, precisely like so many sheep, and there they must pass the night. Many of the poor women came to the water, particularly when they found there was a stranger there who took their part. The

Bechuanas who were travelling with us to the Barolongs, did not object to my interference on their behalf, and only laughed at my foolishness in making such "lincha," dogs, the objects of my sympathy. They, like the natives in general, live at a distance from water, which they visit at most once a day. As they never wash themselves, little of that precious beverage serves; their vessels consist of sacks made from skins, also the entrails and paunches of animals. They use also ostrich eggs for the same purpose, corked with grass, and of which a woman can carry thirty.

Here we spent a quiet, and I believed a profitable Sabbath. There were members of the church at Griqua Town in our party, who often proved interesting society in a desert. I conversed some time with the poor, ignorant Sauneys; they appeared lively and interesting, especially when they had eaten plenty of meat, of which there was, on that occasion, no lack. I made many inquiries to discover if they had any sense of moral evil; it was with great difficulty I could convey to their understanding what I meant to say. They assured me again and again, that they could not comprehend that there was evil in any thing they could do. The term *boleo*, (sin,) did not convey to them the same meaning it does to us; they applied it to a weapon, or any thing else which they thought was not made as they wished. Thus, what we should call an imperfect knife or arrow, they would call a sinful arrow. But of a sense of sin arising from responsibility, they had no conception; they did not even seem to think that the conduct of those who tyrannized over them was wicked, but that it had fallen to their lot to be so treated, or was a thing that happened, like a lion killing a man. When I directed their thoughts to a great Being in the heavens, some looked up with a vacant stare, as if they expected to see something appear. When I asked, Who made all things? they were only surprised that I should ask such a question. They wondered at our singing hymns, which "these valleys and rocks never heard," and inquired if they were war songs. My books puzzled them; they asked if they were my "Bola," prognosticating dice. Hapless beings, they drag out a miserable existence! The principal part of the game they obtain is caught in pitfalls. I have seen some of these holes sixteen feet deep, where even the tall giraffe and ponderous rhinoceros are entrapped. Some of them are formed like a funnel, others are an oblong square, with sharp stakes fastened in the bottom; the earth taken out is generally scattered, and the opening covered over with sticks and grass. These pits are often dangerous to travellers and hunters, and lives are not unfrequently lost, as they are generally formed in the footpaths of the game.

The landscape was somewhat pleasing to the eye; many clumps of trees were scattered around, and on the plain to the north, between us and the Molapo river, appeared a forest, but the timber, chiefly acacia, was of small dimensions. On the distant horizon, hills in the Bauangketsi country were seen, apparently covered with timber, indicating a more fertile region. Lions abounded in this neighbourhood, but they did not disturb us, excepting by an occasional roar. Some of the horsemen having visited the Molapo, and found the bed of it dry, it was necessary to alter our course. One evening, we came to a pool of rain water, which was surrounded by fires, in order to prevent the game from approaching. This was to us a most providential supply, as there was no water for two days after leaving this. The few natives who visited us, finding that we were very friendly, brought the whole village to our encampment; and as we had plenty of meat, they were, to their no small surprise, liberally supplied and rewarded for allowing our cattle to drink at their guarded pool. The soup in which our meat was cooked, and which contained an ample share of mud, was swallowed with avidity; a dozen would surround a pot, and having no spoons, and not allowing time for the soup to cool, they used the right hand to take out a little, threw it quickly into the hollow of the left, thence into the mouth, and afterwards licked both that nothing might be lost. The following day, we travelled over a dry and sandy plain, and halted without water. Early next day we resumed our journey, and it was distressing to see the sufferings of the poor cattle from thirst, running into the shadow of a tree or bush, from which it was difficult to remove them. We at last descended into the bed of the Molapo, but it was as dry as the neighbouring plains. We proceeded eastward along the bed of the river, but could not meet with an individual to give us information as to where we might find water. The valley becoming rocky, we were compelled to lead out our wagons to the open country. We had scarcely done this, when two lions passed along the spot we had left, roaring furiously. After some miles' jogging over a rough bushy country, we descended again into the river's bed, where it was discovered the reeds were on fire. Nearly the whole party ran, expecting water, but found none. Men and cattle being worn out, we halted for the night, every one feeling as if this night was to be his last. Two very hot days' travelling over a dusty plain, with a dry and parching wind, had reduced mind and body to a state of great exhaustion. A camp of eleven wagons, upwards of one hundred and fifty oxen, and nearly a hundred human beings, generally make a terrible uproar, especially when there is plenty of meat; ours was silent as the desert around, interrupted only by an occasional groan from the wearied, worn-out cattle.

Thirst aroused us at an early hour, and examining the footmarks, we found that the horsemen who had left us on the previous day in search of water, had passed eastward. Before we had proceeded far, a buffalo was discovered in a thicket of reeds. The men, seizing their guns, fired upon him, but as he concealed himself in the middle of the reeds, it was difficult to reach him. I entreated the men to desist, as from the character of the buffalo when wounded an accident appeared to be inevitable; however, they persisted, saying, "If we cannot get water, we must have raw flesh." In order to dislodge the animal, they set fire to the reeds, when the enraged buffalo rushed out through the fire and smoke, and though his gait seemed as awkward and heavy as that of a great pig, he instantly overtook one of the men, who escaped with merely being thrown down, slightly wounded, and having his jacket torn open. Had not the dogs at the same moment seized the animal from behind, the man would have been killed on the spot. The buffalo returned to the flaming reeds, from which he would not move, but was shot after his skin was literally roasted in the fire. About noon we came unexpectedly to the stream, into which men, oxen, horses, and sheep rushed promiscuously, presenting a scene of the most ludicrous description. One man is pushed down by an ox, pleased with the refreshing coolness of the water; another, in his haste, tumbles headforemost over the bank, followed by a sheep or a goat. One crawls between the legs of oxen, another tries to force himself in between their bodies. One shouts that a horse is trampling upon him, and another that he is fast in the mud. But while all this was going on there was no disposition for merriment, till every one was satiated and withdrew from the water; when wet, muddy-looking spectacles presented themselves, which would have caused even gravity itself to laugh. While the meat was preparing over the fire, a quaff of the tobacco pipe unloosed every tongue, and made all eloquent on the hardships of the past. Correctly to conceive of such a scene it is necessary to have witnessed it. Here we refreshed ourselves with a day's rest, and on the following arrived at Pitsan, the principal town of the Barolong tribe, who lived formerly, when visited by Mr. Campbell, at Kunuana or Mosheu, three days' journey to the south.

Tauane, the highest chief, made his appearance, amidst a noisy multitude; he saluted us in the English manner, by giving the right hand, saying, as well as he could pronounce it, "Good morning." Many were the good mornings they wished us, though the sun had long set. On the following day the principal men met us, with whom we conferred on the object of my journey, while the Griquas informed them of their plan to shoot elephants in the neighbourhood. Tauane, a weak, imbecile looking man, tried, as is usual among the African tribes, to dissuade me from attempting to visit so notorious a character, at the same time prophesying my destruction. This town, which covered a large space, and included a numerous division of Bahurutsi, and another of the Bauangketsi, contained upwards of twenty thousand inhabitants, all of whom had congregated here after the attack of the Mantatees. During my absence at Cape Town, Mr. Hamilton had visited them, to whom many listened with great attention, and as it had rained very heavily during his visit, he was viewed in the very imposing light of a rain-maker, they having requested him to pray for rain, which he did. They were not backward in reminding me of this fact; but on inquiring what he had taught them, I found their memories were less tenacious.

Anxious to make the best use of the time, especially of the sabbath, I first held divine service in the Dutch language, for the Griquas; but the noise of the multitude which had congregated, obliged us to desist. I then attempted at two different parts of the town to address the people through an interpreter, and by the influence of the chiefs obtained a hearing. I conversed with the principal men on the subject of a missionary settling among them. One said, "You must come and make rain;" and another, "You must come and protect us." Of course I gave them to understand that the object of the missionary was neither to make rain, nor to protect them, and referred to our mission at the Kuruman, of which some had a perfect knowledge. Multitudes, who appeared to have nothing to do, crowded around us from morning till night. The town was under the government of three chiefs, Tauane, Gontse, and Inche. The first was considered the most powerful, though Gontse had the greatest number of Barolongs under his authority. The last was brother to Khosi, whom Mr. Campbell describes, but who, from his want of energy, was deposed. As in all other towns, there were sections composed of the inhabitants of other tribes, who congregrate under chiefs of their own, and retain the name and peculiarities which distinguish their nations. Thus there was a considerable suburb of Bauangketsi, under the chief Moromolo, who was a man of sound judgment and commanding mien. Wooden bowls, spoons and ornaments in abundance, were brought to exchange for commodities which we possessed; among others, two elderly men came and presented their children for sale; a sheep was expected for one, and a quantity of beads for the other. I embraced the opportunity of pointing out to them, and to all present, how unnatural such conduct was, and the direful consequences which must arise from such a course; that a sheep would soon be eaten, and a few ornaments could avail little when compared with the assistance they might expect from their children; how useful they might become to the tribe generally, and to themselves in particular, when age and weakness would make them thankful to have a friend, a relative, and particularly a child. They walked off, evidently disappointed, while those around, who were listening to what I said, professed their fullest conviction of the horrors to which such a system, if connived at, would lead. It is proper, at the same time, to remark, that slavery, in the general sense of the term, does not exist among the Bechuanas. The feudal system prevails among the tribes. There are two grades, the rich, who are hereditary chiefs, and the poor. The latter continue in the same condition, and their lot is a comparatively easy kind of vassalage. Their lives are something like those of their dogs, hunger and idleness, but they are the property of their respective chiefs, and their forefathers have, from time immemorial, been at the mercy of their lords. There are, however, few restraints laid upon them, as they often leave for a more comfortable situation at a distance; but should they be brought into circumstances of danger, they flee to their former masters for protection.

Tauane was extremely reluctant that we should proceed to the Bauangketsi. He had introduced to me one of Makaba's wives, who had fled with her two sons, one of whom was afterwards, like Absalom, slain by the warriors of his father for treason. The mother of this enterprising character was a fine looking, matronly woman.

After having satisfied myself about the propriety of proceeding, I resolved on leaving with my small party, expecting that the hunters would take another course, as they had their fears, that what every body said about Makaba must be true. However, all inyoked their oxen at the same time, and the cavalcade began to move towards the Bauangketsi country. We halted at night near a large pool, with the pleasing prospect of spending a tranquil sabbath, for we supposed we were still a great way from the Bauangketsi cattle out-posts. Having travelled far, our oxen being unusually fatigued, they were left unguarded, or not made fast with thongs to the wagons, which is frequently done in a strange country, and where lions abound. After our usual evening service, we all retired, every one in good spirits, having somewhat recovered from the frightful Barolong stories, about the great man to whom we were going, and whose beer we were told we should have to drink out of human skulls. In the morning it was discovered that nearly fifty of our oxen had strayed during the night; we met for service in the forenoon, expecting that the men who were sent in search of them would soon return. About mid-day they made their appearance, with the somewhat startling intelligence that the cattle had fallen into the hands of Makaba's out-post keepers, who, not knowing whose they were, had seized them, and killed one. This information produced not only murmuring, but much fear in our camp; and many were the speculations to which it gave rise; some were contemplating a hasty flight, thus rendering the sabbath less profitable than I had anticipated. However, our minds were somewhat relieved, for in the evening two men brought six of the oxen, together with the meat of the one slaughtered, stating that the rest were separated, and sent to the different out-posts, but that they should all be restored. The men very earnestly begged us to intercede for them, with Makaba, who, they said, would most certainly take their lives for the ox they had slaughtered. We assured them of our interference on their behalf. The Griquas were thus, from a kind of necessity, induced to proceed to head-quarters.

Having still eight oxen for each wagon, we resolved on proceeding. We had not gone far before we were met by Maroga, or Marocha, one of Makaba's sons, at the head of a number of men. He presented me with some milk, and addressed us as follows:—"I am terrified at your presence, because of the injury we have done you. We should all have fled, but we knew you were men of peace. Your oxen will be restored, not one shall be lost. I have ordered the men to the town who killed the ox. They shall be torn in pieces before your eyes. Makaba, my father, will not pardon them, for he has long expected you as his friends. The road to the town is far, it is without water; remain, and drink of my pool, and to-morrow I will take you to the house of my father." With his proposal that we should remain during the night, I refused to comply. Upon this he immediately presented me with an ox; but I still refused, on the ground that his father might in the meanwhile kill the men referred to, which would exceedingly grieve us, and prevent our revisiting his country. Maroga at last acquiesced, and at my request rode with his wife in my wagon, which was matter of no small diversion to them, riding of any kind, even on oxen, being never practised either by the Bauangketsi or Barolongs At eight P. M. we halted at a place without water, when Maroga and his companion viewed our water-barrels, and the abundant provision we had made of that element, with astonishment. The wife of Maroga was formerly wife of the Bahurutsi rain-maker, who left Lithako in 1822. It appears from her account that Makaba had invited him to the capital, and, after the store-houses were filled with corn, the supposed result of the rain-maker's pretended skill, charged him with having bewitched his child, who was sick, and laying hands on the impostor, killed him, and gave his wife to his own son. This was her own story, but the fact was, that Maroga, one day sitting by his father, observed the rain-maker's wife, who was a fine-looking woman, and remarked that she was much too pretty for such a man. Her husband was speared by Makaba's orders, and the widow given to his son. She seemed still to feel grateful for the kindness shown to her at our station, and referred to my interference on behalf of her late husband.

Next day, before we had proceeded far, we were met by messengers from Makaba, who said he had not slept for joy, because of our approach. We passed many women, who were employed in their gardens, who, on seeing us, threw down their picks, and running to the wagons, lifted up their hands, exclaiming, "Rumèla," (their manner of salutation,) which was followed by shrill cries sufficient to affright the very oxen. As the wagons were obliged to take a circuitous road over the hill to the town; we saddled our horses to cross by the nearest way; on reaching the summit of the hill, at the foot of which lay the metropolis of the Bauangketsi, turning our eyes northward, we were greatly surprised on beholding the number of towns which lay scattered in the valleys. Our guide conducted us through a winding street to the habitation of Makaba, who stood at the door of one of his houses, and welcomed us to the town in the usual way. He seemed astonished and pleased to see us all without arms, remarking, with a hearty laugh, that he wondered we should trust ourselves, unarmed, in the town of such a *villain* as he was reported to be. In a few minutes a multitude gathered, who actually trode on each other in their ea gerness to see the strangers and their horses. Meanwhile Makaba walked into a house, and sent us out a large jar, or pot of beer, with calabashes, in the form of a ladle. Being thirsty, we partook very heartily of the beer, which possessed but little of an intoxicating quality.

By this time our wagons had reached the town, and as Makaba had expressed his desire that we should conduct them through the principal street, I went forward to examine the narrow winding path, through a multitude of houses, and pronounced the thing impossible, without seriously injuring the fences. "Never mind that," said Makaba, "only let me see the wagons go through my town;" and on they went, while the chieftain stood on an eminence before his door, looking with inexpressible delight on the wagons which were breaking down corners of fences, while the good wives within were so much amazed at the oxen, and what appeared to them ponderous vehicles, that they hardly found time to scold, though a few did not fail to express their displeasure. Having reached the lower end of the town, we unyoked, and were instantly surrounded by several thousands of people, all making their remarks on the novel scene, which produced a noise almost deafening; nor did they retire till night came on. In the course of the afternoon, Maroga, accompanied by three chief men, came with orders from his father to appoint them as representatives, which was done in our presence in the most authoritative manner; when they were commanded to abide by our wagons from sunrise till we retired to rest, and to redress every grievance. They were likewise made responsible for every article which might be either lost or stolen. About sunset, Makaba sent one of his wives, stating, that the only mark of respect which he could at present show, was to send his most beloved wife, who would deliver to us a sack full of thick milk, and that tomorrow he would provide us with slaughter oxen. The sack was so large that it was borne by two men to the wagons. The lekuka, or Bechuana milk sack, will be described in another part of this work.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Having thus reached the metropolis of the Bauangketsi, and having cast our eyes over a dense population, we were in some measure prepared for the din of many thousands of voices on the coming day. We were not mistaken, for, early next morning, and long before we were out of bed, we were surrounded by crowds, so that it was with difficulty we could pass from one wagon to another. On going up the hill to have a view of the neighbouring country, I was followed by a number of men, who, while I was taking some bearings, were not a little surprised at the compass, which they regarded as an instrument certainly belonging to a sorcerer, though they laughed when I asked them if they thought that I was one.

About ten o'clock A. M., Makaba made his appearance, with his retinue, and sat down opposite to my wagon. The bustling crowd retired to a distance, and a dead silence ensued. He addressed us nearly as follows:—"My friends, I am perfectly happy; my heart is whiter than milk, because you have visited me. To-day I am a great man. Men will now say, 'Makaba is in league with white people.' I know that all men speak evil of me. They seek my hurt. It is because they cannot conquer me that I am hated. If they do me evil, I can reward them twofold. They are like children that quarrel; what the weaker cannot do by strength, he supplies with evil names. You are come to see the villain Makaba; you are come, as the Batlapis say, 'to die by my hands.' You are wise and bold to come and see with your eyes, and laugh at the testimony of my enemies," etc. A long conversation afterwards ensued respecting the state of the country, and the Mantatee invasion. On this topic he was eloquent while describing the manner in which he entrapped many hundreds of the enemy by ambuscades; and stretching forth his muscular arm in the direction of the field of conflict, he said, "There lie the bleached bones of the enemy who came upon our hills like the locusts, but who melted before us by the shaking of the spear;" adding, with a stentorian voice, and with superlative self-complacency, "Who is to be compared to Makaba, the son of Meleta, the man of conquest?" The listening multitude broke the silence in deafening applause. I then told him that the object of my present journey was to open a communication, that we might consider him in future as one of our chief friends, and, as a pledge of that friendship, a missionary should come and reside with him; to which he replied, that "in future he hoped no grass would be allowed to grow on the road between the Kuruman and Kuakue. Mothibi, I know, will hinder you, because he is afraid of losing you; he is afraid that you will build your houses with me."* He stated that the strayed oxen would arrive that day; and, in compliance with our entreaties, he should pardon the men who had killed the ox. I made him a present of beads and buttons, with a number of other trinkets; and also gave him a hat. One of the Griquas directed him to put it on his head, which he did, but immediately removed it to the head of another, saying that he could not see its beauty on his own. As most of the Griquas were come to barter, he informed them that on Friday he should commence. As soon as he departed, the noisy multitude did not allow us a moment's leisure; and during the night we were annoyed by hyenas, of which there are three sorts, the striped, spotted, and another kind, which, though the smallest, is the most dangerous.

In the morning three oxen were sent for slaughter, and, in the course of the day, boiled corn, pottage, and beer. I visited the town, which is very large, but was not able to judge of the number of inhabitants: the town itself covered a vast extent, so that the population must have been great compared with that of the towns of South Africa generally. Each of Makaba's wives, who were numerous, had a separate establishment, consisting of three or four houses, a corn-house, and a general storehouse. They had also a number of round jars for corn, from eight to twelve feet in diameter, and nearly the same in height, which are raised from the ground upon a circle of stones. Their premises and houses were on a plan rather different from what I had before seen. The houses, though not larger than those of the Batlapis, were built with rather more regard to taste and comfort. The accuracy with which circles were formed, and perpendiculars raised, though guided only by the eye, was surprising. Their outer yards and house-floors were very clean, and smooth as paper. No dairy-maid in England could keep her wooden bowl cleaner and whiter than theirs were. In this respect they formed a perfect contrast to the Batlapis. Makaba frequently referred to the barbarous manners of his southern neighbours, and asked me, with an air of triumph, if the Batlapis ever washed a wooden bowl, or if ever they presented me with food which did not contain the mangled bodies of flies, in a dish which had had no better cleaning than the tongue of a dog.

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* To build and to dwell are synonymous.

The front cattle-fold, or place where public meetings are held, was a circle of 170 feet diameter, formed with round posts eight feet high, and as close to each other as they could stand, each post having been hewn round with the axe. Behind lay the proper cattle-fold, capable of holding many thousand oxen: there were also large sheep-folds. In the early part of the day Makaba was generally employed in cutting out skins to sew together for cloaks, and in the afternoon he was frequently found in a measure intoxicated, from a stronger kind of beer made for his own use. He appeared aged, although his mother was then alive. He was tall, robust, and healthy; had rather the appearance of a Hottentot; his countenance displayed a good deal of cunning; and, from his conversation, one might easily discern that he was well versed in African politics. He dreaded the displeasure of none of the surrounding tribes; but he feared the Makoöas, or civilized people. War was almost perpetual between him and the Bakones, a very populous nation to the N. E. and E. Beyond the Bakones lies the Bamanguato tribe, distinguished for industry and riches; and beyond the Bamanguato lie the Bamagalatsela, who seem to form the limits in that direction, of the aborigines of the country; for beyond them, they said, were half white people, who wear linen, and whose manners are very *bogale*, 'savage.' While walking to a neighbouring height, I was able to count fourteen considerable villages; the farthest distant about one mile and a half; and I was informed that there were more towns, which I could not see.

For several days I tried at noon to get a secluded spot where I might take the latitude, but was so beset with a crowd of spectators, always in motion when I sat, that the quicksilver of the artificial horizon was made to move as with a breeze. I oncce left my compass at the wagon for the purpose of attracting their attention, while I stole away with my instruments to a distance, but a crowd soon followed, to see the *seipone* (self-seer,) as they called the quicksilver. but their bustling motions again rendered the taking of a correct altitude of the sun impossible.

One night we heard a woman screaming in the town, and, on inquiry in the morning, found that a hyena had carried away her child, which had happened to wander a few yards from the door. On our expressing astonishment, we were informed that such occurrences were very common, and that after night-fall the hyenas were in the habit of strolling through all the lanes of the town, and carrying away whatever they could seize. As these animals were thus accustomed to gorge themselves with human flesh, it became extremely dangerous to pass the night in the open field, especially on the confines of a town. I pointed out plans by which it appeared to me they might succeed in extirpating them, but they seemed very indifferent to my suggestions; urging as a reason, that there was something not lucky in coming in contact with the blood of a hyena.

One evening, long before retiring to rest, we heard, in the direction of the water pools, the screaming of women and children, as if they were in the greatest danger. I sent off a few men, who ran to the spot, and found three children who had been drawing water closely pursued by hyenas, which were on the point of seizing them. The men succeeded in driving the animals away, on which they ran towards the women, whom the men also rescued. I understood that it frequently happened, that children sent to the pools for water never returned. Many must thus be devoured in the course of a year, a reflection calculated to make any one shudder.

The country of the Bauangketsi is hilly, and even mountainous towards the north and east. The soil in general is very rich; but water is rather scarce, and though I believe rains are pretty abundant, yet, from what I could learn, irrigation would be absolutely necessary to raise European vegetables and grain. The countries to the north and east abound with rivers, and are very fruitful and populous. The mountains are adorned to their very summits with stately trees and shrubs, unknown in the southern parts of the continent, which give the country a picturesque and imposing appearance.

I embraced another opportunity of conversing with Makaba on the subject of a missionary residence with him, with which idea he professed to be highly pleased. I also hinted that it was probable that a missionary would go to the Bahurutsi, on which he remarked, "that men of peace should live in every nation, that a friendly intercourse might be kept up." Pointing to a bunch of beads which hung at his kaross, he remarked that a friend of mine (Mr. Campbell) had sent them to him from the Bahurutsi. "I suppose," he added, "their stories frightened him back the road he came; by representing me to be the king of villains. I hope he did not believe the testimony of my enemies. My enemies are not the persons to judge of my character."

I had embraced different opportunities of conversing with the chief and his people on divine things, but with little success; at least, he appeared as if he did not hear a word I said. Sometimes, when I have been trying to arrest his attention by repeating something striking in the works of God, or in the life of the Saviour, he would interrupt by asking a question as distant as the antipodes from the subject to which I hoped he was listening. I felt particularly anxious on the sabbath to obtain a hearing, and resolved to pay him a formal visit for that purpose. I had felt miserable at the prospect of leaving without the satisfaction of having told him what was the only object of the missionary, especially as he had professed his wish to have one. On the sabbath morning early, we had our prayer meeting, but such was the crowd and noise, that to hold the service was out of the question. The more we entreated them to be quiet, the greater uproar they made, so that we were compelled to desist. In the forenoon, taking some of my company with me, I went into the town, and found Makaba seated amidst a large number of his principal men, all engaged either preparing skins, cutting them, sewing mantles, or telling news.

Sitting down beside this great man, illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and counsellors, including rainmakers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news. His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics had solely a reference to the Great Being of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air. One of his men, sitting near me, appeared struck with the character of the Redeemer, which I was endeavouring to describe, and particularly with his miracles. On hearing that he raised the dead, he very naturally exclaimed, "What an excellent doctor he must have been, to make dead men live!" This led me to describe his power, and how that power would be exercised at the last day in raising the dead. In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. "What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!" "Yes," was my reply, "all the dead shall arise." "Will my father arise?" "Yes," I answered, "your father will arise." "Will all the slain in battle arise?" "Yes." "And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?" "Yes; and come to judgment." "And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?" he asked, with a kind of triumph as if he had now fixed me. "Yes," I replied, "not one will be left behind." This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice:—"Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard of news?" And addressing himself to one whose countenance and attire showed that he had seen many years, and was a personage of no common order, "Have you ever heard such strange news as these?" "No," was the sage's answer; "I had supposed that I possessed all the knowledge of the country, for I have heard the tales of many generations. I am in the place of the ancients, but my knowledge is confounded with the words of his mouth. Surely, he must have lived long before the period when we were born." Makaba, then turning and addressing himself to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, "Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot rise! The dead must not arise!" "Why," I inquired, "can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not 'add to words' and speak of a resurrection?" Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, "I have slain my thousands, (bontsintsi,) and shall they arise?" Never before had the light of divine revelation dawned upon his savage mind, and of course his conscience had never accused him, no, not for one of the thousands of deeds of rapine and murder which had marked his course through a long career.

While the chieftain and myself were engaged in the above conversation, the most profound silence reigned, and which continued till interrupted by one whose features appeared to indicate that he was a man of war. "I have killed many, but I never saw the immortal part which you describe." "Because invisible," I replied; and referred him to many invisible things, the existence of which he never doubted. Makaba again muttered, "What do my ears hear to-day! I am old, but never thought of these things before;" and hinted that he had heard enough. One of the Griquas who was with me, observing the strong excitement which had been produced, partook of the spirit, and addressing me in the Dutch language, said:—"O I was thinking if you would only exercise a little more faith, and cure that lame man, the whole of the thousands of the Bauangketsi would be believers."

They were greatly interested when I explained to them the use of writing, and books, but appeared to be a little superstitious about touching them. It afforded me no little gratification that these subjects of conversational instruction, had excited considerable interest, for many afterwards came to our wagons to make further inquiries.

Among the early interviews I had with this monarch, who exercised a despotic sway over a population of, at the lowest computation, seventy thousand, he was wont to refer with unmeasured feelings of pleasure to an event which had led him to style me, *Tsála ea moeng*, "The stranger's friend." I should not have known the circumstances of the painful and deeply interesting event, which gave rise to this name, had I not one day asked why he appeared to feel so much pleasure in calling me *Tsala ea moeng*. He had had a son, Tsusane, the heir to royalty and power. Tsusane had some years before fled from his father, and according to his own account, for the best of reasons. He and his followers took up their abode among the Barolongs, told his tale, and tried with all his eloquence, for he was both eloquent and imposing in his appearance, to rouse the Barolongs to make war against his father, as the worst of beings. Hoping to raise an invincible army to accomplish the extirpation of him he called the greatest of tyrants from the earth, he came with his company as far as our station, the Kuruman. Mothibi congratulated him on his escape from the murderous Makaba. He was very formally introduced to Mr

Hamilton and myself, and we of course received him with all due courtesy, for even savages can appreciate that. He told the story of his father's brutality, *Gasi mothu*, "he is not a human being," he often said, which in the phraseology of the country, implies that he is a lion, or some other beast of prey. In order to add colouring and weight to his statements, he tried to persuade every one he met with, that it was the intention of his father to desolate the country; and to those who knew any thing about Dr. Cowan and Denovan's expedition, he declared that he saw his father destroy them, with all the probable minutiæ connected with such a scene. All this he told over again to us, and he looked rather strangely when informed that we could not believe all that he said, nor would we allow ourselves to be persuaded, that Makaba his father was the man he represented him to be; pointing out to him at the same time, the magnitude of the crime of which he was guilty in his rebellion against, not only his king but his father, and that thereby he was seeking his own destruction. These remarks put a close to the conversation at that time. Mothibi, though an inveterate enemy of Makaba, would not grant his aid, and the young rebel returned to the Barolongs, where he influenced a large party to rally round his standard. By my inquiry respecting the designation I had obtained, the following additional facts were elicited, which give a striking display of the judgments of God even among the heathen:—He was represented as an aspiring youth, eager to obtain the reins of legal power, and had contemplated the destruction of his father. Having a persuasive tongue, and a fascinating appearance and address, he tried to win the hearts of the people. He condescended to call the plebeian his child, which in the dignified minds of the Bauangketsi nobles created suspicion. This artifice failing, he secretly got a deep hole dug in the path which his father was wont to frequent, in which he got sharp stakes fastened, and the whole covered as if to entrap game, hoping that on the coming morn his father might be the unfortunate victim of his unnatural cruelty. The plot was discovered, and Tsusane fled. Makaba, justly dreading farther stratagems, got some of his most confidential attendants, under pretence of flying from the same alleged despotism, to appear to support the rebellion, while in reality they were only to watch the motions of his son. This they faithfully carried into execution. Several of these who were intelligent men, were among his retinue when he visited our station on the Kuruman river. They had listened to what I had said to him in reference to his conduct, and the character of his father. On his return to the Barolongs, some of these fled to Makaba, and related all that they had heard. Makaba loved his son, and notwithstanding all Tsusane's demonstrations of hatred, gave imperative orders to his warriors, that in their conflicts with him and his adherents, they were to spare the life of his son. In one of his attacks on a cattle out-post, where a strong force happened to be placed, he was defeated. Although a man of great swiftness, one swifter still overtook him, who shouted, "Throw down your weapons, and your life is safe." He turned and threw his spear, but missed his mark. He was again overtaken, when the same kind message was sounded in his ears, with the addition, "Your father loves you, and will not kill you." He hurled another spear at his pursuer, and fled. The third time the voice of mercy reached his ear, and while drawing from his shield his battle-axe, his pursuer transfixed him with a spear. When the tidings reached Kuakue, the father mourned for his son, and had nearly taken vengeance on the man who had deprived him of his first-born. Makaba more than once referred to those events with much feeling, and would ask if it was the Great Being I talked about, who told me the facts of the case, when he would repeat, verbatim, all that I had said to Tsusane.

Our time being expired, the Griquas informed Makaba that it was their wish to leave in the course of a day or two in order to hunt, and at the same time I pointed out to him the necessity of my returning with my small party, as from the dryness of the season, I feared the few pools on the Barolong plains would be dried up. This he did not like, though aware of the difficulty of our returning except by a circuitous route. On reaching the wagons in the evening I found the people under great alarm, a report having been spread that the natives intended murdering the whole party. On investigating the different stories, not one like another, though all bad enough, I was convinced that this report was unfounded. Nothing however could quell the fears of the Griquas. Guns were unloosed, loaded, and placed by the wagons in case of an attack, while the gloom of night in a valley surrounded by dark looking mountains, made the imagination fertile, filling the ears with hoarse and warlike sounds, and surrounding the camp with thousands of Bauangketsi warriors. Every message, and every motion of a visitor, were construed to be hostile. I had left my interpreter in the town, who, with the boys who tended the oxen which were kept at night in Makaba's cattle field, did not make their appearance. Some person, whom no one had seen or could name, had reported that they were murdered. I returned to the town to look about, and with a view to convince the company that their fears were groundless, and found the persons of whom I was in search, perfectly ignorant of the horrors which were said to await us, and returned unscathed to the wagons, but all this failed to convince. Many passed a sleepless night, and in the morning before the Bauangketsi had well finished their night's repose, the oxen were brought from the fold, and all was soon in motion. The people seeing preparations made for departure, surrounded us by thousands with oxen and articles for sale. They could discover the alarm and the preparations for defence. It was early, the wind was cold, and the people had all their mantles on; and imagination saw short spears concealed beneath. A party of armed horsemen rode out before to see if the ravine through which we had to pass was clear, for a regiment was said to be there. This was bidding a grateful farewell to the king and people, who had shown us no little kindness!

To arrest the panic looked like staying the course of the wind. A native chief interrogating one of the principal individuals in our company as to that manner of leaving, received in addition to insolent replies, what amounted to a stroke of the hand, on which he looked extremely fierce. At this moment I began to fear, not that the reports were true, but that this act might give rise to something serious, and to resist the force of some thousands of native warriors would have been a forlorn hope. As I could not stay my own people, I remained behind, conversing as well as I could with the principal men, who crowded around me, eagerly inquiring the cause of the flight. After the wagons had gone nearly out of sight, they permitted me to follow, after I had assured them that if I could not stop the party I should return. The wagons halted at a small fountain, Mahubichu, about a mile and a half behind the hill on which the town stood, as some of our oxen were missing. Some messengers from Makaba came, and very justly complained of the abrupt departure. Fears were partially allayed, but not one of them would venture to the town. Some of the oxen not being forthcoming, it was resolved, though with great reluctance, to spend another night in fear and anxiety, while I forwarded a message to Makaba that I should visit him early next morning. During the evening a native came and corroborated the fearful report, but on his hearing that we intended securing him, he made a clean pair of heels of it, and we never saw him more.

Next morning I informed my companions that I was resolved to visit the town, to remove, if possible, the misunderstanding to which their credulity had given rise, and that the door which had now been opened for the introduction of the Gospel might not be closed. They all opposed, and some talked of using force, to prevent me from running unto death, as they described it. However, I walked off towards the town, and before reaching it, was overtaken by three of our party, who said nothing, but followed after. We found Makaba sitting in the midst of a company of his chief men. On our approaching him he addressed us individually, "Borow Molutsana," (good morning, villain.) On my returning the compliment, "Good morning, *you* Molutsana," he laughed most heartily. We then sat down and entered into conversation. He very justly complained of our unexpected departure, and of our not having communicated the reports, of which he also had been informed, for investigation. I answered that I had never credited the reports referred to, and that our visit that morning, unarmed, as he might see, for I was without a jacket, was, I thought, a sufficient proof of the confidence reposed in him. He remarked that he had not slept during the night, but that our arrival that morning was sufficient to make him dance for joy. After spending some time in conversation, he gave us refreshments, presented me with another ox, and ordered a number to be taken to the wagons for the Griquas. By this time a multitude was collected, every one more eager than another to assure us of their joy at seeing us once more.

Before leaving I addressed Makaba, stating that if I had given him and his people a satisfactory proof of peace and friendship, I begged one in return, viz., that he would accompany me to the wagons; to which he replied that he was now old, but could not deny my request. We accordingly repaired to the camp, when he joked the Griquas for their credulity, presenting each of the chief men with an ox. Before he left, he requested me and two of my company to saddle our horses, for he was anxious to see muskets discharged on horseback. I declined, observing that there were others of the company far more expert; but he would not be satisfied unless I did it, as I was a white man. After much persuasion I submitted, and going into my wagon, professedly to fetch my jacket, put into my pocket a brace of pistols, charged with powder only. After going a few turns round the smooth grassy plain, while the king and his attendants were roaring aloud with admiration, I galloped past them, discharging the contents of both pistols nearly at once, which astonished the Bauangketsi more than any thing they had ever seen, and frightened them too, for they all fell prostrate to the earth, supposing they were shot. As soon as I alighted from the horse, Makaba began to unbutton my jacket to see the "little rogues," as he called them, exclaiming, "What a blessing that you white men seek to be friends with all nations, for who is there that could withstand you?" Laying his hand on my shoulder, he added, "I do, indeed, see that you were without fear, or you would have had your pistols this morning." After remaining for a couple of hours we parted, Makaba highly gratified, and the Griquas no less so with the explanation which had taken place.

Every thing being arranged to the entire satisfaction of all parties, two of our number, Karse and Hendrick, remained behind with their wagons, in order to hunt elephants, while Berend Berend and his company proceeded towards the Barolongs, with the intention of starting off in another direction to hunt, when I expected to be left to return with only my half-dozen attendants. This was the plan, but after halting at a pool for the night, Berend and his party, for some reason, came to the unexpected resolution of returning homewards, having already bartered for a quantity of ivory with the Bauangketsi. As we proceeded, we were met on the following day by three messengers from Tauane, begging the Griquas to come with all speed to the assistance of the Barolongs, who were expecting an attack from a tribe of Mantatees, who were in the confines of the town. As it was impossible from the want of water, to take any other route than through the Barolong territories, which we would gladly have done, to avoid coming in contact with so savage and warlike a body, we travelled with all haste.

On reaching the town early next morning, such was the scene of confusion which met our eyes, that we were persuaded it was in the hands of the enemy. Here we found Sebonello, the Barolong chief, with whom our Wesleyan brethren, Messrs. Hodgson and Broadbent had been labouring near the Yellow River, and who had been attacked and driven from his house by the same enemy.

The confusion having in a measure subsided, and it being discovered that the enemy were not so near as it was rumoured, the Barolong chiefs, with about one thousand armed men, came and seated themselves before our wagons, and used every argument in their power to induce the Griquas to unite with them in repelling the marauders. Tauane spoke to the following effect, "You see how many human bones lie scattered on the plain, and how many of us are dying from hunger, the result of last year's scourge, when the Mantatees drove us from Kunuana. If you do not help us, we must all perish. Towards the setting sun is a desert without water. Towards the sunrise there is no rest from the Mantatees. On one side is Makaba my enemy; on the other the Mantatees are approaching, who will destroy us all; and I still dread Mothibi." Sebonello, who appeared a fine intelligent man, remarked, "I have lost my all, and I see no alternative but to fight or die." We all felt perplexed: and recommended the Barolongs to remove with us towards the Kuruman. This they would not do, owing to an old enmity between them and the Batlapis. The party we had left behind, to whom we had sent, warning them of their danger, did not make their appearance. We waited a day, hoping they would arrive; but as the reports about the dreaded horde were rather dubious, we left next day at noon. After travelling about twelve miles, we halted in the bed of the Molapo river, which lies in latitude 25° 40″, and flows westward. Soon after halting, and when I had taken up my pen to put down a few notes, a man was observed running towards us from a neighbouring height, who, on reaching the wagon, was in a state of great exhaustion and terror. It was difficult to obtain from him any thing like a reason for his flight. He looked round with a wildness which led some to think he was insane, and we left him with something of that impression. After I had resumed my pen, it occurred to me that all was not right, and I went again with Berend to the man. We learned, after many inquiries, that he had been taken prisoner by the tribe we were dreading, and who were at a distance preparing to attack the town; that two hundred warriors had left the main body, and brought him as a guide, to attack the Barolong outposts; in order to secure him during the night, they had covered him with a large skin cloak, on the extremities of which men lay; that they were to attack the flying Barolongs on the west, while the main body was to fall on the town from the east. On seeing the wagons, and learning from their guide that they were white people's travelling houses, they suddenly fled, and he escaped; but he added, he thought they would attack us. From his manner of speaking, scarcely one felt inclined to believe his relation. It was near sunset before the party could be induced to send out a few horsemen, in order to ascertain if there were any foot-marks in the direction from whence the man came. They had not been absent more than thirty minutes, when one came galloping back with the intelligence, that the Bakhari or Mantatees were actually there; and as I had entreated them not to shoot any one, they wanted to know what they were to do. Berend strongly urged me to go with additional men, and try either to speak to them or frighten them; as an attack on our defenceless camp during the night would, in all probability, end in the whole of us being butchered; and to flee, leaving all behind, would make us an easier prey. I accordingly set off with a few additional horsemen; and when we came in sight, they began to move off; but when we halted, they did so too. Their appearance was extremely fierce and savage, and their attitude very menacing. It was evident that they were reluctant to depart, which was a convincing proof that a night attack was premeditated; and when it was growing dark they compelled us to retreat, till a few shots were fired into the air, when they again fled, and we pursued, hoping to increase their fright. We overtook one, whom we surrounded, for the purpose of informing him who we were, and that we had no intention of doing them harm. He stood with his shield and war-axe in his left hand, and a spear in his right, raised as if in the act of hurling it.

I confess I never saw any thing so fiend-like as this man; and concluded that, if he was a specimen of his tribe, all hope had fled for the Barolongs. His body lubricated with grease and charcoal; a large round cockade of black ostrich feathers on his head; his eyes glaring with rage; while his open mouth, displaying his white teeth, poured forth the most opprobrious epithets and obscene curses, threatening to give our flesh to the hyenas, and our eyes to the crows, when he made a run first at one of us, and then at another. One of the men, in order to frighten him, fired a ball directly over his head, when he fell, and the horsemen rushed forward to seize him before he rose; but he was too expert, and made us quickly turn away in no little confusion; and had it not been for the fear of losing his spear, it would certainly have been plunged into one of our number. It was now becoming too dark to make any farther attempts, and we let him go, and turned in the direction of the wagons, which were about seven miles distant. We had not proceeded many paces, when we were alarmed to find that we were surrounded by those who we supposed had fled, but who had secreted themselves among the bushes, and, aided by the darkness were closing in upon our small party. Head after head rose above the bushes, when the yell commenced. This was a critical moment; and the men who were with me behaved admirably; for, instead of levelling some, in order to obtain egress, a few shots were fired into the sand before the horses' heads, when we galloped through what appeared the weakest part; but many were the javelins which they threw. This was a narrow escape; for if a horse had fallen, which is common in the dark, amidst bushes, sticks, and stones, he and his rider would have been instantly covered with spears. The enemy were again pursued with some blank shots, when, hastening back to the wagons, we were alarmed by the reports of muskets, which convinced us that they had been attacked by the enemy. It was with some difficulty we joined our companions, owing to a party hovering round, who, in the dusk of the evening, had rushed out of the reeds in the river, and driven the men who were left from the wagons, which they struck with their war-axes, as if they were living things. They thrust their hands into the boiling pots on the fire, and seized the meat. Not seeing the main body, part of which we had been pursuing, make its appearance, according to their plan, they retired, but not before one was wounded, if not more. The night was a sleepless one; and before day dawned, messengers arrived from the town, soliciting the Griquas, with the most earnest entreaties, to return, as an immediate attack was expected, and the knowledge of horsemen being there might alarm the invaders, and save the town. To this Berend would not have agreed, but for the sake of some of our party, who were yet behind, and who it was justly feared might fall into the hands of the enemy. In the morning, of six Barolong spies who had been sent out, two only returned, the others having been killed. In the evening some thousand warriors left the town, accompanied by seven or eight horsemen, with the confident hope that the enemy would flee when they made their appearance. They had not proceeded three miles from the town, before they saw the whole body moving onward with lighted torches. Both parties halted at no great distance from each other. When morning dawned they looked one another in the face, and the enemy, instead of being intimidated, rushed, like a mighty black wave, upon the Barolongs, who fled. Sebonello's party, who were of a bolder character, resisted for some minutes, during which time seventeen of his men fell, among whom were his three brothers. The horsemen, seeing that they were not to be frightened by appearances, and that the loss of life would be terrible, fired a few shots among the enemy, which arrested their progress. They fled from the horsemen; but seeing a large party of Barolongs attempting to take their cattle, they surrounded them, and would have cut down the last man, had they not been again dispersed by the horsemen, when they appeared panic-stricken, and fled. The Barolongs rallied, not to fight, but to seize the cattle, with which they decamped. Of these some hundreds were recovered by the Griquas, who took them, and some women who had also fallen into the hands of the Barolongs, and conducted them to within a few gun-shots of the enemy, who stood petrified with amazement to see their conquerors bringing back, not only a large number of their cattle, but their wives and children. The horsemen did not, however, forget to send a very fearful message by the women, which induced the marauders to make the best of their way out of sight.

While all this was going on, Berend, his brother Nicholas, and myself, with the wagon-drivers, were waiting with intense anxiety, seeing the wounded, the bleeding, and the dying, fleeing past the town, while the inhabitants were making their escape with consternation. We had a picture of heathenism indeed in the men who had remained in the town, to guard it in case of an attack from the opposite quarter, scampering off with their shields and spears, leaving the women to escape in the best way they could, with large bundles and their young children on their backs. When we saw the town evacuated, we sent off our wagons also; while Nicholas and I remained behind with our horses, to wait the result, and learn what had become of our men, for whose safety we were extremely anxious.

As soon as we ascertained that they were safe, and that the enemy had fled, I rode forward, to apprize the terrified multitude that the danger was over. It was affecting to see, all along the course of their flight, utensils, mantles, victuals, and many little children, who had been left by their affrighted mothers, who expected that all was over. Instead of believing what I said, when I called after them that the enemy had fled, and that they must not leave their babes to perish with the cold, or be devoured by hyenas, they only fled the faster, till, at length, I got some one to assist me in driving a number back to take up their children Poor things, they did not forget afterwards to shed many grateful tears, for my having frightened them back to save their weeping infants.

When most of the inhabitants had congregated round our wagons, near the river, where we were first attacked, it was affecting to see the different families meet again. Considering their situation, they were wonderfully cheerful; but there were bleeding hearts; and it was a melting scene to witness the return of Sebonello, and especially when he exclaimed, "Of all my friends, I only am left!" We assembled our company in the evening, recorded the mercies of the day, and felt devoutly thankful for the deliverance that had been granted. Touane, Gontse, Sebonello, and other chiefs came to Berend, and, in the most feeling manner, thanked him for his assistance. They said they felt this the more, as they had learned from the prisoner who escaped, that it was the determination of the enemy to attack the town on both sides, set it on fire, and then destroy all the people, if they could.

On the following morning an event occurred, worthy of record. Some of Berend's people had brought droves of fine fat cattle belonging to the enemy, which they had taken from the Barolongs, who, instead of fighting, had seized the animals, and fled. According to established right, they were the property of Berend and his people, and every one supposed they would be claimed by him. These cattle, amounting to several hundreds, were collected, and Touane and Sebonello were called, many of them having been taken by the enemy from the latter. Berend said to them, "These cattle I give up to you, divide them among you. One or two for my people to slaughter on the road, are all that I require." Sebonello received this most disinterested kindness with lively feelings of heartfelt gratitude, for he and his people were entirely destitute. This was an act which astonished the multitude of spectators; many held their hand on their mouths, to signify their utter amazement.

Before separating, some trifling European articles were brought, which had been picked up on the field of battle. These were once the property of Mr. Broadbent, and had been taken from his station when the enemy attacked Sebonello. Some of our men had seen several of the warriors with pieces of linen tied round their legs, and remarked that one of the slain appeared as if his legs were burned, and bound up with a piece of a shawl. This was explained by the man who had been a prisoner. Among the articles they had seized, was a bag containing several pounds of gunpowder; when seated around their different fires, this bag was brought out to examine its contents, supposing them medicine, or something to be eaten. One tasted, another smelled, a third said, "Put it into the hot ashes, it is seed, and needs roasting." In went the bag, when presently a fearful explosion took place, which threw them all on their backs, scattering the live coals in all directions. As soon as they recovered their senses, they started up, and fled from the spot, some exclaiming, "mõre oa sethunye," It is the exploder's medicine, *i. e.* gunpowder.

We thankfully retired from the melancholy scenes which had occupied our attention for successive days, and bent our course to our respective homes. My arrival at the station was, indeed, like life from the dead. The deepest anxiety had been felt for weeks for the safety of myself and companions, as it was well known that the hunters intended remaining in the interior for the purpose of shooting elephants, while I was to return, comparatively, alone, which greatly increased the danger. They had been fully and correctly informed that the body of marauders which we met had come from the Yellow River, as far as Nokaneng, about twenty miles east of Old Lithako, and that they had proceeded to the Barolongs, in the direction, and at the very time of my contemplated return. To them our destruction appeared inevitable, and it was beyond their power either to render assistance, or to give warning. There is reason to believe that their fears would have been mournfully realized, but for the unexpected circumstance of Berend and his party resolving, without any definite reason, to return at the same time; for when I asked Berend why he had given up his intended hunt, he could give no reason except the feeling that he did not like my going home alone. And on our arrival at the Barolongs, when in the prospect of his remaining to defend the town, I proposed leaving him, to proceed, he replied, "No, let us go together," and on that same night we were attacked. He more than once remarked how unaccountably his mind had been impressed on that occasion, and could not but see the finger of God in the whole affair. But for this, I should have been surrounded in the wilderness by a host of people, such as have been described, against whom resistance, supposing it had been attempted, would have proved of no avail, and under such circumstances escape or safety would have been impossible.

It may not be uninteresting, briefly to glance at what had been going on at the station during my absence, where serious apprehensions had been entertained for its safety. All being tranquil when I left, Mr. Hamilton had proceeded with the three Hottentots to the new station, to make preparations for a final removal. Mrs. M. was left alone on the old place in one house, and a young Hottentot woman in another. About this period a party of marauders, composed of Bastards, and others, from the Orange River, collected in the Long Mountains, about forty miles to the west of the station, attacked some villages along the Kuruman River, and were contemplating a junction with others in order to attack the Batlapis and the mission premises. This created considerable uneasiness, but as reports of that kind were often dubious, Mrs. M. remained, though not without some alarm, knowing their desperate character, and fearing that they might be tempted to attack the mission house for the sake of ammunition which might be there. One evening the Hottentot girl came in wringing her hands, and, in great distress, stated that the Rakari or Mantatees had been seen at Nokaneng, and were on their way to the Kuruman. This was alarming indeed, to one who, with two babes, had only two little Bushmen children with her in the house, and no means of escape but fleeing to the bushes. A message was sent to Mothibi, who said that the news of the approach of such an enemy was correct, but that he thought there was no very great danger before next morning. Mrs. M. after again commending herself and little ones to the care of Divine Providence, laid down in confidence, and fell asleep. At midnight a loud rap at the door awoke her; when, from the reports on the preceding evening, she was at a loss to think whether it was a rap of Jacob Cloete, the Griqua marauder, or the announcement of the near approach of the horde from the interior. On asking who was at the door, Mothibi replied himself. When it was opened, he entered with as many men as the house could hold, and announced the dreaded intelligence that the Mantatees were approaching. The sound of alarm and uproar was raised in every part of the town. A light being obtained, Mrs. M. seated herself in the midst of the noisy council, heard all they had to communicate, and wrote to Mr. Hamilton. There was now universal confusion till day dawned, which has always some effect in raising the spirits, however dejected. Mr. Hamilton and the people arrived at eight o'clock, when preparations were made for a hasty flight. Warriors were assembling, and thousands were engaged in secreting some articles of their property, and packing up others. Each succeeding messenger brought fresh alarms, till, about noon, it was ascertained that the dreaded enemy had directed their course to the Barolongs, instead of coming to the Kuruman. This news dispelled the gloomy cloud, and filled every heart with gladness; but the intelligence, which made the populace give their fears to the winds, produced in Mrs. M. a shock of horror, as the conviction instantly flashed across her mind, that nothing less than a Divine interposition could save me from destruction; it being the time I was expected to be on my return. The moment she stated the cause of her fears, all saw the danger, and sympathized, but no one could be induced to go in search. The idea of falling in with such a horde of savages was horrible in the extreme. For three weeks my dear wife was thus exposed to a state of mental agony more easily conceived than described; and nothing but incessant approaches to the throne of God could have supported her. During that period continual reports were brought that I had been cut off. One had seen a piece of my wagon; another had found a part of my saddle; and some had picked up parts of my linen stained with blood; till, at last, a few men were prevailed on to go and ascertain the facts, and had started on the morning of the very day I made my appearance. The preceding details will show what real cause there was for alarm, for the exercise of faith, fervent prayer, and, subsequently, for boundless praise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The events which have been recorded may, in the judgment of some of my readers, seem irrelevant to the subject of missions, except so far as they illustrate the native character, and depict the situation into which the missionary is frequently brought, in the course of his philanthropic career, in countries where our species has sunk into the lowest depths of barbarism and vice. In glancing over missionary records of bygone years, it will be seen that this is neither a new nor a peculiar aspect of the position which Providence sometimes calls him to occupy. It may also be presumed that no one would be ambitious of such a distinction; while all may see how perplexing, distressing, and sometimes heart-rending, his situation must be, and the need he has of the wisdom which cometh down from above; which he feels more especially when there are none with whom he can confer. It is then that the throne of his heavenly Father is found to be a refuge that never fails; and it is in such seasons that he experiences the fulfilment of the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway;" for surely in such exigencies human prudence would often prove utterly insufficient.

After my return, Mr. Hamilton continued his labours at the new station, assisted by Mr. Hughes, who had arrived from Griqua Town a short time before, while I remained to carry on the services among the Bechuanas. The attack of the rebel Griquas on the Batlaros proved only a precursor of a succession of distressing and afflictive providences among that people, which had well nigh led to the destruction of the mission. These circumstances kept the public mind in a state of ferment, each division and tribe being distrustful of another. Attendance on divine worship was extremely irregular; which Mothibi accounted for by saying, that when an enemy came from the interior, they had neither horses nor guns, and there was some chance of escape; but when Griquas and Corannas came, who could obtain these means of destruction from the white people, the hearts of the Bechuanas could think of nothing but the calamities which awaited them.

Hitherto, by the providence of God, it had been our lot only to view the dire effects of war at a distance from our station; which induced us to hope that the escape of our people would have a salutary influence on their minds. But dark and intricate are the ways of Providence; for our hopes were soon blasted by a civil war, which acquired such magnitude as to oblige us speedily to abandon the station, and retire to Griqua Town, which could scarcely be considered an asylum, from the conflicting parties who surrounded us. The Batlapis professed to assist the Batlaros against the lawless banditti, whose rendezvous was in the Long Mountains, to the west; but instead of doing so, only seized on their cattle. This act of treachery excited the indignation of the Batlaros: they made reprisals; and, as in all such cases, bloodshed followed rapine. A public meeting was convened, to which the Batlaro chiefs were invited, when every exertion was made to bring the parties to an amicable agreement, and prevent the widening of the breach. At the request of both parties, I spoke at the meeting. My address was only a short speech on the blessings of peace, and the certain fearful results of a civil war, especially while a lion, fiercer than either party, was crouching in the mountains, ready to pounce on them both. Mothibi had neither the wisdom, honesty, nor decision, to order his to resign their ill-gotten spoil, while he and his friends' people were candid enough to acknowledge that they had brought themselves into the distressing dilemma.

The Batlaros returned, mortified, and held up Mothibi to derision in their dance and song; and he again resolved to muster his warriors, and punish them for these puerile displays of ill-will. When Mothibi communicated his intention, I pleaded, reasoned, and remonstrated against the measure, as fraught with ruin. As he wished one or more of our men to accompany him, I consulted the brethren, Hamilton aud Hughes, and replied, that it was our conviction that evil, instead of good, would accrue from such a measure. All knew that hitherto we had kept ourselves from all interference in their political affairs, except when we thought we could be the means of promoting peace, and preventing the effusion of blood. Thus far, as the servants of God, we could proceed, but no farther. I again entreated him, for the sake of his people, their wives and little ones, not to take a step which was fraught with consequences of an appalling nature, and which would terminate in the suspension of our labours among them, and their being scattered like the hunted deer on the plains. We appealed to all present, whether our counsel, as the servants of Christ, had in any one instance failed to secure to them the blessings of peace; and concluded, by recommending them rather to flee towards Griqua Town than enter upon civil war. To this Mothibi replied, with an air of scorn, that the Griquas, who were nurtured under the Gospel, were involved in war; that the heads of the banditti they dreaded were Griquas, and subjects of the Griqua government; and that the Batlaros were his subjects, and they despised his threatenings on the ground that the missionaries would prevent him from taking harsh measures; but that he was determined to make them feel. After making some exceedingly severe remarks on our conduct, for our not first reforming the Griquas, and especially Jacob Cloete and Klass Drayer, the heads of the marauders, and once professors of religion, he went away in a rage.

Next morning he returned, with some chief men, and, having had time to reflect on the counsel given him, was as meek as possible, and begged that, as I thought I could prevent a battle, I would accompany him to the Batlaros. This I engaged to do, if he would allow me first to remove my family to the brethren at our new station, which would require two or three days. I also recommended an embassy, and not an armed force, as I was too well acquainted with the Bechuana character, to expect that they would conduct themselves in a way calculated to win the affections of the justly offended Batlaros, who, to revenge their wrongs, would undoubtedly call in the assistance of the horde from the mountains.

The commando, thirsting for spoil, set off the next day, leaving Mothibi behind. The result of this was the devastation of the towns and villages of the Batlaros, who fled at their approach. The temporary house at the new station being ready, I removed my family thither. Two days after, when Mr. Hamilton and myself were down at the town, to bring away some useful article, we stopped the night; and as the country was full of alarming reports, Mothibi and some of his men came and spent the evening with us, in one of our old reed houses, around a fire on a clay floor, without either tables or chairs. Much conversation and dispute ensued as to the cause of the present distracted state of the country, and the best means to be adopted to avoid becoming involved in the threatened ruin. Mothibi again asserted, in his usual angry tone, that the heads of the banditti of the country were Griquas, and that they were our friends and servants, whom we could command, and with whom we had constant intercourse; moreover, that these Griquas were supplied with guns and ammunition by the colonists, for the purpose of extirpating the Bechuanas! We explained the relation in which we, as well as the people of Griqua Town, stood to the rebels in the mountains; and that they might yet see that we were as much afraid of those he called our friends as he was; and again solemnly brought before him the indifference of the Bechuanas, and even their hatred, to the Gospel of Christ, as a fact which gave us very little reason to hope for that deliverance which had been so singularly displayed on their behalf on former occasions.

After holding our evening worship, we begged, in case of approaching danger, that they would flee in the direction of our station, as it might prove an asylum, especially to the females and children. At this they scoffed, and raged, telling us to go and convert the Griquas; and thus left us, not knowing whether the enemy might approach before morning, or if the natives, in their anger, might not set fire to our reed dwelling.

The day after our return home, we heard the reports of muskets, and, from the immense columns of smoke arising, we were convinced that many of the towns and villages were on fire. We continued some hours in sad suspense, during which the women and children were passing to the east, but some, faint from exhaustion and terror, remained at our dwellings, while the more vigorous of the sex were pressing forward with trembling steps, in all directions. Mothibi also came, dejected and forlorn, and related, with many a sigh, the melancholy events of the day. At his urgent request we sent our four men on horseback, hoping that they might be able to deliver a message to the heads of the commando, and thereby prevent further devastation. They went, and were instantly surrounded by thirty horsemen, and one had his hat shot off his head, which compelled them to make a precipitate retreat, while several of the Bechuanas who accompanied them, were killed.

Our situation became ten times more precarious than ever, having now discovered that their numbers were formidable, and that they had butchered hundreds in cold blood, and committed acts of horrid barbarity in cutting off the hands of the women in order the more easily to remove from their arms the rings which they wore. Some prisoners who had escaped, gave us, moreover, every reason to expect that they would attack our station, with the hope of obtaining ammunition. Though this was a hackneyed threat, the appearance of our men, and their ignorance of our motives for allowing them to go, did not leave the shadow of a doubt on our minds that our situation was a dangerous one, particularly as all the natives were fleeing, and we could expect little quarter from the heterogeneous mass of Griquas, Bastards from the colony, Namaquas, Corannas, Bushmen, and Batlaros, which composed the banditti. After much deliberation and prayer for Divine guidance, we felt, however reluctant, we ought to pack up during the night the most useful of our goods, that Mr. Hughes and myself, with our families, should leave on the coming morning, while Mr. Hamilton, who was without family, and one man, should remain, with a couple of horses, in case of danger, till wagons should be sent to his assistance from Daniel's Kuil.

To us the sabbath was not a day of rest; but though we hung our harps upon the willows, we were enabled to wrestle with God in prayer for the poor Bechuanas, who appeared to be given over to infatuation; and thousands of whom were scattered on the lonely desert, pinched with hunger, and threatened with misery, famine, and death. Many females lame with walking, and some near the time of their confinement, had sought refuge in our houses, while others had sunk under accumulated toil. It was deeply affecting to look on such objects of pity, while we could render them little assistance.

After five cheerless days we reached Griqua Town, where Mr. Sass received us with much feeling, having provided houses for our accommodation, and sent wagons and oxen to our assistance. Meanwhile, Mr. Hamilton was joined by a party of Berend's men from Daniel's Kuil, who remained for upwards of a fortnight. On the alarm and apprehensions of the people subsiding, Mr. H. came to Griqua Town to inform us that all was quiet, and that the Bechuanas were anxious for our return. Though a temporary tranquillity existed at the Kuruman, the prospect before us was dark in the extreme; and as in case of another attack, it was found impossible, from the state of affairs among the Griquas, to expect help from that quarter, we thought it better not to return with our goods to the station. The interior tribes were, according to the most authentic information, deluging the country with blood, appearing to depend for their support on the destruction of others. The powerful and hitherto invincible Bauangketsi were dispersed by a combined force, and Makaba had been slain in the midst of heaps of warriors. In the south-east the Batau and Legoyas were carrying on the same destructive game. The Wesleyan mission at Makuase was also broken up, and the missionaries retired to the colony.

Such commotions were unknown within the memory of the oldest native. Tradition could give us no parallel. They existed as far northward as our knowledge of the tribes extended. It now appeared the more evident, that had not the Mantatees been defeated at Old Lithako, the Bechuana country, Griqua Land, and the Orange River, would have been swept of their inhabitants,—the savage conquerors would have been formidable enemies to the colony, and in all probability would have fallen by thousands before the sweeping bomb or rocket,—while the scattered remains of the aborigines must either have perished in the deserts, or fallen under the iron yoke of their neighbours.

Many tribes, once powerful and prosperous, but now almost extinct, lend their testimony to the truth of these remarks, and from which we gathered this comfort, that, bad as our circumstances were, they might have been worse; and thus, though troubled on every side, we were not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair.

In the following month I returned with my family to join Mr. Hamilton, when the prospect of not being able to obtain any thing like grain or vegetables, rendered it necessary for Mr. Hughes to visit the colony for that purpose. The Bechuanas had still considerable quantities of native millet, which they were expecting to reap, but which was greatly injured by two dreadful storms of hail passing over a portion of their gardens. Such was the noise of the hail, that though there was much lightning, and consequently heavy thunder, it was not heard. Although only what is called the tail of the storm passed over our station, the hail, which was nearly half the size of a hen's egg, barked the trees, and killed some lambs.

On the 30th of March, 1825, we were deeply affected to hear of the death of Peolu, the young prince. This unexpected shock threw a gloom over the whole tribe, and was, as might have been expected, a severe stroke to his parents, who were dotingly fond of him, particularly since his visit to the Cape. To us it was a mysterious event; we had been promising ourselves that his excellent disposition and comparatively enlightened mind would eventually produce a salutary change among his countrymen; but God saw fit, for wise reasons, to deprive us of that means, that we might not be found trusting in an arm of flesh. He died of what is called kuatsi, a disease which appears to be endemial, which assumes the form of a carbuncle, and carries off many cattle; and as the natives will on no account abstain from eating the dead meat, they are often attacked by it. If it happens to be near a vital part, as in the case of Peclu, it is very frequently fatal; if internal and not suppurating outwardly, it is always so. The meat of the goat which has died of this disease is particularly noxious, and I have known persons after having eaten it, cut off in five days. It is always accompanied by considerable swelling attended with great stupor, though with comparatively little pain. I write from experience, having had one on my right eyebrow, which gave my constitution a severe shock, and from its position my recovery was considered very doubtful. From long observation, I have found it important to give aperient medicines, scarify the pustules, and get some one to suck it, either with an instrument or the mouth, and to apply any kind of cataplasm to promote a discharge; it is also important as much as possible to prevent the individual from being exposed to the cold air.

In this disorder, as in every other, when a person of influence is taken ill or dies, the cause is eagerly sought after, not in the nature of the disease, but in some person who was at enmity with the deceased, or who had acted in some way to excite suspicion. This was very natural in them, as they did not believe in an overruling Providence. It was the universal belief, as well as their wish, that men would live alway, and that death was entirely the result of witchcraft, or medicine imparted by some malignant hand, or of some casualty or want of food. The death of the poor excited but little sorrow, and less surmise; on the other hand, I have known instances when the domestics of a principal man have been murdered in cold blood, just because it was suspected that they had something to do with their master's sickness. Approaching the abode of a sick chief, I was informed by one of his attendants, with an air of satisfaction, that he would now recover, as two of his servants who had been seen scattering *more* (medicine,) somewhere in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, had just been speared; and while he yet spoke the stifled sighs and moans of their widows and children were entering my ears. This chief is now a Christian.

When Peclu died, suspicion fell on the parents of his bride, from some little misunderstanding which had existed at his marriage. They would all have been butchered had not the more enlightened views of Mahura, the king's brother, who had received orders to carry the bloody purpose into effect, induced him to apprise the chief and his family of their danger, that they might flee to the Barolongs, which they did. Mahura and his warriors pursued, but determined not to overtake them. As the law of retaliation was a principle of jurisprudence recognised by the Bechuana rulers, events like those recorded were of almost daily recurrence during the first years of the mission, but which now rarely happen, even for hundreds of miles beyond the missionary stations. Thus the Gospel, which has brought the startling sound of immortality to the savage ear, exerts as a secondary benefit, a salutary influence even among those who do not receive it, and who remain comparatively ignorant of its chief requirements. There are now instances of judicial inflictions, which though not characterized by the long digested jurisprudence of civilized countries, are nevertheless immense improvements, and as the influence of the Gospel extends, it will transform the dictates of savage ferocity into measures suggested by mercy and wisdom.

Peclu died, and his disconsolate parents and friends sorrowed without hope, and agreeably to their notions hated the sight of the fold in which he was interred, the house where he had dwelt, the streets and lanes where he was wont to be seen, and indeed every thing associated with the beloved object. This prepared the people for what followed, for though they had returned to the town, the hearts of the relations of the deceased longed to abandon it. While witnessing these trying and mysterious providences, we were often deeply affected, to see that all our efforts to induce them to improve these dispensations were of no avail. "Go and teach the marauders not to destroy us," was constantly thrown in our teeth. We much needed divine grace to enable us to persevere; but it often afforded us strong consolation to know that we were remembered in our native land, the multitude of voices ever ascending to the throne of God. We continued our public services, and when the people would not come to us we went to them.

About this time another powerful body from the Orange River, with horses and guns, made an attack on the tribes to the westward of our station, and perpetrated great cruelties. The people again fled in consternation, and, at Mothibi's request, a messenger was despatched to Griqua Town, entreating assistance; but it was not in the power of Waterboer to afford it, however willing he might have been to do so. As we had suffered greatly both in our health and property, by the last flight, and as we had no confidence in the old tale which the natives invented, that the enemy would attack us, we resolved to remain at our post. We were encouraged in this by the arrival of Mr. Hughes, with Mr. Millen, a mason, and a few Hottentots from Bethelsdorp, to assist us in the public works of the new station. We barricaded the reed walls of Mr. Hamilton's house with chests and sacks, that, in case of an attack, which there was reason to apprehend, we might be in some measure shielded from the shot; but, after a few days of anxiety and alarm, the enemy departed, contenting themselves with large spoils of cattle. The natives had congregated round our temporary dwellings; and there being no prospect of a termination to the distressing inroads from the Orange River and Long Mountains, the people finally resolved to abandon the station. The Bushmen having taken many of their cattle, they appeared inclined to forsake the Kuruman River altogether. The arrival of the six men and their families, under these circumstances, rendered our situation peculiarly trying, from the want of supplies to support them, especially in a country where nothing could be purchased. A hunter was employed to obtain game, while every thing, animate and inanimate, calculated in any measure to appease hunger, was ravenously seized for that purpose, in order to prosecute our plan of building the houses, and leading out the water from the bed of the river, supplied by one of the finest fountains in South Africa. This was a work of great labour, and carried forward under the most embarrassing circumstances. Such was the liability to attack, that the men, though labouring not half a mile from our dwellings, found it necessary to take their guns with them for fear of a surprise. Our large water-ditch, extending nearly two miles, was indeed dug, as the walls of our houses had been built, "in troublous times."

The Kuruman fountain issues from caverns in a little hill, which is composed of blue and grey limestone, mixed with considerable quantities of flint, but not in nodules as found in beds of chalk. From the appearance of the caves, and irregularity of the strata, one might be led to suppose they have been the results of internal convulsions. The water, which is pure and wholesome, is rather calcareous. It is evident that its source must be at a very great distance, as all the rains which fall on the hills and plains in one year, for forty miles round, could not possibly supply such a stream for one month. Although there are no sandstone formations nearer than thirty miles, great quantities of exceedingly fine sand come from it, and it appears to boil up out of the smaller springs in front of the larger, and is to be found in deposit in the bed of the river for miles distant. The substratum of the whole of the country, as far as the Orange River, is compact limestone, which in some of the Hamhana hills rises considerably above the neighbouring plain; but these only form the basis of argillaceous hills and iron-schist, on the top of which the compass moves at random, or according to the position in which it is placed. The strata of these schistose formations are often found to bend and curve into all shapes, frequently exhibiting an appearance of golden asbestos, but extremely hard. The common blue

asbestos is to be found at Gamaperi, in the neighbourhood, the same as that found near the Orange River. The limestone extends to Old Lithako, where there are hills of basalt and primitive limestone; among which masses of serpentine rock, of various colours, usually called pipe-stone, are to be met with. Beyond the Batlapi dominions, towards the Molapo, there is abundance of granite green stone, etc., while the limestone foundation, towards the west, terminates among the sandy wilds of the southern Zahara. Fountains, throughout the whole extent of the limestone basin, are precarious, independent of the causes described in a preceding chapter; nor does that of the Kuruman continue to send forth the torrents it once did. The calcareous effects of the water on the roots of reeds, and other substances, in the neighbourhood of small fountains, show that they were once very large. That of the Kuruman River, which, like many others in South Africa, is largest at its source, is, by evaporation and absorption, lost in its bed, about ten miles to the north-west. The Matluarin, Mashua, and Molapo, join the Kuruman, which was once a large river, emptying itself into the Gariep, at a distance below the waterfall.

During this period we were the subjects of great domestic afflictions. Five days after Mrs. M.'s confinement of a boy, he was removed by death, and his remains were the first committed to the burying ground on the new station. Mr. Hughes, who began early to feel the effects of the climate, caught cold, while removing fruit-trees from the lower station to his garden, and was brought to the very gates of death. When, however, we had all given him up, he began to amend; but such was the shock that his frame received from the severity of the disease, that his perfect recovery continued for a long time very doubtful; nor did he regain his wonted strength until he had made a visit to the coast, on account of Mrs. Hughes's health; after which he removed to the Griqua mission, in 1827, where he has since laboured with success.

Our situation during the infancy of the new station, I shall not attempt to describe, though it might yield some profitable suggestions to those who may be similarly situated. Some of our newly arrived assistants, finding themselves in a country where the restraints of law were unknown, and not being under the influence of religion, would not submit to the privations which we patiently endured, but murmured exceedingly. Armed robbers were continually making inroads, threatening death and extirpation. We were compelled to work daily at every species of labour, most of which was very heavy, under a burning sun, and in a dry climate, where only one shower had fallen during the preceding twelve months. These are only imperfect samples of our engagements for several years at the new station, while at the same time, the language, which was entirely oral, had to be acquired. A spelling-book, catechism, and small portions of Scripture, were prepared, and even sent to the Cape to be printed in 1825; but, as if our measure of disappointment was not full, they were by some mistake sent to England, and before they could possibly return to our station, we might have had several improved editions.

The infection of war and plunder was such, that scarcely a tribe or town in the whole country was exempt. The Batlapis, who of all the neighbouring tribes had suffered the least, owing to their proximity to our station, instead of being thankful for this, authorized one of their number, the king's brother, to go with a body of warriors and attack the outposts of the Bauangketsi. They proceeded as far as the Barolongs, where they met with the Chief Gontse, who received and fed them, being related to the royal family of the Batlapis. Gontse, who was an amiable and sensible man, dissuaded them from such a daring attempt, which could only terminate in their destruction. The chief of the party convinced of this, resolved on returning, but watching an opportunity, when the cattle of the town where they had received such hospitality and good counsel had gone to the fields, seized on them, and having two or three guns compelled their owners to flee. Elated with the success of this disgraceful achievement, they returned to the neighbourhood of our station. We said nothing on the subject, except that our hearts were sad. The chief of this band of robbers, induced his brother, Mothibi, to convene a public meeting, in order to make a kind of bravado. Spies and sycophants had been sent to hear our judgment on this subject, but they learned nothing more or less than that "we were sorry." This having displeased him, after pointing out to the audience, that we missionaries were the only human beings in the world who did not steal cattle, he declared that instead of being thereby awed, he would show them and the tribes around, that if his name had hitherto been Molala (poor,) henceforth he would be a lion, and such should be his name

Thus he spoke, and departed with a company to hunt. One afternoon, seeing a giraffe in the distance, he seized his spear, mounted his horse, and ordered his attendant to follow with his gun on another. The master being on the swiftest animal, and evening coming on, he disappeared on the undulating plain, and the servant returned to the rendezvous. Next day, the latter with some companions pursued the trail, found where his master had come up with the giraffe, and appeared to have made attempts to stab it, and then from the course he took, it was evident he had wandered. They slept, and with the returning day continued to pursue his footmarks, which in the evening brought them to a spot where a number of lions had been. Beside a bush, where they supposed the chieftain had laid himself down the second night, they found the horse, killed by the lions, but scarcely touched, while the man, his clothes, shoes, saddle and bridle were eaten up, and nothing left but the cranium. What was rather remarkable, the master, seeing he was leaving his servant in the rear, turned about and gave him his tinder-box for fear of losing it himself. Had he retained this, he might have made a fire, which would have protected him from the lions, and led to his earlier discovery. This event was too striking to be overlooked by the people, who had frequently heard of a Divine Providence, but they were silent and endeavoured to relieve their minds by driving from their memories the visage and vain boastings of him, who had been devoured by the very beast of prey, whose name and powers were to be his motto, and the characteristics of his future actions.

The Batlapis continued extremely unsettled, indeed, the whole country appeared like the ocean in a storm;—its inhabitants like the waves, alternately rolling forward, and receding, carrying with them devastation and misery. Numerous successful commandos from the south, were out on the spirits of the natives, and compelled them to live a vagrant life, ready to start on the first alarm. Some of our Hottentot assistants also left us in the midst of our labours, and eventually a report coming from Griqua-land, that Waterboer and Cornelius Kok, despairing of aid from the colony, had joined the marauders, all were alarmed; and although we were able to convince them that the reports were unfounded, we could not allay their fears, so that even one who had formerly, by his Christian conduct been a source of comfort, as well as an assistance in our work, abandoning us also. Thus we were left, but were still wonderfully supported, realizing the fulfilment of the gracious promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Some of the poorer Bechuanas had learned a little of wagon driving, and other useful things, so that we could occasionally get some assistance from them.

After several years of drought, we had, in the early part of 1826, been blessed with plentiful rains, and the earth was speedily covered with verdure; but our hopes of abundance were soon cut off by swarms of locusts, which infested every part of the country, devouring every species of vegetation. They had not been seen for more than twenty years before, but have never entirely left the country since. They might be seen passing over like an immense cloud, extending from the earth to a considerable height, producing, with their wings, a great noise. They always proceed nearly in the direction of the wind, those in advance descending to eat any thing they light upon, and rising in the rear, as the cloud advances. "They have no king, but they go forth, all of them, by bands," and are gathered together in one place in the evening, where they rest, and from their immense numbers they weigh down the shrubs, and lie at times one on the other, to the depth of several inches. In the morning when the sun begins to diffuse warmth, they take wing, leaving a large extent without one vestige of verdure; even the plants and shrubs are barked. Wherever they halt for the night, or alight during the day, they become a prey to other animals, and are eaten not only by beasts of prey, but by all kinds of game, serpents, lizards, and frogs. When passing through the air, kites, vultures, crows, and particularly the locust bird, as it is called, may be seen devouring them. When a swarm alights on gardens, or even fields, the crop for one season is destroyed. I have observed a field of young maize devoured in the space of two hours. They eat not only tobacco, and every thing vegetable, but also flannel and linen. The natives embrace every opportunity of gathering them, which can be done during the night. Whenever the cloud alights at a place not very distant from a town, the inhabitants turn out with sacks, and often with pack-oxen, gather loads, and return the next day with millions.

It has happened that in gathering them, individuals have been bitten by serpents, and on one occasion a woman had been travelling several miles with a large bundle of locusts on her head, when a serpent which had been put into the sack with them, found its way out. The woman supposing it to be a thong dangling about her shoulders, laid hold of it with her hand, and feeling that it was alive, instantly precipitated both to the ground, and fled. The locusts are prepared for eating, by simple boiling, or rather steaming, as they are put into a large pot with a little water, and covered closely up; after boiling for a short time, they are taken out and spread on mats in the sun to dry, when they are winnowed, something like corn, to clear them of their legs and wings; and when perfectly dry, are put into sacks, or laid upon the house floor in a heap. The natives eat them whole, adding a little salt when they can obtain it; or they pound them in a wooden mortar, and when they have reduced them to something like meal, they mix them with a little water, and make a kind of cold stir-about.

When locusts abound, the natives become quite fat, and would even reward any old lady who said that she had coaxed them to alight within reach of the inhabitants. They are, on the whole, not bad food; and when hunger has made them palatable, are eaten as matter of course. When well fed they are almost as good as shrimps. There is a species not eatable, with reddish wings, rather larger than those described, and which, though less numerous, are more destructive. The exploits of these armies, fearful as they are, bear no comparison to the devastation they make before they are able to fly, in which state they are called "boyane." They receive a new name in every stage of their growth, till they reach maturity, when they are called "letsié." They never emerge from the sand, where they were deposited as eggs, till rain has fallen to raise grass for the young progeny. In their course, from which nothing can divert them, they appear like a dark red stream, extending often more than a mile broad; and from their incessant hopping, the dust appears as if alive. Nothing but a broad and rapid torrent could arrest their progress, and that only by drowning them; and if one reached the opposite shore, it would keep the original direction. A small rivulet avails nothing, as they swim dexterously. A line of fire is no barrier, as they leap into it till it is extinguished, and the others walk over the dead. Walls and houses form no impediment; they climb the very chimneys, either obliquely or straight over such obstacles, just as their instinct leads them. All other earthly powers, from the fiercest lion to a marshalled army, are nothing compared with these diminutive insects. The course they have followed, is stripped of every leaf or blade of verdure. It is enough to make the inhabitants of a village turn pale to hear that they are coming in a straight line to their gardens. When a country is not extensive, and is bounded by the sea, the scourge is soon over, the winds carrying them away like clouds to the watery waste, where they alight to rise no more. Thus the immense flights which pass to the south and east, rarely return, but fresh supplies are always pouring down from the north. All human endeavours to diminish their numbers, would appear like attempting to drain the ocean by a pump.

We could not, however, feel otherwise than thankful for this visitation, on account of the poor; for as many thousands of cattle had been taken from the natives, and gardens to an immense extent destroyed, many hundreds of families, but for the locusts, must have perished with hunger. It was not surprising that our scanty supplies, which we were compelled to procure from a distance, were seized by the hungry people. If our oxen or calves were allowed to wander out of sight, they were instantly stolen. One day two noted fellows from the mountains came down on a man who had the charge of our cattle, murdered him, and ran off with an ox. Some time before, the whole of our calves disappeared; two of our men went in pursuit, and found in the ruins of an old town the remains of the calves laid aside for future use. On tracing the footmarks to a secluded spot near the river, they found the thieves, two desperate-looking characters, who, seizing their bows and poisoned arrows, dared their approach. It would have been easy for our men to have shot them on the spot, but their only object was to bring them, if possible, to the station. After a dangerous scuffle, one fled, and the other precipitated himself into a pool of water, amidst reeds, where he stood menacing the men with his drawn bow, till they at last succeeded in seizing him. He was brought to the station, with some of the meat, which, though not killed in the most delicate manner, was acceptable, and was the first veal we ever ate there; for calves are too valuable in that country to be slaughtered, not only because they perpetuate the supply of milk from the cow, but are reared to use in travelling and agriculture.

The prisoner had a most forbidding appearance, and we could not help regarding him as a being brutalized by hunger; and, in addition to a defect in vision, he looked like one capable of perpetrating any action without remorse. His replies to our queries and expostulations, were something like the growlings of a disappointed hungry beast of prey. There were no authorities in the country to which we could appeal, and the conclusion to which the people came, was to inflict a little castigation, while one of the natives was to whisper in his ear, that he must flee for his life. Seeing a young man drawing near with a gun, he took to his heels, and the man firing a charge of loose powder after him, increased his terror, and made him bound into the marsh, and flee to the opposite side, thinking himself well off to have escaped with his life, which he could not have expected from his own countrymen. He lived for a time at a neighbouring village, where he was wont to describe in graphic style his narrow escape, and how he had outrun the musket-ball. When told by some one that the gun was only to frighten him, he saw that it must have been so; he reasoned on our character, made inquiries, and, from our men sparing him in the first instance, and ourselves giving him food, and allowing him to run off after he had received a few strokes with a thong, he concluded that there must be something very merciful about our character; and at last he made his appearance again on our station. He was soon after employed as a labourer, embraced the Gospel, and has, through Divine grace, continued to make a consistent profession, and is become an example of intelligence, industry, and love.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the end of the year 1826, having removed into our new habitation, and the state of the country being somewhat more tranquil, a journey was resolved on to the Barolongs, near the Molapo, in order to attend exclusively to the language which hitherto it had not been possible to do, owing to the succession of manual labour connected with commencing a new station, when the missionaries must be at the beginning, middle, and end of every thing. Mr. Hamilton, who felt that his advanced age was a serious barrier to his acquisition of the language, was anxious for my progress, and cheerfully undertook the entire labours of the station for a short season, preaching to the Batlapis in the neighbourhood, and keeping up public service for the few on the station. Two attempts had been previously made for this very purpose, but I had not long left the place before, in both instances, I was recalled on account of threatened attacks. As it was taking a new position among a wild people, a brief glance at my manner of life may yield information, and interest the mind of the reader.

Having put my wagon in order, taken a driver, and a little boy as leader of the oxen, and two Barolongs, who were going to the same place, I left the station, my wife and family, for an absence of two or three months. Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool (Khokhole,) we listened, on the lonely plain, for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent. We could discover no lights, and, amid the darkness were unable to trace footmarks to the pool. We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night, we took a firebrand, and examined the edges of the pool to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoors* of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the wagon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and though I recommended their making her fast also, they very humorously replied that she was too wise to leave the wagon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn, and prayer. I had retired only a few minutes to my wagon to prepare for the night, when the whole of the oxen started to their feet.

A lion had seized the cow only a few steps from their tails, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, where we distinctly heard it tearing the animal, and breaking the bones, while its bellowings were most pitiful. When these were over, I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the wagon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light, that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and the lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn-bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror. It was now the opinion of all that we had better let him alone if he did not molest us.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me, by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, I found that the large, round, hairy-headed visitors were lions; and retreated on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pool, when coming to my wagon-driver, to inform him of our danger, I found him looking, with no little alarm, in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions, with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful of them. They appeared, as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size. We thankfully decamped to the wagon, and sat down to keep alive our scanty fire, while we listened to the lion tearing and devouring his prey. When any of the other hungry lions dared to approach, he would pursue them for some paces, with a horrible howl, which made our poor oxen tremble, and produced anything but agreeable sensations in ourselves. We had reason for alarm, lest any of the six lions we saw, fearless of our small fire, might rush in among us. The two Barolongs were grudging the lion his fat meal, and would now and then break the silence with a deep sigh, and expressions of regret that such a vagabond lion should have such a feast on their cow, which they anticipated would have afforded them many a draught of luscious milk. Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcase in his stomach, he collected the head, backbone, parts of the legs, the paunch, which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments of bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcase instead of himself.

When it was light we examined the spot, and found, from the foot-marks that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Barolongs pointing out to me that the foot-marks of the other lions had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackals only had approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired to a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large, hungry lion would eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible for him to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left, and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer.

Having discovered a small village on a neighbouring height, although it was the Sabbath, we thought it quite right and lawful to inyoke our oxen, and leave a spot haunted with something worse than ghosts. When we told our tale to the natives, they expressed no surprise whatever, but only regretted that the lion should have had such a feast, while they were so hungry. These people were, as their name "Balala" signifies, poor indeed, and never before having either seen or heard a missionary, they exhibited melancholy proofs of human depravity and palpable ignorance. I talked long to them, to convince them that there was something else beyond eating and drinking, which ought to command our attention. This was to them inexplicable, while the description I gave of the character of God, and our sinful and helpless condition, amused them only, and extorted some expressions of sympathy, that a *Khosi* king, as they called me, should talk such foolishness.

Leaving this village, after travelling for two days in a N. N. E. direction over a plain country, passing Mothothobo, and other dry river beds, where one would suppose water had not flowed for the last thousand years, we reached Choaing as it is called, from Lechoai, (salt,) and halted at the village of Bogachu, a Barolong chief, a very intelligent young man, with whom I had some previous acquaintance. At this place, and at Setabeng about twenty miles distant, where a great number of Barolongs and Batlares dwelt, I spent ten weeks attending to the language. There was certainly neither personal comfort, nor pleasure to be had during my stay, being compelled to live a semi-savage life among heathenish dance and song, and immeasurable heaps of dirt and filth. It was not a proper town, but a comparatively temporary abode, to which the people had fled from the attacks made on the Batlapis by Jacob Cloete and his followers. People in this situation, and indeed all living a nomade life, become extremely filthy in their habits. My object being to obtain as much native society as possible, to which they had not the shadow of an objection, I was necessarily, while sitting with them at their work in their folds and inclosures, exposed to myriads of very unpleasant company, which made the night worse than the day. The people were kind, and my blundering in the language gave rise to many bursts of laughter. Never in one instance, would an individual correct a word or sentence, till he or she had mimicked the original so effectually, as to give great merriment to others. They appeared delighted with my company, especially as I could, when meat was scarce, take my gun and shoot a rhinoceros, or some other animal, when a night of feasting and talking, as if they had had a barrel of spirits among them, would follow. They thought themselves quite lucky in having such company, as one, who could supply them occasionally with both food and medicine.

Bogachu, whom I might call my host, daily allowed me a little milk for tea. He was an interesting character, and though not tall had great dignity about his person, as well as much politeness of manner. As the people had no gardens, the women had very little to do, and they considered it quite a luxury, to spend a couple of hours in noisy and often deafening conversation at my wagon. Every opportunity was gladly embraced in which I could impart instruction to the people of the different villages around, which were inhabited by Barolongs, Bamairis, and some Bahurutsi refugees from Kurrechane. My preaching and speaking did indeed appear to be casting seed by the wayside or on the flinty rock, while they would gravely ask, if I were in earnest, and believed that there was such a Being as I described. It was indeed painful to hear them turning the theme of man's redemption and the Cross into ridicule, and making a sport of immortality.

The people, to please me, would assemble on the Sabbath, as I told them I could not be happy without telling them about their souls and another world. One day, while describing the day of judgment, several of my hearers expressed great concern at the idea of all their cattle being destroyed, together with their ornaments. They never for one moment allow their thoughts to dwell on death, which is according to their views nothing less than annihilation.

Their supreme happiness consists in having abundance of meat. Asking a man who was more grave and thoughtful than his companions what was the finest sight he could desire, he instantly replied, "A great fire covered with pots full of meat;" adding, "how ugly the fire looks without a pot!"*

My situation was not very well suited for study, among a noisy rabble and a constant influx of beggars. Writing was a work of great difficulty, owing to the flies crowding into the inkhorn or clustering round the point of the pen, and pursuing it on the paper, drinking the ink as fast as it flowed. The night brought little relief, for as soon as the candle was lighted, innumerable insects swarmed around so as to put it out. When I had occasion to hunt, in order to supply the wants of myself and people, a troop of men would follow, and as soon as a rhinoceros or any other animal was shot, a fire was made and some would be roasting, while the others would be cutting and tearing away at the ponderous carcase, which is soon dissected. During these operations they would exhibit all the gestures of heathenish joy, making an uproar as if a town were on fire. I do not wonder that Mr. Campbell once remarked on a similar occasion, that from their noise and gestures he did not know his travelling companions. Having once shot a rhinoceros, the men surrounded it with roaring congratulation. In vain I shouted that it was not dead, a dozen spears were thrust into it, when up started the animal in a fury, and tearing up the ground with his horn, made every one fly with terror. These animals were very numerous in this part of the country; they are not gregarious, more than four or five being seldom seen together, though I once observed nine following each other to the water. They fear no enemy but man, and are fearless of him when wounded and pursued. The lion flies before them like a cat; the mohohu, the largest species, has been known even to kill the elephant, by thrusting his horn into his ribs. This genus is called by the Bechuanas, *chukuru* and the four distinct species have more than once been pointed out to me when they have all been within sight, the *mohohu*, *kheitlua*, and the *broila* or *kenengyane*.† The last, though the smallest with the shortest horns, is the most fierce, and consequently they are the last that retire from populous regions, while the other species, owing to their more timid habits, seek the recesses of the interior wilds.

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* A rough kind of earthenware made by all the Bechuana tribes, and which stands the fire well.

† Not having brought with me my memoranda of names, character and instincts of game, I cannot recall the name of the fourth, which is distinguished from the *kheitlua* by the position of its ears and the formation of its head. There are also other marks by which the natives distinguish them.

Being in want of food, and not liking to spend a harassing day, exposed to a hot sun, on a thirsty plain, in quest of a steak, I went one night, accompanied by two men, to the water whence the supply for the town was obtained, as well as where the cattle came to drink. We determined to lie in a hollow spot near the fountain, and shoot the first object which might come within our reach. It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. "What is that?" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmala," (be silent,) he said; "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly towards us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

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teous years, they were not likely to be co
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When reference has been made to certain
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they prohibit being touched with a knife or
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presently levelled, leaving only a few tre
great man's fold, to afford shelter from the
which the men work and recline.

The ground to be occupied for cultivation
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the same work of destruction goes on. Thus,
where the giraffe and elephant were wont to
food, nothing remains.

When the natives remove from that distri
be after only a few years, the minor species
soon grows, but the *acacia giraffe* requires an
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mensions of their predecessors. The wood,
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While spending ten days with the Barolongs at Kongke, among several thousands of people, under the chiefs Molala, Mochuara, and Gontse, I had an opportunity of witnessing the swiftness of some of the natives. Two stately giraffes having got out of their usual beat, came sailing along through the tall acacias, till, discovering the abodes of men, they turned their course, and were soon pursued by some young men, who not only came up to them, but were successful in killing one. This is a feat rarely attempted, except with a horse; and sometimes even that animal fails to overtake them.

During my sojourn among this portion of that people, I had no little difficulty in obtaining a hearing when I wished to talk to them about their eternal interests. Molala was a complete heathen, and had obtained his riches, as well as his influence, by intrigue and rapine. I was in the habit of concluding from facts, about which I have not deemed it necessary to be very minute, that the Ba[illegible]apis were, as a people, not only very ignorant and depraved, but exceedingly brutal: however, a short stay among the Barolongs convinced me that the latter far exceeded the former. An intelligent traveller,* who sojourned for a time among the Batlapis, was not mistaken when he was obliged, most reluctantly, to come to the conclusion, that "the foulest blot on their character is the indifference with which *murder* is viewed among them. It excites little sensation, excepting in the family of the person who has been murdered; and brings, it is said, no disgrace upon him who has committed it; nor uneasiness, excepting the fear of their revenge. Shall we not hesitate to assert that human nature is superior to the brute creation, when we find among this people instances of the fact, that the shedding of human blood, without the pretext of provocation or offence, and even by the basest treachery, has fixed no infamy upon the perpetrator of so awful a crime; and rarely drawn upon him any punishment from the chief authority; an authority which the Giver of power entrusts to mortal hands, only for the weak, and for the common good? Such at least, are the sentiments which they express, and such were their replies to my questions on this subject."

During my stay at Kongke, an instance occurred confirming the view of Dr. Burchell. A man was quarrelling with his wife about a very trifling affair, when, in a fit of rage, he grasped his spear, and laid her at his feet a bleeding corpse! Here there were no coroners nor jury to take cognizance of the fact, and he walked about without a blush, while the lifeless body was dragged out to be devoured by the hyena. When I endeavoured to represent to the chiefs, with whom I was familiar, as old acquaintances, the magnitude of such crimes, they laughed, I might say inordinately, at the horror I felt for the murder of a woman by her own husband.

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* Dr. Burchell.

A custom prevails among all the Bechuanas whom I have visited, of removing to a distance from the towns and villages persons who have been wounded. Two young men, who had been wounded by the poisoned arrows of the Bushmen, were thus removed from the Kuruman. Having visited them, to administer relief, I made inquiries, but could learn no reason, except that it was a custom. This unnatural practice exposed the often helpless invalid to great danger; for, if not well attended during the night, his paltry little hut, or rather shade from the sun and wind, would be assailed by the hyena or lion. A catastrophe of this kind occurred a short time before my arrival among the Barolongs. The son of one of the principal chiefs, a fine young man, had been wounded by a buffalo; he was, according to custom, placed on the outside of the village till he should recover; a portion of food was daily sent, and a person appointed to make his fire for the evening. The fire went out; and the helpless man, notwithstanding his piteous cries, was carried off by the lion, and devoured. Some might think that this practice originated in the treatment of infectious diseases, such as leprosy; but the only individual I ever saw thus affected, was not separated. This disease, though often found among slaves in the colony, is unknown among the tribes in the interior, and therefore they have no name for it.

Among the different tribes congregated in this wilderness part of the world, the Bahurutsian refugees were the most interesting and industrious. Having occasion to mend the linchpin of my wagon, I inquired for a native smith, when a respectable and rather venerable man with one eye, was pointed out. Observing, from the cut of his hair, that he was a foreigner, and inquiring where he practised his trade, I was affected to hear him reply, "I am a Mohurutsi, from Kurrechane." I accompanied him to his shop, in an open yard at the back of his house. The whole of his implements consisted of two small goat-skins for bellows, some small broken pots for crucibles, a few round green stone boulders for his anvil, a hammer made of a small piece of iron, about three-quarters of an inch thick, and rather more than two by three inches square, with a handle in a hole in the centre, a cold chisel, two or three other shapeless tools, and a heap of charcoal. "I am not an iron-smith," he said, "I work in copper;" showing me some of his copper and brass ornaments, consisting of ear-rings, arm-rings, etc. I told him I only wanted wind and fire. He sat down between his two goat-skins, and puffed away. (See page 87.) Instead of using his tongs, made of the bark of a tree, I went for my own. When he saw them he gazed in silent admiration; he turned them over and over; he had never seen such ingenuity, and pressed them to his chest, giving me a most expressive look, which was as intelligible as "Will you give them to me?' My work was soon done, when he entered his hut, from which he brought a piece of flat iron, begging me to pierce it with a number of different sized holes, for the purpose of drawing copper and brass wire. Requesting to see the old one, it was produced, accompanied by the feeling declaration, "It is from Kurrechane."

Having examined his manner of using it, and formed a tolerable idea of the thing he wanted, I set to work; and finding his iron too soft for piercing holes through nearly an half-inch iron plate, I took the oldest of my two handsaw files to make a punch, which I had to repair many times. After much labour, and a long time spent, I succeeded in piercing about twenty holes, from the eight of an inch to the thickness of a thread. The moment the work was completed, he grasped it, and breaking out into exclamations of surprise, bounded over the fence like an antelope, and danced about the village like a merry-andrew, exhibiting his treasure to every one, and asking if they ever saw any thing like it. Next day I told him, that as we were brothers of one trade, (for, among the Africans, arts, though in their infancy, have their secrets too,) he must show me the whole process of melting copper, making brass, and drawing wire. The broken pot or crucible, containing a quantity of copper and a little tin, was presently fixed in the centre of a charcoal fire. He then applied his bellows till the contents were fused. He had previously prepared a heap of sand, slightly adhesive, and by thrusting a stick about two eighths of an inch in diameter, like the ramrod of a musket, obliquely into this heap, he made holes, into which he poured the contents of his crucible. He then fixed a round, smooth stick, about three feet high, having a split in the top, upright in the ground, when, taking out his rods of brass, he beat them out on a stone with his little hammer, till they were about the eighth of an inch square, occasionally softening them in a small flame, made by burning grass. Having reduced them all to this thickness, he laid the end of one on a stone, and rubbing it to a point with another stone, in order to introduce it through the largest hole of his iron-plate; he then opened the split in the upright stick to hold fast the end of the wire, when he forced the plate and wire round the stick with a lever-power, frequently rubbing the wire with oil or fat. The same operation is performed each time, making the point of the wire smaller for a less hole, till it is reduced to the size wanted, which is sometimes about that of thick sewing cotton. The wire is, of course, far inferior in colour and quality to our brass-wire. The native smiths, however, evince great dexterity in working ornaments from copper, brass, and iron.*

When I had thus assisted the old man, and become sociable, I talked to him about the power of knowledge; explaining the bellows and other mechanical improvements, which insure accuracy as well as save time and labour. To this he listened with great attention, but when I introduced Divine subjects, man's misery, and man's redemption, he looked at me with mouth dilated, and asked, "A ga u morihi pula?" Art thou a rain-maker? This man had also an interesting son and daughter, to whom I often spoke, as well as to some others, in social converse, which I hoped and prayed might be blessed; but what became of these Bahurutsian families, I never knew.

Some time after my arrival among these Barolongs, certain people came from the Bauangketsi, who, on seeing me, expressed a strong desire that I should visit their king, Sebegue, the son of Makaba. I explained why I could not comply at that time, and sent a small present. A fortnight after, while sitting writing in my wagon, the hue-and-cry was raised that an enemy was approaching, when many fled, leaving the village with few inhabitants. I did not like the idea of leaving my wagon and other property after their example, and sat waiting to see who the enemy was, when presently Sebegue, with two hundred warriors, fine-looking men, emerged from a thicket of acacias, and the trembling inhabitants were amazed to observe the chieftain, whom they never saw before, come and salute me in a way which proved that we were old acquaintances. I walked into the village with him and his men, to the no small astonishment of its owners, who drew near, out of breath with their flight, to see the king of the Bauangketsi. They were still more surprised when he told them that he had broken an established law of his people, which would not permit the king to leave his own dominions, but that his martial appearance among them was on designs of peace; for his sole object was to induce me to accompany him to his capital. He remained two days, during which I had much interesting conversation with him, but could not, from want of time, accede to his urgent request to accompany him to his own country. He referred, with much apparent pleasure, to my visit to his late father, and expressed an earnest desire that I should go and live with him and his people. He had purchased one horse, and stolen another from an individual who had visited him, and wishing to appear before me in trowsers, had got a pair made of some shape, begging I would supply him with better, a request which was granted. The Barolongs were so suspicious of the visit of such a great man, that they could not feel comfortable, until they had heard that he had passed the Molapo, the boundary of his kingdom; they then came and gave me the credit I did not deserve, of preventing his fierce warriors from destroying their villages, and taking their cattle. His last words were, "Trust me as you trusted my father."

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* Specimens of the wire, a hammer, and plate, may be seen in the Missionary Museum, Mission House, Blomfield-street, Finsbury.

After ten weeks' sojourn among this people, who showed me no little kindness, I prepared to return home; and on the Sabbath collected all, and gave them my concluding address, on the importance of believing the Gospel of mercy. After a thirsty journey, I reached home, with a heart filled with gratitude to God for the comforts I enjoyed, and the progress I had made in the language, during these months of a semi-savage life. In that country it was not then easy to convey letters, owing to a dangerous desert path, and the tribes living in constant suspicion of each other. It was no uncommon thing in those days for ambassadors never to return, and for trading parties to be entirely cut off. Postmen and carriers were therefore not easily found, though they were safe if known to belong to us. I have more than once found it difficult to convince a messenger that the letter would not say a word to him on the road; and part of a journal and a letter to Mrs. M. were thrown away from this superstitious notion.

A remarkable providence was observable in this visit to the Barolongs. Immediately on my return to the station, the news reached us that a marauding party had proceeded from the Orange River to the northward, and fell on the people, among whom I had lived, and they, in consequence, fled to the Kalagare desert with the loss of much cattle. The distance at which they had passed and repassed to the north of our station, and the feebleness of the party, excited no alarm among the Kuruman people.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Our prospects were now beginning to brighten. Several thousands of the natives had congregated near us on the opposite side of the valley. They were becoming more settled in their minds. They would collect in the different divisions of the town, where we visited them, and the public attendance at the station daily increased. The school also was better attended. We had for a long time past been hovering on the wings of suspense, but now felt as if we could labour in hope; and though we could see nothing like a change in any one, or even observed real attention, nevertheless we felt a persuasion that we should soon hear the voice of the turtle in the land.

Our pleasure was augmented by the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, from the colony, greatly improved in health. We had begun to hope that the confusion and every evil work which had prevailed in all parts of the country, had, like every other display of the uncontrolled passions of man. passed their zenith, and were fast disappearing, with their unfortunate actors, who were falling, one after another, in their unhallowed enterprise. But, alas! while thus congratulating ourselves, a sudden cloud gathered around us; and it is impossible to look back and re-peruse the letters and journals written at the time, without feeling over again, almost all the painful self-denial which we were called to exercise on that occasion.

Of the nature and extent of the attack of the Bergenaars on Griqua Town, we had received ample information, but saw no reason to feel any alarm for the safety of our own mission, as they could have no such grounds for attacking our people. We had scarcely despatched a letter to the Directors, informing them that the state of the mission was encouraging, when a letter was received from Mr. Wright, the contents of which were certainly of a very startling character. He assured us that it was the determination of the Bergenaars to come direct to the Kuruman, in order to obtain the ammunition which we possessed, take our property, and destroy the station. Such a report, from such a source, very naturally terrified the Bechuanas; all was consternation, all urged us to be gone, declaring that they would not run the risk, whether we did or not. It was more easy for them than for us to flee. We were weary of flights, we had been greatly impoverished by them, and to remove three missionaries, and two of their families, was a serious matter. Knowing well the character of the desperadoes, and their object, in the late attack on Griqua Town, after prayerfully considering the subject, we could not perceive our situation to be so perilous as Mr. Wright appeared to suppose, and accordingly wrote to him that it was our determination to remain. We concluded, that, in the event of their arrival, we should in all probability hear of their approach in sufficient time to allow of our safe escape. We naturally made some allowance for the fears of Mr. Wright, who had but lately come to the country, and experienced but few of those alarms with which we had become familiar. Our reply was immediately followed by a solemn assurance from Mr. Wright, that an attack on our station was determined and certain, and that the consequences would be dreadful, as it was the intention of the banditti to take our lives; and his urgent advice was to remove to Griqua Town without a moment's delay, and not to depend on the Griquas for farther information, as no one could be found willing to travel in such times. Waterboer also sent an express to me at the same time, stating his own, as well as Mr. W.'s very great anxiety on our account, and their astonishment at our temerity. These reports, which we could not hide from the natives, were to them like the sounding tocsin. Our situation was now really distressing, and to remove at this time, was one of the hardest things we had ever had to encounter. We could not help doubting the correctness of the hackneyed report, which had so often died away in our ears, that the marauders would attack us. We were the more distracted, as we had just before been indulging the most pleasing hopes with regard to the strength of our mission; and Mothibi was on the point of removing his town close to our station, in order to unite with us, and cultivate the valley below.

The natives being now panic struck, with indescribable reluctance we packed up some of our most valuable articles in our wagons, and departed in the beginning of September, leaving some confidential persons in charge of the station and remaining property. I still feel as if I yet gazed on the Bechuanas leaving their towns in despair, and therefore as is usual, in flame, to indicate that they would never return to a spot where they could neither rest nor sleep. We wended our weary way along the desert path, and after a most melancholy journey of five days, arrived at Griqua Town. It was hard work to travel, when we could not resist the feeling that every step was unnecessary; and we should certainly have remained at Daniel's Kuil, but from the conviction that the friends at Griqua Town, who had expressed such solicitude, would be disappointed if we stopped short of that place. We of course took with us what ammunition we had, lest it might be an object of the cupidity of the one party, or necessary for the defence of the other. We had scarcely arrived and heard the whole of the reports, when we sincerely regretted having come, and felt extremely anxious to return, as we saw nothing but starvation before us. Our oxen and cows were dying for want of grass, and we possessed no means of obtaining supplies from the colony. There was no possibility of ascertaining the truth of the daily reports, as these were obtained from strolling Bushmen, and others, who might visit the place, either for a morsel of food, or as some supposed, to spy the place, and on their veracity no dependence could be placed. One of these unfortunate beings, in order to make him tell the truth, received a severe castigation; when he did tell a fine tale indeed, that, in a late affray, Jan Bloom and other distinguished individuals had been killed, which though a perfect falsehood, he knew would diffuse unmingled pleasnre; and though he himself was put in irons, he succeeded in making his escape soon afterwards. One day it was reported the enemy were at the door; another, that half of them were dead, and the rest scattered for want of food. Thus it continued, and we should have returned, had it not been for the conviction of some that it was safer for the mission families to be together. But for all to stay, was unnecessary, and Mr. Hamilton having no family, returned first to the station. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes followed; and I should have accompanied them, but a letter arriving from Mr. Miles, the Society's superintendent, apprising us of his near approach, Mr. Wright being very unwilling to be left alone, I remained till Mr. M.'s arrival with the kind provision made for the Griquas by the friends at Cape Town. This diffused a degree of cheerfulness over the public mind, but many were dispirited, and Mr. Wright very earnestly recommended the Griquas joining the Bechuana mission, placing them on one side of the Kuruman valley, while the Aborigines should occupy the other, and thereby save both missions. This plan at first sight was very plausible, but as we were better acquainted with the dispositions of the two parties, we could not accede to the opinion of Mr. W. and the good people of Griqua Town, "that it was not only advisable, but absolutely necessary to the continuation of the two missions, that a junction of the missions take place." The Bechuanas, though unable to defend their country against enemies who possessed both fire-arms and horses, were nevertheless extremely jealous of every encroachment on the domains of their ancestors, and however their subdued condition might for a time prostrate their patriotism, we were well aware that should we connive at the Griquas settling down in their country, it would eventually bring upon us a load of obloquy, when they found themselves viewed as subordinate, in what was once their own territory. The reasonableness of our objections to the plan was quite apparent to Mr. Miles, and as Mr. W. greatly needed counsel as well as assistance at this juncture, Mr. M. cordially agreed that Mr. Hughes should remove to Griqua Town to share his labours.

Accompanied by Mr. Miles we returned to the Kuruman with no little satisfaction, though mingled with sadness, for our circumstances were not of a character to excite pleasure. Half of our oxen and nearly all our cows were dead, we were too poor to purchase more, not a quart of milk on the station, and what was worse nearly all our people gone. Heaps of ashes, where crowds once lived, who but for these reports would have been there still; we felt as if we could never forgive ourselves for having fled, and resolved afresh to resume our labours among the few poor who had remained on the station, and who were on the increase.

The visit of the Rev. Richard Miles, which was ostensibly a visit of mercy to the Griquas, was sensibly felt to be one of comfort to us, in our isolated and distracted position. Having made himself acquainted with all the affairs of the station, he suggested the very great importance of preparing something like hymns in the native language, which being constantly sung, the great truths of salvation would become imperceptibly written on the minds of the people. This was very desirable, as we had hitherto used only Dutch hymns; but the thing appeared premature, from my limited knowledge of the language; however, at his request, I made the attempt, and the first hymn ever written in the language is one of the many now in extensive use. The arrival of the spelling-books, etc., at the same time, enabled us to commence a school in the Sechuana. This was the dawning of a new era on our mission. The station had suffered, and we ourselves had suffered so much in mind and body from removals, flights, and the want of common necessaries, that we resolved through Divine aid to remain by our post, let the consequences be what they might. Mr. Miles, whose generous conduct, and brotherly faithfulness, had endeared him to all the missionaries in the country, returned, and we pursued our labours, which had now, with few interruptions, been carried on for ten years without any fruit.

Our circumstances were now like those of the mariner after a storm, his ship dismantled and nearly all his companions gone; but even this was a state of peace and pleasure compared with the past. We could not however persuade ourselves that this warfare was over, or that our faith had been sufficiently tried. We knew that the darkest period of the night was the hour which preceded the dawn of day, but we could not help fearing that the hour, which to us had been gloomy indeed, might become darker still. We had been taught by painful experience, not to trust to our own understandings, neither to put confidence in an arm of flesh, but to trust in the right hand of the Most High, and therefore such was the state of our minds, that we felt perfectly resigned to every distress, and even death itself, in the cause in which we were engaged. These were the chastened results of past trials.

The Griquas were rent with internal discord, and the united force of the four chiefs which drove back the overwhelming enemy from Lithako, was now divided into four separate interests. Waterboer did not receive either the sanction or support from the Colonial Government which he deserved, and was therefore unable to defend either himself or others, without suitable resources. The Batlapis and those by whom we were surrounded, and concerning whom we had begun to hope, having been thus exposed to incessant alarms and losses, despairing of help from any quarter, fled first to the Bushmen territory, and then to the Yellow

River, whence some have never returned. There were fragments of tribes scattered in the country, and these by degrees collected around us. Among these, a comparatively new soil, we continued our labours; and fruitless as the past had been, we felt when addressing the people, as if we were thrown some years back.

Jan Karse, a Griqua of no party, and a peaceable man, having heard that his relative Jan Bloom was threatening to attack us, left his farm in the Bushman country, and removed for a time to our station, with the twofold object of having his children educated, and endeavouring to prevail on the Blooms, should they come, to abandon their project. This was to us quite unexpected, for we had long ceased to look to man for aid, but we were deeply thankful for such an interposition, as we cherished the hope, that his arrival would deter the marauders from such an attack.

At this period the number of inhabitants on our station amounted to about fifty families, from seven different tribes, who had made the spot an asylum, when plundered and driven from their own abodes. Poverty made them willing to labour, and they became useful auxiliaries to us in the buildings and outward improvements. Mr. Hughes's temporary house being unoccupied, we turned it into a chapel where we put up our humble pulpit. On the following day, when we were about to occupy it, we found a Cobra de capello serpent had already taken possession, which to some minds might have been an ominous event. The day-school began to cheer our drooping spirits, to which we added one in the evening, having about forty scholars in each, and some we heard began to pray! The attendance on public worship was good, and the introduction of singing hymns in the language, only three in number, produced a very pleasing effect on the savage mind, and no less so on our own, though we could not discover any inwrought feeling produced by the preaching of the Gospel.

One mission house had been finished, another was raised as high as the beams, and though we had faith to take joyfully the spoiling of our goods, and to expend our lives, yet as the friends at home were beginning to despair of success, we did not like to expend any more money. I remember when it was signified to us, though not officially, that the abandonment of the mission was in contemplation, we felt our souls at once riveted to the country and people, and even had our resources been withdrawn, we were confident of Divine interference in our behalf. It was at this time, under these feelings, and with the prospect of peace, that Mr. Hamilton, my veteran fellow-labourer, found it necessary, after his long career, to visit the coast for the first time, and accordingly left us in February, 1828.

In the month of March, a party of Corannas passed into the interior, and Jan Karse hearing that a brother of his wife was among them, intercepted the party at a distance, and accompanied by Aaron, succeeded in dissuading them from their wicked, as well as dangerous, attempt to proceed to the Bauangketsi. Karse left them to deliberate, and in the course of a few days, to our amazement, they entered our station, and sat themselves down on the outskirts of the village. We did not like their haughty and menacing aspect. They spoke and acted as if their expedition was one of harmless enterprise.

Two days passed without much suspicion on our part, while they rambled about in the village, with perfect confidence, among people whose near relations they had first plundered, and then murdered in cold blood only a few days previous. They were treated with kindness, every thing being avoided which might give offence. Andries Bloom, Karse's brother-in-law, stated his fears, that an attack on the place, for the few cattle we had, was contemplated. A sleepless and watchful night ensued. On the following morning, Karse went to their camp again and again, using every argument and entreaty which he could conceive, to induce them to depart in peace. After this they appeared anxious to convince every one that their intentions were pacific. The plot, however, was more deeply laid during the subsequent night. In the morning, Karse took his wife with him, being an influential woman, and the sister of Bloom, their chief. They pleaded hard, but pleaded in vain, and Karse was ordered in the most threatening language to be gone. Fearing the menaces of such desperadoes, he retired, while his wife, who was three times his own size, nobly walked close behind him to prevent his being shot.

The marauders then sprang into a kind of natural entrenchment, or rather heap of stones, within a few yards of our houses, and shook their clubs at us with savage ferocity. Andries Bloom and his sister took refuge in our house with my wife and family. It was now nearly noon, and the cattle were lowing to get out to water and pasture. It was with difficulty I could prevent our people from attacking the enemy; though we had not more than five men on the place who could use a gun, while they had forty, independent of

Bushmen with bows and arrows. As the people would not permit me to go to the invaders, I stood half-way between them and my own house, where one of their number met me, and conveyed several messages to and fro. They at last told me also to be gone, or they would shoot me. Until now I had been able to restrain the men on the station, who were exasperated to the last degree by a people whom they had counselled, assisted, and fed, though they had imbrued their hands in the blood of some dear relatives, whose spoils were in their possession.

At this moment a shot was fired into the centre of the village, a second ball went over my head. I walked slowly towards my house, to show, that if they did intend to shoot me, I did not think so. Aaron, and a small party who were looking on at a short distance, hearing the shots, instantly came up, and by his intrepidity they were driven from their shelter, while those who had already begun to plunder the other end of the village, fled, and all leaving their effects, made the best of their way to the mountains; some were killed on the plain, and not a man would have escaped had it not been for the humanity of our people, who would willingly have spared all, and therefore instantly gave up the pursuit. Five men were captured and brought to my house, not to turn that into a prison, but only to be fed, to sit without either locks or doors, secure from rudeness or danger. This was another woe passed, and though we could not help shuddering at the loss of life, it was impossible to feel otherwise than thankful for the deliverance. It was afterwards discovered that the enemy had resolutely determined to kill, as well as steal, and set the place on fire, which they used their utmost exertions to accomplish. Having heard that this party had, in their course, deliberately murdered all the unoffending natives who had fallen into their hands, I inquired of the prisoners after they had been some time with us, if their minds never revolted at such crimes, as deliberately killing innocent females and children, who possessed nothing to tempt their cupidity, but who had cheerfully served them with wood and water. I shall never forget the reply of one who, after sitting some minutes motionless in deep reflection, said, "Mynheer, the heart of man is a wonderful thing; there is nothing which it cannot do. Custom makes even murder a play-thing." This was indeed having a seared conscience, or being past feeling, and he, like many others, was unmoved by any conviction of the enormity of such crimes. These men were afterwards sent home to their friends, evidently struck by the kindness which had been shown them, and which we hoped might have a beneficial influence upon their minds. Some time after, when we were supposing it not improbable that the relations of the defeated might seek revenge, we were informed by an individual from their neighbourhood, that their chief had sharply reproved them for so daring an attempt on a missionary station, adding, "that the results were such as they might have expected."

Soon after this affair, some of the subordinate chiefs of the Batlapis signified their wish to return to the Kuruman, which they accordingly did. It is also worthy of notice that the distant villagers, by taking refuge on our station, became acquainted with the character and motives of the missionary, and were often led to listen to the Gospel of salvation, preached, though very imperfectly, in their own language; and although many at first exhibited the barrenness of their minds by the wildness and vacancy of their countenances, yet the glimmering rays of light then imparted were the precursors of brighter days. It was reviving to see, in those troublous and distracted times, the attendance increase; and gradually an unremitted and riveted attention marked the sable audience. Before this time I had commenced, on the forenoon of the sabbath, catechising the children and adults on the first principles of the Gospel, reading a chapter out of a manuscript translation of Luke. From the unexpected increase of labour, and being alone, it was not easy to make either additions to the translations, or solid advances in the language.

The aspect of general affairs continued pacific for nearly two months. The state of the Griqua country assumed an appearance which we regarded as the precursor of permanent peace. Judgment had overtaken many of the marauders, and the remainder were comparatively scattered. When the mind was beginning to feel at liberty to contemplate the pleasing results of peace and the Gospel on the tribes now comparatively shorn of the barbarous dignity which had marked by-gone years, the approach of another commando from the Orange River was announced. The country to the north-west, all along the course of former marauders, being swept of inhabitants, we were not aware of our danger till they had advanced within eight miles of our station. They would in all probability have entered our village unawares but for the following circumstance. Two men, a woman, and boy were returning from a distance, with two pack oxen laden with skins, which they had gone to barter. These were seized, the men and woman were dragged on one side to be despatched with clubs, but the boy was spared to guide them to our station; he made his escape during the night, and gave us information. Next day, the sabbath, August 10th, 1828, all was confusion, as we were every hour expecting an attack. A sleepless and anxious night followed. A watch had been set, but from the extreme darkness of the night, nothing could be seen till morning, when it was discovered from the *spoor* of horses, that some of the enemy had come very near to reconnoitre. This was a trying season, for it was too evident from what the boy had overheard, that they were strong, and that they were determined to attack the station. Jan Karse and family having returned to his farm, fifty miles distant, some weeks previous, we had very few men able to use a gun, and only two of these on whom we could depend. We were weak indeed, and to save our cattle, we sent them off with some men to the wide wilderness, in the Bushman country. We were consoled to know that an omnipotent Jehovah saw our condition, that He could defend by many or by few, and could so order and overrule affairs as even to prevent bloodshed. For this my dear partner and I united again and again in fervent supplication to Him who had said, "Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver." Our souls sickened at the idea of seeing the ground of the mission station dyed with human blood, and we felt a strong persuasion that it would be prevented. Another night, in which infants only could forget their cares and fears, passed by. Early next morning the commando emerged from behind a rising ground, where they had passed the night, within half a mile of the place. The enemy seeing the so called entrenchments full of people, and that their approach was discovered, had no alternative but to advance. The confused rabble of horse and infantry came on, evincing all the pageantry of sluggish pomp. I had previously ordered, begged, and entreated that no one should fire, as it was not likely that they would gallop into the place, but leave them to expend their ammunition on the hillocks of stone. I stood with my telescope on one of these hillocks, to see whether I could recognise any of the party, as we had been informed that there were several rebel Griquas among them. When they came within gun-shot they sheered off to the river, where they intercepted some cattle belonging to our people, and a few sheep the property of Mr. Hamilton, while a number went to the tops of the heights to look around for more booty. We counted their force, amounting to forty muskets, nine horses, and about ninety men, among whom were a number of Griquas well dressed.

After debating for about an hour, a man was sent with a flag,—a rag suspended on the end of a rod. To prevent his seeing the weakness of the place, I met him at a distance. He did not hesitate to acknowledge that it was their intention to attack the place for purposes of revenge, and that Jantye Goeman, one of the principal men, though not the chief, begged first to have an interview with me at their camp, and the favour of a piece of tobacco. I refused to go to their camp, but engaged to meet him half way, if he was unarmed. After a long pause this was agreed to, when he advanced, and was soon followed by two more, the most ruffian-like beings I ever beheld. I went, accompanied by Aaron, and approaching Jantye Goeman, whom I knew well, he having been separated from the church of Griqua Town while I was there, he drew near with his hat drawn over his eyes, and without looking me in the face, held out his hand. I said to him, "Jantye, let me see your face; you may well blush that your old friend should find you in so horrible a position, among a people determined on the destruction of a missionary station." "I am dumb with shame," was his reply, and he then manufactured an excuse for his being found among such company, adding that he would rather defend my person than see a weapon raised against me. He then informed me that there were several other Bergenaars, desperate characters, among them; but the head of the commando was one Paul, chief of the Karoshebbers;* intimating that it was necessary for me to see him before we could come to any understanding; for I found Jantye was not empowered to make arrangements. In fact, he appeared embarrassed; his countenance displaying a hidden conflict, and being the index of guilt. He assured me that to obtain an interview with Paul was out of the question, for ever since he had left home he had been vowing that he would rather die than exchange one word with me, or see my face. Perfectly unable to conceive how I had become so odious in the eyes of any one, I made many inquiries, and at length learned, that this Paul was one to whom I had preached the Gospel, and he had sworn not to see me, lest I should succeed in persuading him to abandon his intentions of murder and rapine. After many entreaties.

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* A Coranna tribe so called.

I got Jantye to go and invite Paul, while I remained on the spot. During his absence, one of the two forbidding characters who continued near me, remarked in a growling tone, that I had better get out of the way, and let the commando do with the Kafirs (Bechuanas) as they pleased. To this I replied, that they must first kill game before they could eat venison; that for my own part I had no intention to use any other weapon than prayer to God; but I would not vouch for what the people on the station might do; that I was the teacher of some, but the master of none. Jantye came slowly back again, as if unwilling to tell his message. It was, that Paul was resolute in his determination not to see me. At this moment a wagon appeared in sight; and fearing it might be some one from Griqua Town, who of course would be instantly despatched, I rose, and was proceeding to meet it, as it had to pass the camp of the banditti. Jantye prevented my going. I then sent a man, who, on passing the camp, was taken prisoner. When observing some of the party shouldering their guns, and approaching the wagon, I got up, and said to Jantye, "I shall not see your face till the wagon and its owners are safe on the station." He instantly ran off, and brought the wagon through the party; when, to our pleasing surprise, we found that our visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Archbell, from the Wesleyan mission at Platburg.

Their safe arrival was a cause of gratitude, but the great point was yet undecided. I again met my half-way delegates; when, after a long conversation with Jantye, and another message to Paul, he made his appearance, slowly and sadly, as if following a friend to execution, or going himself to be slain. His face appeared incapable of a smile. Taking his hand, as that of an old friend, I expressed my surprise that he, who knew me, and who once listened to the message of salvation from my lips, should come with such a force, for the express purpose of rooting out the mission. I referred him to the time when, more than once, I had slept at the door of his hut, and partaken of his hospitality. He replied, that his purposes were unalterable, because, more than a year ago, a body of his men, who had passed into the interior to take cattle from the Barolongs, were attacked by Mothibi's people; and that although Mothibi was fled, many of his subjects and the Batlaros were on the station. His eyes glared with fury as he said, "I shall have their blood and their cattle too!" People in this country can scarcely conceive how difficult, not to say sometimes how impossible, it is, to argue with such characters, for some will not hear; but Paul could argue; and having once listened to my voice with pleasure, the long time which had elapsed had not effaced the impressions made by the visit and presence of a teacher. Although I was not preaching, I spoke with great solemnity, asking him if the bleached bones on the Barolong and Kalagare plains, the souls his clubs and spears had hurried into eternity since he left home, and the innocent blood with which he had stained the desert but a few days ago, were not sufficient to glut his revenge; or, rather, to make him tremble for the judgments which such a career would certainly bring upon himself and his people, and which had already begun to be poured out on the blood-guilty tribes of the Orange River? After having talked to him for some time in this strain, I begged him to call to mind his first and only visit to me while with Africaner; and his declaration, at a subsequent period, that he and his people were leaving, because it was rumoured that Africaner was about to remove from the country, in which his presence had been the bond of union; entreating him to compare his state of mind at that time with what it was now. This had scarcely passed my lips, when he ordered his men to go and bring the cattle which had been taken from our people, and added, that he would not go a step farther, but return by the way he came. In the course of a subsequent conversation, I inquired why he was so determined on not seeing me. "I could not forget your kindness to me in Namaqua-land," was the reply. In this the reflecting reader will observe a fresh instance of the omnipotence of love, even among the most barbarous of the human race.

Affairs being settled, and the cattle returned, the principal men were allowed to come to my house unarmed; but no one was permitted to approach the intrenchments, lest they should discover that the timid natives they saw there were only a mock display of power; for, from the great numbers on the station, they concluded that it was strong. When evening drew on, and they were about to retire to their camp, they begged of me, in the humblest language, not to allow the Bechuanas to attack them during the night; when I assured them that they might sleep in perfect safety. They said that such had been their terrors of conscience for nights past, that a hyena or jackal had been enough to frighten them from their rendezvous. This was the language of those who had heard the Gospel, and some of whom had once made a profession of faith in the Son of God. Thus "do the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Archbell was very cheering to us under these circumstances, for which we united in giving thanks to the Lord, who "giveth a banner to them that fear him, that it may be displayed because of the truth." He sent a fear into the hearts of the enemy, so that they did us no harm. Before concluding this subject, it will not be uninteresting to notice the results. The party remained for two days; and Paul having informed me, privately, that it was the intention of some of the commando who had accompanied him, having been disappointed of booty at the Kuruman, not to return without it, and were for that purpose resolved to go as far as the Barolongs on the Molapo River, I embraced this opportunity of remonstrating with them on their intentions, describing the country, and the danger of such a villanous undertaking. They silenced me, protesting that they were ignorant of such a plan.

All took their departure: Paul and his adherents went to their homes; and at half a day's journey from the station, twenty-seven of the number turned off, and directed their course towards the interior. Of this we were informed, but several weeks elapsed before we knew what had become of them. One evening, when about to retire to rest, a faint rap was heard at the door: it was one of these unhappy individuals, of the name of Isaacs: he had nothing on him but his shoes, having cut off his clothes to expedite his escape from a catastrophe, which had destroyed nearly all his companions. From his statement, it appeared that the party reached the Malapo, and had taken a drove of cattle, when they wandered from their course, and came in contact with the subjects of a powerful chief of the Batlapis. One of these, a man of influence, they shot. The news was instantly conveyed to head-quarters: a plan was laid, by which they fell into an ambuscade, whence only nine narrowly escaped with their lives, leaving their all behind. This was among the last efforts of the hordes of ruthless desperadoes, who had for five years been scattering, throughout the tribes, devastation, famine, and death, excepting Jan Bloom, who removed to the eastward, and made repeated but unsuccessful attacks on the people of Moselekatse. They had filled up their cup of iniquity: there was no power either to arrest or overthrow them: human attempts only fanned the flame of discord: the Almighty sent forth his blast upon them, and they were made to drink of the bitter cup they had themselves poured out to others. The Bushmen, pestilence, prodigality, and beasts of prey, deprived them of their thousands of cattle; disease and famine thinned their camps; till, at length, in places which had echoed with the shouts of savage triumph over slaughtered tribes, and the noises of rude revelry and debauch, nothing is heard but the howl of the hyena, as an appropriate funeral dirge over the remains of a people, the victims of insubordination, ferocity, and lust.

These awful judgments on some were not without the most salutary results to others. So evidently was the hand of God displayed, that the atheistical Bechuanas were wonderfully impressed with the truth of an overruling Providence; which doctrine they had, as a nation, hitherto treated as visionary and false. They had ocular demonstration of what we had told them was the word of God, that the triumphing of the wicked is short, and that Jehovah would scatter them that delight in war. The notorious apostate, Jacob Cloete, the ringleader of that section which had scattered devastation among the Kuruman tribes, was impoverished by his companions in crime, and retired to Berend's people a beggar. He visited us as such at the Kuruman. It would not have been unnatural to expect that the Bechuanas, to whom he had been as the demon of destruction, would have treated him with contumely, or sought revenge. No; though they were yet comparative heathens, they looked on his tall, haggard form, and emaciated countenance, with sympathy; and seeing him look wild, and start, as if the air he breathed was charged with spectres, arrows, and death, they presented him with food, and retired, remarking, "O chueroe ki poitsego," he is seized by terrors." He soon afterwards died, the victim of remorse and shame

CHAPTER XXIX.

While thus the judgments of the Lord were abroad among the tribes, the appearances on the station were indicative of the long-desired change. The temporary chapel was becoming too small. The readiness with which many answered the questions of Dr. William Brown's Catechism, which had been translated, and an increasing fixedness of attention to the preacher, were like the glimmering light on the eastern sky, so long watched for,—the presaging tints of the brighter rays which were, ere long, to gild the horizon, —the harbingers of the Sun of Righteousness arising on a benighted people.

Mr. Hamilton, who had been detained unusually long in the colony and on the road, from severe drought and loss of oxen, to our great joy arrived in the end of August, 1828. This veteran and faithful labourer, who might with great propriety be called the father of the Bechuana mission, was beyond measure delighted to find, although our circumstances had been perilous during his absence, that now his mental energies were to be called into exercise in a way he had scarcely dared to anticipate. Shortly after this we were favoured with the manifest outpouring of the Spirit from on high. The moral wilderness was now about to blossom. Sable cheeks bedewed with tears attracted our observation. To see females weep was nothing extraordinary; it was, according to Bechuana notions, their province, and theirs alone. Men would not weep. After having, by the rite of circumcision, become men, they scorned to shed a tear. In family or national afflictions, it was the woman's work to weep and wail; the man's to sit in sullen silence, often brooding deeds of revenge and death. The simple Gospel now melted their flinty hearts; and eyes now wept, which never before shed the tear of hallowed sorrow. Notwithstanding our earnest desires and fervent prayers, we were taken by surprise. We had so long been accustomed to indifference, that we felt unprepared to look on a scene which perfectly overwhelmed our minds. Our temporary little chapel became a Bochim—a place of weeping; and the sympathy of feeling spread from heart to heart, so that even infants wept. Some, after gazing with extreme intensity of feeling on the preacher, would fall down in hysterics, and others were carried out in a state of great exhaustion.

Some months previous to these changes, Aaron Josephs, who was once a runaway slave, but who had, through the kind interference of G. Thompson, Esq., obtained his manumission for the sum of 1,500 rix-dollars, the proceeds of ivory he had collected for that purpose, left his farm for a time, and came to reside at the station, for the sake of the education of his children, as well as to improve himself in reading and writing.

Both he and his wife were steady and industrious, having come from the colony, where they had enjoyed some advantages. He, also, was awakened to a sense of his danger, and having a tolerably extensive knowledge of divine truth he was soon a candidate for Christian fellowship, and was, with his three children, baptized at the same time with our own infant. The scene, from the previous state of feeling, was deeply impressive and exciting. Notwithstanding all our endeavours to preserve decorum in the crowded place of worship, strong feeling gave rise to much weeping and considerable confusion; but, although it was impossible to keep either order or silence, a deep impression of the Divine presence was felt. The work which had commenced in the minds of the natives received an additional impulse from the above circumstance; so that the sounds predominant throughout the village were those of singing and prayer. Those under concern held prayer-meetings from house to house, and when there were none able to engage in prayer, they sang till a late hour, and before morning dawned, they would assemble again at some house for worship, before going to labour. We were, soon after this interesting occurrence, delighted with farther results. Aaron and two other men came and offered to take upon themselves the labour and expense of raising a school-house, which would serve as a place of worship, till one for that special purpose was erected. All they required was the plan; and the doors and windows, with their frames, which they would also have made, but they lacked ability. This department, of course Mr. Hamilton thankfully undertook. It was a voluntary act on their part, without the subject having been once hinted at. We had scarcely laid down the plan, fifty-one feet long by sixteen wide, when Aaron, who was by trade both builder and thatcher, set all in motion. The season happened to be a rainy one, and as the walls were made of clay, there were serious interruptions; but it was nevertheless soon completed; for all who felt interested in the work, even women and children, gave what assistance was in their power, carrying clay, laths from the bushes, materials for thatch, or whatever else could contribute to its erection. It afforded us no small gratification to see the building finished with zeal equal to that with which it was commenced. Many important improvements were at the same time made in the outward affairs of the mission, in which there was no lack of native assistance, while the language and translations were attended to, to supply the wants of those who were now beginning to thirst after Divine knowledge.

The building was opened in the month of May, 1829, and in the following month we selected from among the inquirers six candidates for baptism. This was not done without much prayer and deliberation. These had given us very satisfactory proofs of a change of heart. After particular private examination, separately, they were found to possess a much larger knowledge of Divine truth than was expected; and their answers were most satisfactory; it was truly gratifying to observe the simplicity of their faith, implicitly relying on the atonement of Christ, of which they appeared to have a very clear conception, considering the previous darkness of their minds on such subjects. They were therefore baptized on the first sabbath of July, when other circumstances concurred to impart additional interest to the solemnity. It appeared as if it had been the design of Providence to call together, from all quarters, an unusual and most unexpected number of spectators from Philippolis, Campbell, Griqua Town, and Boochuap. From these places there were present about fifty Griquas, who happened to congregate here previous to their proceeding on a hunting expedition. These were suitably and profitably impressed with what transpired, for they themselves had been for some time previous in a lukewarm state, and were thus awakened to jealousy about their own condition, by seeing the Bechuanas pressing into the fold of Christ, while they by their backslidings were being thrust out, and to this we frequently afterwards heard that people bear testimony.

There were also present, parties from different places of the interior, who had come for purposes of barter. The place of worship was crowded to excess, and the greatest interest excited by a scene which was indeed a novelty to many, the service being conducted in the Bechuana language. After a sermon on John i. 29, a suitable address was given to the candidates, and when a number of questions had been asked, they were baptized, with five of their children. Among them was Rachel, the wife of Aaron, whom Mr. Hamilton addressed in Dutch, she being more conversant with that language; the others were Bechuanas. In the evening we sat down together to commemorate the death of our Lord.* Our number, including ourselves and a Griqua, was twelve. It was an interesting, cheering, and encouraging season to our souls; and we concluded the delightful exercises of the day by taking coffee together in the evening. Our feelings on that occasion were such as our pen would fail to describe. We were as those that dreamed, while we realized the promise on which our souls had often hung. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." The hour had arrived on which the whole energies of our souls had been intensely fixed, when we should see a church, however small, gathered from among a people who had so long boasted that neither Jesus, nor we, his servants, should ever see Bechuanas worship and confess him as their King.

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* It may not be unworthy of remark, that on the Friday evening previous, we received from John Greaves, Esq., of Sheffield, communio-

It is only necessary to glance at the records of that mission from its commencement, to be able in some measure to conceive the emotions such a change produced on our minds. We had long felt assured that when once the Spirit was poured out from on high, and when some of the natives had made a public profession of their faith in the Redeemer of the world, or, in other words, when Jehovah should perform his promise, great would be the company of those who would publish or bear witness to the same. In this expectation we have been fully borne out by the number of missionaries who have since entered the country, the chapels which have been built, the schools raised, the crowded audiences and flourishing churches which have succeeded, not only at our own stations, but at those of the French and Wesleyan missionaries; and extending from the Winter Bergen which bound Kafraria to the Kalagare desert on the west.

Great as was the change, we still rejoiced with trembling; having too often witnessed the successful attempts of Satan to frustrate our efforts, and blast our former hopes, to imagine that he who had hitherto reigned without a rival among the tribes, would calmly submit to the violence done to his ancient rights, without attacking us on fresh ground. His kingdom had at last been successfully assailed, and a breach made, but he who had lately roared so loud, might roar again. We therefore felt we needed a double portion of the Spirit,

vessels and pulpit candlesticks, for which Mrs. M. had applied two years before, on Mrs. Greaves, her particular friend, kindly expressing a wish to know what she should send her. This, she requested, in the confidence of faith, that they would some time be needed, dark as things then appeared; and singular enough they arrived at the very juncture of time in which they were wanted, after being twelve months on the road that we might be watchful to preserve, as well as to win souls. A great work had yet to be done before we could dare to glory. We knew that there were many prejudices to be overcome, much rubbish to be cleared away. The relation in which the believers stood to their heathen neighbours would expose their faith to trial. Some of them were a kind of serfs of others, who would rage at any innovation made on their former habits, all of which were congenial to sensual men, and opposed alike to conversion and civilization. But we prayed and believed that He who had begun a good work would carry it on.

From what has been said in a preceding part of the present work, it will be seen that it was no more in our power to change their dress and habits, than it was to change their hearts, and we were convinced that evangelization must precede civilization. Much has been said about civilizing savages, before attempting to evangelize them. This is a theory which has obtained an extensive prevalence among the wise men of this world; but we have never yet seen a practical demonstration of its truth. It is very easy in a country of high refinement to speculate on what might be done among rude and savage men, but the Christian missionary, the only experimentalist, has invariably found that to make the fruit good, the tree must first be made good, and that nothing less than the power of divine grace can reform the hearts of savages, after which the mind is susceptible of those instructions, which teach them to adorn the Gospel they profess, in their attire as well as in their spirit and actions. It would appear a strange anomaly, to see a Christian professor lying at full length on the ground covered with filth and dirt, and in a state of comparative nudity, talking about christian diligence, circumspection, purification, and white robes! The Gospel teaches that all things should be done decently and in order; and the Gospel alone can lead the savage to appreciate the arts of civilized life as well as the blessings of redemption. The heathen themselves occasionally reflect on its influence. An African chief, who though a stranger to the power which converts the soul, seemed aware that it required some superior energy to reform the manners, addressing the author when tracing civilization to its proper source, said, "What, is it the precepts of that book," pointing to the Gospel of Luke which I held in my hand, "which has made you what you are, and taught the white people such wisdom; and is it that mahuku a molemo, (good news,) which has made your nation new, and clothed you, compared with whom we are like the game of the desert?"

Although, as has been stated, the term savages, when applied to Bechuanas, must be understood in a restricted sense, there was nothing either very comely or comfortable in the dress of either sex, yet such was their attachment to it, that any one deviating from it was considered a harlequin. The child, is carried in a skin on the mother's back, with its chest lying close to her person. When it requires to be removed from that position, it is often wet with perspiration; and from being thus exposed to cold wind, pulmonary complaints are not unfrequently brought on. As soon as a child is born, its head is shaved, leaving a small tuft on the imperfectly ossified part of the skull; and when but a few weeks old the little head may be seen hanging over the skin in which it is carried, shining with grease, and exposed to the rays of an almost vertical sun, yet the coup de soleil is not of frequent occurrence either in infants or adults. The natives, however, are far from admiring a hot sun, and it is not uncommon to hear them say, "letsatsi le utluega yang?" "how does the sun feel?" and this exclamation is not to be wondered at, for I have known the action of the sun's rays so powerful on the masses of grease and black shining ochre on the head, as to cause it to run down their necks and blister the skin. They are therefore often found carrying a parasol made of black ostrich feathers, and in the absence of these will hold a small branch over their heads. I have frequently observed the Matabele warriors carrying their shields over their heads for the same purpose.

The commencement made, although on a very small scale compared with those mighty movements recorded in the overthrow of idolatry in some of the islands of the South Seas, was, nevertheless, what we had for many a long year ardently desired to see with our eyes, and to hear with our ears. To listen to Buchuanas exclaiming, "We have been like the beasts before God, what shall we do to be saved?" and to observe them receiving with meekness the milk of the word, produced in our minds sensations not unlike those experienced by aged Simeon, when he held the infant Saviour in his arms. We were naturally led to anticipate an outward change among the inquirers corresponding with their professions. Those who were baptized, had previously procured decent raiment, and prepared it for the occasion with Mrs. M.'s assistance, who had to supply two of the women with gowns from her own wardrobe. Hitherto a sewing school had been uncalled for, the women's work being that of building houses, raising fences and cultivating the ground, while the lords of the creation, for their own convenience and comfort, had from time immemorial added to their pursuits the exercise of sewing their garments, which from their durability and scanty supply, was anything but a laborious work.

It was a novel sight to observe women and young girls handling the little bright instrument, which was scarcely perceptible to the touch of fingers accustomed to grasp the handle of a pickaxe, or to employ them to supply the absence of trowels. But they were willing, and Mrs. M., in order to encourage them, engaged to meet them as often as her strength would permit. She had soon a motley group of pupils, very few of the whole party possessing either a frock or gown. The scarcity of materials was a serious impediment to progress, and living as we did far beyond the reach of traders, and six hundred miles from a market town, it was next to impossible to obtain them, at least just when wanted. The same Gospel which had taught them that they were spiritually miserable, blind, and naked, discovered to them also that they needed reform externally, and thus prepared their minds to adopt those modes of comfort, cleanliness, and convenience which they had been accustomed to view only as the peculiarities of a strange people. Thus, by the slow but certain progress of Gospel principles, whole families became clothed and in their right mind. Ornaments which were formerly in high repute, as adorning, but more frequently disfiguring their persons, were now turned into bullion to purchase skins of animals, which being prepared almost as soft as cloth, were made into jackets, trowsers, and gowns. When opportunity was afforded by the visit of a trader, British manufactures were eagerly purchased.

For a long period, when a man was seen to make a pair trowsers for himself, or a woman a gown, it was a sure intimation that we might expect additions to our inquirers; abandoning the custom of painting the body, and beginning to wash with water, was with them what cutting off the hair was among the South Sea islanders, a public renunciation of heathenism. In the progress of improvement during the years which followed, and by which many individuals who made no profession of the Gospel were influenced, we were frequently much amused. A man might be seen in a jacket with but one sleeve, because the other was not finished, or he lacked material to complete it. Another in a leathern or duffel jacket, with the sleeves of different colours, or of fine printed cotton. Gowns were seen like Joseph's coat of many colours, and dresses of such fantastic shapes, as were calculated to excite a smile in the gravest of us. It was somewhat entertaining to witness the various applications made to Mrs. Moffat, who was the only European female on the station, for assistance in the fabrication of dress, nor were these confined to female applicants. As it was seen that these matters were left to her, they thought that she must needs be mistress of all the arts of civilized life, and consequently capable of instructing men as well as women. One would bring prepared skins to get them cut into dresses, another wanted a jacket, and a third would be desirous of a pattern, while another would bring his garment sewed upside down, and ask why it would not fit. These efforts, however trifling they may appear, were the precursors of a mighty change, and the elements of a system which was destined to sweep away the filth and customs of former generations, and to open up numberless channels for British commerce, which but for the Gospel might have remained for ever closed.

Our congregation now became a variegated mass, including all descriptions, from the lubricated wild man of the desert, to the clean, comfortable, and well-dressed believer. The same spirit diffused itself through all the routine of household economy. Formerly a chest, a chair, a candle, or a table, were things unknown, and supposed to be only the superfluous accompaniments of beings of another order. Although they never disputed the superiority of our attainments in being able to manufacture these superfluities, they would however question our common sense in taking so much trouble about them. They thought us particularly extravagant in burning fat in the form of candles, instead of rubbing it on our bodies, or depositing it in our stomachs. Hitherto when they had milked their cows, they retired to their houses and yards, to sit moping over a few embers, seldom affording sufficient light to see what they were eating, or even each other; at night, spreading the dry hide of some animal on the floor, they would lie down in their skin cloaks, making a blanket at night of what had been their mantle all day. They soon found to read in the evening or by night required a more steady light than that afforded by a flickering flame from a bit of wood. Candle moulds and rags for wicks were now in requisition, and tallow carefully preserved, when bunches of candles were shortly to be seen suspended from the wall, a spectacle far more gratifying to us than the most charming picture, an indication of the superior light which had entered their abodes.

Our prospects continued cheering, and the increasing anxiety for instruction and the growth of knowledge among our candidates, greatly strengthened our hands. The experience of those who had been received into church fellowship, as well as those under convictions, was often simply but expressively stated. "I seek Jesus," one would say; and another, "I am feeling after God; I have been wandering, unconscious of my danger, among beasts of prey; the day has dawned, I see my danger." A third would say, "I have been sleeping in the lion's den; or been blown to and fro like a calabash upon the water, and might have sunk." We could not help fearing in the midst of this excitement, that in many it would prove only like the morning cloud and early dew, and therefore found it necessary to exercise great caution in receiving members into the little church.

The following circumstance occurred about this time, which was of the Lord, to encourage us, and strengthen the faith of those who had put their hand to the plough. Several females had been carried off by the kuatsi, the disease described in page 291. Among these was a married woman, who had been a very diligent inquirer after divine truth. Before the disease began to assume a fatal appearance, she spoke very clearly on the immense value of the instructions to which she had lately paid so much attention, at the same time professing the most lively hope of eternal life through the atonement of Jesus. A few days subsequent to this declaration, feeling that the harbingers of death had arrived, she called her husband and friends, and addressed them in language affecting and arousing, exhorting them to believe in the words of Jehovah, to flee for refuge to Jesus as the only Saviour. "I am going to die." This was startling language from the lips of a Mochuana. Some listened with amazement, and others wept. "Weep not," she said, "because I am going to leave you, but weep for your sins and weep for your souls. With me all is well, for do not suppose that I die like a beast, or that I shall sleep for ever in the grave. No! Jesus has died for my sins; he has said he will save me, I am going to be with him." Shortly after bearing this testimony, she who a few months before, according to her own language, was as ignorant as the cattle in the fold, now left the world with the full assurance of an eternal life beyond the grave.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the latter end of the year 1829, two traders journeyed into the interior for the purpose of shooting elephants, and to barter. Hearing at the Bahurutsi that a tribe possessing much cattle lived at some distance eastward, they proceeded thither, and were received in a friendly manner by Moselekatse,* the king of that division of Zoolus called Abaka Zoolus, or more generally Matabele. He, however, only allowed them to approach one of his cattle outposts on horseback. Prior to this visit this tribe had had some intercourse with the Bahurutsi, by whom they obtained partial information respecting white people, and particularly those on the Kuruman station, with whom they were best acquainted. During the time of his residence on the Lekua, and other sources of the Orange River, his people had been attacked by the Bergenaars, but as these were only Griquas and Corannas, he was in comparative ignorance of the character and dispositions of the whites. When these traders returned, Moselekatse sent with them two of his *lintuna*, or chief men, for the purpose of obtaining a more particular knowledge of his white neighbours; charging them particularly to make themselves acquainted with the manners and instructions of the Kuruman teachers. On their arrival they were astonished beyond measure with every thing they saw, and as they, according to the custom of their nation, were in a state of nudity, their appearance very much shocked the comparatively delicate feelings of the Bechuanas, barbarians as they were. These visitors, however, most cheerfully acquiesced in our suggestions, for the sake of decency and propriety. They were shown every mark of attention, which was received with a politeness to which we had been entirely unaccustomed among the Bechuanas, which convinced us that true politeness was not confined to birth or civilization, and pointed out to us that our visitors were the nobles of the nation to which they belonged. Every thing calculated to interest was exhibited to them. Our houses, the walls of our folds and gardens, the water ditch conveying a large stream out of the bed of the river, and the smith's forge filled them with admiration and astonishment, which they expressed not in the wild gestures generally made by the mere plebeian, but by the utmost gravity and profound veneration, as well as the most respectful demeanour. "You are men, we are but children," said one; while the other observed, "Moselekatse must be taught all these things." When standing in the hall of our house, looking at the strange furniture of a civilized abode, the eye of one caught a small looking-glass, on which he gazed with admiration. Mrs. M. handed him one which was considerably larger; he looked intensely at his reflected countenance, and never having seen it before, supposed it was that of one of his attendants on the other side; he very abruptly put his hand behind it, telling him to be gone, but looking again at the same face, he cautiously turned it, and seeing nothing, he returned the glass with great gravity to Mrs. M., saying that he could not trust it.

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* He calls himself Moselekatse, sounding the *e* as in emit, but is also called Umselekaz, or Umsiligas, by the Kafir and Zoolu tribes.

Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in our chapel. They saw men like themselves meet together with great decorum; mothers hushing their babes, or hastily retiring if they made any noise, and the elder children sitting perfectly silent. When the missionary ascended the pulpit, they listened to the hymn sung, and though from their ignorance of the Bechuana language they could not understand all that was said, they were convinced that something very serious was the subject of the address. The order and fervour which pervaded all parts of the service, bewildered their minds, which, from their infancy had been accustomed to observe every public meeting introduced and characterized by the hoarse war-song and displays of chivalry. They were inquisitive about every thing, and were surprised to find that the hymns we sung were not war songs, expressive of the wild reveries which the associations of music brought to their minds. We embraced every opportunity of telling them the simple truths of the Gospel, and laboured to impress on their minds the blessings of peace.

These men had intended to visit the white man's country, the colony, but this was found inconvenient, and involved considerable difficulty as to how they were to be returned in safety. Accordingly, a Hottentot, who had accompanied the traders as a wagon-driver, was appointed by them to reconduct our visitors from our station to their own land. To this arrangement the latter made some objections, and it was well, for the character of the man was such as to make him a fit tool for so cruel a monarch as Moselekatse.

was reported to be. While this subject was under consideration, 'Umbate and his companion entered my house, with dejected looks, and requested a private interview; he informed me that reports had reached his ear, that the Bechuana tribes, through which they had to pass on the road homeward, were meditating their destruction. Of this we had had our suspicions, and only wished these noble visitors had not been brought to a missionary station, for we could not pretend to defend them by a superior force. Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. M., and I met again and again to deliberate on the subject, but we were at our wit's end. We took into consideration the warlike character, and almost overwhelming power of the Mantabele, who had already destroyed many powerful tribes, and saturated the Bakone hills and plains with blood, following up the destruction commenced by the Mantatees. We could not help almost trembling at the possible consequences of the ambassadors of such a power being butchered on the road. Having maturely considered the subject, and implored Divine direction, it was resolved that I should take charge of them, as far as the Bahurutsi country, from which they could proceed without danger to their own land and people. The strangers most gratefully accepted of this proposal, their eyes glistening with delight. A wagon was hired, in addition to my own, for their conveyance. Though these men were, strictly speaking, savages, we were convinced that they were persons of influence and authority under their own sovereign, by the simple dignity of their deportment, and their own entire silence on the subject. The delightful results of the Gospel of love and good-will to all men, were strikingly exhibited on our departure. The believers, and many others on the station, brought little presents to offer to the strangers, as well as some for their master, Moselekatse, whose name, in their natural state, they would have pronounced only with anathemas. Having obtained a sufficient number of volunteers to accompany me, for there were some who thought the journey would be a disastrous one, we left the Kuruman on the 9th of November.

The two ambassadors were received at old Lithako with great kindness by the people of Mahura, who at that period strongly recommended the pacific precepts of the Gospel introduced by the missionaries, although he himself has not yet shown that he has received that Gospel into his heart, which has scattered so many blessings in his path. Mahura's speech had a good effect on their minds, in so far as it convinced them, that he who professed so high a regard for their guardian would do them no harm. Leaving Lithako, we travelled in our empty wagons with more than usual speed, over the Barolong plains, in many parts of which the traveller, like the mariner on the ocean, sees the expanse around him bounded only by the horizon. Clumps of mimosas occasionally meet the eye, while the grass, like fields of tall wheat, waved in the breeze; amidst which various kinds of game were found, and the king of the forest roved at large.

Some of the solitary inhabitants, who subsisted entirely on roots and the chase, would intercept our course, and beg a little tobacco, and sometimes pass the night where we encamped. These were, indeed, the companions of the lion, and seemed perfectly versed in all his tactics. As we were retiring to rest one night, a lion passed near us, occasionally giving a roar, which softly died away on the extended plain, as it was responded to by another at a distance. Directing the attention of these *Balala* to this sound, and asking if they thought there was danger, they turned their ears as to a voice with which they were familiar, and, after listening for a moment or two, replied, "There is no danger; he has eaten, and is going to sleep." They were right, and we slept also. Asking them in the morning how they knew the lions were going to sleep, they replied, "We live with them; they are our companions."

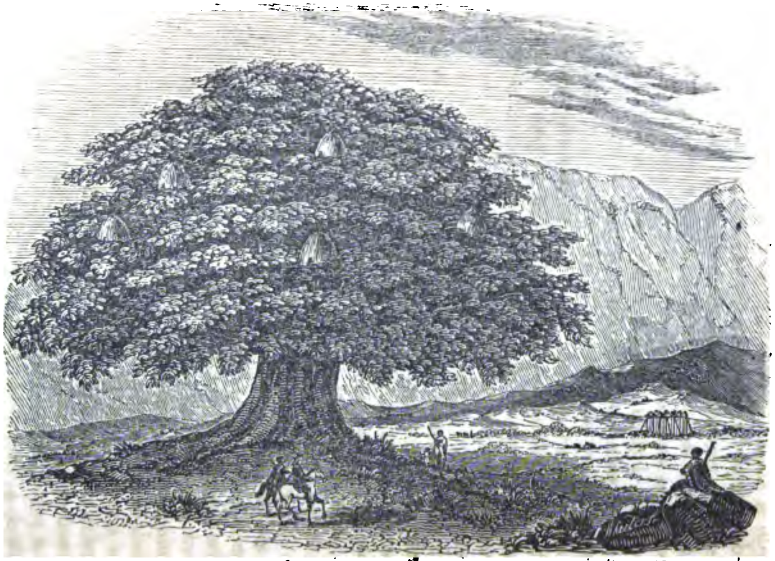
At Sitlagole River, about 160 miles from the Kuruman, we halted in the afternoon, and allowed our oxen to graze on a rising bank opposite our wagons, and somewhat farther than a gun-shot from them. Having but just halted, and not having loosened a gun, we were taken by surprise by two lions rushing out from a neighbouring thicket. The oldest one, of enormous size, approached within ten yards of the oxen, and bounding on one of my best, killed him in a moment, by sending his great teeth through the vertebræ of the neck. The yonnger lion couched at a distance, while the elder licked his prey, turning his head occasionally towards the other oxen, which had caught his scent and scampered off; then, with his fore-feet upon the carcase, he looked and roared at us, who were all in a scuffle to loosen our guns, and attack his majesty. Two of our number, more eager to frighten than to kill, discharged their muskets; and, probably, a ball whistling past his ear, induced him to retire to the thicket whence he had come, leaving us in quiet possession of the meat. At Meritsane, the bed of another dry river, we had a serenade of desert music, composed of the treble, counter, and bass voices of jackals, hyenas, and lions.

We were kindly treated by the Barolongs; and on the tenth day we arrived at Mosega, the abode of Mokhatla, regent over the fragments, though still a large body, of the Bahurutsi. These had congregated in a glen, and subsisted on game, roots, berries, and the produce of their corn-fields; having been deprived of their flocks by the Mantatees. They were evidently living in fear, lest Moselekatse should one day make them captives. From these people I received a hearty welcome, though I was known to few of them except by name.

Having fulfilled my engagement, in conveying my charge in safety to the Bahurutsi, I, in a solemn and formal manner delivered them over to the care of Mokhatla, requesting him either to go himself, or send a strong escort to accompany them until they reached the outposts of the Matabele. To this proposal the Tunas were strongly opposed, and entreated me most earnestly to accompany them to their own country; urging, that as I had shown them so much kindness, I must go and experience that of their king, who, they declared, would kill them if they suffered me to return before he had seen me. Mokhatla came trembling, and begged me to go, as he and his people would flee if I refused. I pleaded my numerous engagements at the Kuruman; but argument was vain. At last, to their inexpressible joy, I consented to go as far as their first cattle outposts. Mokhatla had long wished to see the fearful Moselekatse, who had desolated the Bakone country, and the proximity of whose residence gave him just reason to tremble for the safety of his people; and it was only because they were not the rich owners of herds of cattle, that they had not already become the prey of this African Napoleon.

During three days of heavy rain, which detained us, Mokhatla, whose physiognomy and manœuvres evinced, that, while he had very little of what was noble about him, he was an adept at intrigue, and exhibited too much of the sycophant to command respect, resolved to make himself one of my retinue. The country through which we had to travel was quite of a different character from that we had passed. It was mountainous, and wooded to the summits. Evergreens adorned the valleys, in which numerous streams of excellent water flowed through many a winding course towards the Indian Ocean. During the first and second day's journey I was charmed exceedingly, and was often reminded of Scotia's hills and dales. As it was a rainy season, every thing was fresh; the clumps of trees that studded the plains being covered with rich and living verdure. But these rocks and vales, and picturesque scenes, were often vocal with the lion's roar. It was a country once covered with a dense population. On the sides of the hills and Kashan mountains were towns in ruins, where thousands once made the country alive, amidst fruitful vales now covered with luxuriant grass, inhabited by game. The extirpating invasions of the Mantatees and Matabele had left to beasts of prey the undisputed right of these lovely woodland glens. The lion, which had revelled in human flesh, as if conscious that there was none to oppose, roamed at large, a terror to the traveller, who often heard with dismay his nightly roaring echoed back by the surrounding hills. We were mercifully preserved during the nights, though our slumbers were often interrupted by his fearful howlings. We had frequently to take our guns and precede the wagon, as the oxen sometimes took fright at the sudden rush of a rhinoceros or buffalo from a thicket. More than one instance occurred when, a rhinoceros being aroused from his slumbers by the crack of the whips, the oxen would scamper off like race-horses, when destruction of gear, and some part of the wagon, was the result. As there was no road, we were frequently under the necessity of taking very circuitous routs to find a passage through deep ravines; and we were often obliged to employ picks, spades, and hatchets, to clear our way. When we bivouacked for the night, a plain was generally selected that we might be the better able to defend ourselves; and when firewood was plentiful, we made a number of fires at a distance around the wagon. But when it rained, our situation was pitiful indeed; and we only wished it to rain so hard that the lion might not like to leave his lair.

Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosegà we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature, protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen



of these aërial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten any thing that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square space before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for firewood.

As a proof of the necessity of such an expedient as above described, I may add, that during the day, having shot a rhinoceros, we had reserved the hump of the animal to roast during the night, a large ant-hill was selected for the purpose, and being prepared by excavation and fire, this tit-bit was deposited. During the night, a couple of lions attracted by the roast, drew near, and though it was beyond gun-shot, we could hear them distinctly, as if holding council to wait till the fire went out, to obtain for themselves our anticipated breakfast. As the fire appeared to have gone out altogether, we had given up hope till morning light showed us that the lions had been in earnest, but the heat of the smouldering ant-hill had effectually guarded our steak.

After my return to the wagons, some Matabele warriors approached, who, on seeing 'Umbate and his companion, and their attendants, bowed at a distance, until he beckoned them to draw near, when they addressed the Tûnas in the most servile language, which proved that we had not been mistaken in regarding them as men of distinction. Having thus arrived at the out-posts of Moselekatee's dominions, I again referred to my engagement, and proposed returning home, having now brought them thus far, and, according to the phraseology of the country, placed them among, or behind the shields of their nation. The two chief men arose, and after looking for a while on the ground as if in deep thought, 'Umbate, laying his right hand on my shoulder, and the left on his breast, addressed me in the following language: "Father, you have been our guardian. We are yours. You love us, and will you leave us?" and pointing to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, "Yonder," he added, "dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence, if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us, for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descend on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution, because you are not. Look at me and my companion, and tell us if you can, that you will not go, for we had better die here than in the sight of our people." I reasoned, but they were silent; their eyes, however, spoke a language I could not resist. "Are you afraid?" said one; to which I replied, "No." Then said 'Umbate, "It remains with you to save our lives, and our wives and children from sorrow." I now found myself in a perplexing position, these noble suppliants standing before me, 'Umbate, whose intelligent countenance beamed with benevolence, while his masculine companion, another Mars, displayed a sympathy of feeling not to be expected in the man of war, who could count his many tens of slain warriors which had adorned his head with the ring or badge of victory and honour. My own attendants, whom I had the day before been commending for their intrepidity, were looking on the transaction as if the destinies of an empire were involved; and heard, not without strong emotion, my consent to accompany the strangers to their king.

We now travelled along a range of mountains running near E.S.E., while the country to the north and east became more level, but beautifully studded with ranges of little hills, many isolated, of a conical form, along the bases of which lay the ruins of innumerable towns, some of which were of amazing extent. The soil of the valleys and extended plains was of the richest description. The torrents from the adjacent heights had, from year to year, carried away immense masses, in some places laying bare the substratum of granite rocks, exhibiting a mass of rich soil from ten to twenty feet deep, where it was evident native grain had formerly waved; and water-melons, pumpkins, kidney-beans, and sweet reed had once flourished. The ruins of many towns showed signs of immense labour and perseverance; stone fences, averaging from four to seven feet high, raised apparently without mortar, hammer, or line. Every thing was circular, from the inner walls which surrounded each dwelling or family residence, to those which encircled a town. In traversing these ruins, I found the remains of some houses which had escaped the flames of the marauders. These were large, and displayed a far superior style to any thing I had witnessed among the other aboriginal tribes of Southern Africa. The circular walls were generally composed of hard clay, with a small mixture of cow-dung, so well plastered and polished, a refined portion of the former mixed with a kind of ore, that the interior of the house had the appearance of being varnished. The walls and door-ways were also neatly ornamented with a kind of architraves and cornices. The pillars supporting the roof in the form of pilasters, projecting from the walls, and adorned with flutings and other designs, showed much taste in the architectresses. This taste, however, was exercised on fragile materials, for there was nothing in the building like stone, except the foundations. The houses, like all others in the interior, were round, with conical roofs, extending beyond the walls, so as to afford considerable shade, or what might be called a verandah. The raising of the stone fences must have been a work of immense labour, for the materials had all to be brought on the shoulders of men, and the quarries where these materials were probably obtained, were at a considerable distance. The neighbouring hills also gave ample demonstration of human perseverance, with instruments of the most paltry description.

In some places were found indigenous fig-trees, growing on squares of stone left by the quarriers, the height of twelve feet, and held together by the intersecting roots of the tree.

On some of these we found ripe figs, but, from the stony basis, and uncultivated state, they were much inferior to those grown in the gardens of the colony. Many an hour have I walked, pensively, among these scenes of desolation, —casting my thoughts back to the period when these now ruined habitations teemed with life and revelry, and when the hills and dales resounded to the bursts of heathen joy Nothing now remained but dilapidated walls, heaps of stones, and rubbish, mingled with human skulls, which, to a contemplative mind, told their ghastly tale. These are now the abodes of reptiles and beasts of prey. Occasionally a large stone-fold might be seen occupied by the cattle of the Matebele, who had caused the land thus to mourn. Having Matebele with me, I found it extremely difficult to elicit local information from the dejected and scattered aborigines who occasionally came in our way. These trembled before the nobles, who ruled them with a rod of iron. It was soon evident that the usurpers were anxious to keep me in the dark about the devastations which everywhere met our eyes, and they always endeavoured to be present when I came in contact with the aborigines of the country, but as I could speak the language some opportunities were afforded. One of the three servants who accompanied the two ambassadors to the Kuruman was a captive among the Mantatees, who had been defeated at Old Lithako. He, as well as his fellow-servants, felt a pleasure in speaking with us in Sechuana, their native language. He, and many hundreds more of that people, were, on their return from the defeat, taken prisoners by Moselekatse. This individual, though an athletic and stern-looking being, was also a shrewd observer of character, and possessed a noble mind, which revolted at the tyranny of his new masters. He was a native of the regions through which we were now passing, and would sometimes whisper to me events connected with the desolations of his father-land. These nations he described as being once numerous as the locusts, rich in cattle, and traffickers, to a great extent, with the distant tribes of the north. My informant, with his fellow Bakones, had witnessed the desolation of many of the towns around us—the sweeping away the cattle and valuables—the butchering of the inhabitants, and their being enveloped in smoke and flames. Commandos of Chaka, the once bloody monarch of the Zoolus, had made frightful havoc; but all these were nothing to the final overthrow of the Bakone tribes by the arms of Moselekatse. The former inhabitants of these luxuriant hills, and fertile plains had, from peace and plenty, become effeminate,—while the Matabele, under the barbarous reign of the monster Chaka, from whose iron grasp they had made their escape, like an overwhelming torrent, rushed onward to the north, marking their course with blood and carnage.

On a Sabbath morning I ascended a hill, at the base of which we had halted the preceding evening, to spend the day. I had scarcely reached the summit, and sat down, when I found that my intelligent companion had stolen away from the party, to answer some questions I had asked the day before, and to which he could not reply, because of the presence of his superiors. Happening to turn to the right, and seeing before me a large extent of level ground covered with ruins, I inquired what had become of the inhabitants.

He had just sat down, but rose, evidently with some feeling, and, stretching forth his arm in the direction of the ruins, said, "I, even I, beheld it!" and paused, as if in deep thought. "There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-coloured cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as had fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them, and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? they were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang and thus they danced, till they beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe. The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. This shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain, and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping to the ground on which we stood, he took up a little dust in his hand; blowing it off, and holding out his naked palm, he added, "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle!" It is impossible for me to describe my feelings while listening to this descriptive effusion of native eloquence; and I afterwards embraced opportunities of writing it down, of which the above is only an abridgment. I found also from other aborigines that his was no fabled song, but merely a compendious sketch of the catastrophe.

We were detained several days at this place by dreadful storms of thunder, which appeared to make the very mountains shake, and heavy rains which caused torrents of water to fall from the neighbouring heights, which deluged the plains. The luxuriance of every thing on hill and dale was great. The rich black soil being saturated with water, became so adhesive, that it was found impossible for either men or oxen to proceed. The wheels became one mass of clay, which nothing could detach, while the feet of the oxen became so large with the tenacious soil, that it was out of our power to move them from the spot. Though we could only see the smoke of distant villages, we had frequent visitors bringing us abundant supplies of milk and grain, borne on the heads of women belonging to the subjugated Bechuana tribes.

The dark cloudy weather and uncomfortable accommodations awoke gloomy forebodings in the minds of my people, some of whom would gladly have escaped, but the distance from home was too great. When the weather allowed us to proceed, two days more brought us through a fertile country to the banks of the Limpopo, called Uri, higher up, where the scaly crocodile may be seen protruding his ugly snout on the sedgy bank of the river.

Passing over some hills to the right, we were not a little surprised, on descending into the next glen, to find a large hunting party of Berend Berend and his people, with a number of wagons. From Berend I learned that Mr. Archbell, Wesleyan missionary, had come along with him to look out for a suitable spot for a station, and in company with Mrs. A. had left the party three days before to see Moselekatse, and that the Matebele monarch had refused to receive him till our arrival, our approach having been long announced at the capital. A special messenger having arrived to conduct me thither, I proceeded by a circuitous route over hill and dale, quite difficult enough for human beings to traverse, much more so for oxen with wagons, and after a long and harassing day's ride, we reached the Peban river to halt for the sabbath, the greater part of which I spent with Mr. and Mrs. Archbell; a treat I little expected when I left home.

On Monday we were joined by Mr. A. and a trader. From my Matabele charge I learned, that Moselekatse was not altogether satisfied with Berend's intrusion into his dominions, and had therefore refused to see any one before our arrival. Mr. A., who had been kept some days waiting, and was strongly inclined to return, was prevailed upon to accompany us, and two days more we proceeded eastward, over a hilly, trackless, and woody country, receiving every demonstration of the pleasure Moselekatse anticipated in welcoming us at his capital. In the early part of the day we came within sight of the long-looked-for spot under a range of hills. One of the Tunas had left us at the Limpopo, to appear in person before his king, and, as he expressed it, to make my path straight to the abode of his sovereign. "There," said 'Umbate, pointing to the town, "there dwells the great king Pezoolu,* the Elephant, the Lion's paw," following up these titles with ascriptions of extravagant praise.

As the wagons had to make a circuit to arrive at a ford through the river, Entsabotluku, Mr. Archbell, myself, and two of our attendants, saddled our horses to go the direct road. When we reached the river, we found people bathing, who, seeing horsemen, scampered off in the greatest terror. We proceeded directly to the town, and on riding into the centre of the large fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand head of cattle, we were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, besides two hundred which were concealed in each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. We were beckoned to dismount, which we did, holding our horses' bridles in our hands. The warriors at the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells, and leaping from the earth with a kind of kilt around their bodies, hanging like loose tails, and their large shields, frightened our horses. They then joined the circle, falling into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. Here we stood surrounded by warriors, whose kilts were of ape skins, and their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, their shields reaching to their chins, and their heads adorned with feathers.

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* Heaven, one of his titles.

Although in the centre of a town all was silent as the midnight hour, while the men were motionless as statues. Eyes only were seen to move, and there was a rich display of fine white teeth. After some minutes of profound silence, which was only interrupted by the breathing of our horses, the war song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, and they beat time with their feet, producing a sound like hollow thunder, but some parts of it was music befitting the nether regions, especially when they imitated the groanings of the dying on the field of battle, and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. Another simultaneous pause ensued, and still we wondered what was intended, till out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then politely turned to the food, which was placed at our feet, and invited us to partake. By this time the wagons were seen in the distance, and having intimated our wish to be directed to a place where we might encamp in the outskirts of the town, he accompanied us, keeping fast hold of my right arm, though not in the most graceful manner, yet with perfect familiarity. "The land is before you; you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." When the "moving houses," as the wagons were called, drew near, he took a firmer grasp of my arm, and looked on them with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the wagon with the utmost caution, still holding me by one hand, and placing the other on his mouth, indicating his surprise. He looked at them very intently, particularly the wheels, and when told of how many pieces of wood each wheel was composed, his wonder was increased. After examining all very closely, one mystery yet remained, how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without either end or joint. 'Umbate, my friend and fellow-traveller, whose visit to our station had made him much wiser than his master, took hold of my right hand, and related what he had seen. "My eyes," he said, "saw that very hand," pointing to mine, "cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them." A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. "Does he give medicine to the iron?" was the monarch's inquiry. "No," said 'Umbate, "nothing is used but fire, a hammer, and a chisel." Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors were still standing as he left them, who received him with immense bursts of applause.

Some thousands of the Matabele, composing several regiments, are distinguished by the colour of their shields, as well as the kind and profusion of feathers which generally adorn their heads, having also a long feather of the blue crane rising from their brows, all which has an imposing effect at their onset. Their arms consist of a shield, short spear, and club. The club, often made of the horn of a rhinoceros or hard wood, they throw with unerring precision, so as even to strike dead the smaller antelope. The spear is not intended for throwing, but for close combat, and such being their mode of warfare, the tribes accustomed to throw their light javelins to a distance, are overtaken by these organized soldiers and mowed down. They must conquer or die, and if one return without his shield or spear, at the frown of his sovereign he is instantly despatched by another. They look best in their war dress, which is only worn on great occasions, and without which they are like the Kafir tribes in a state of nudity. They rarely use a war axe, which distinguishes the Bechuana warrior, and which he only uses when brought into embarrassed circumstances, when his spears are expended, or when butchering the vanquished enemy. Their shields, made of the thickest part of the ox hide, are very different in size and shape. That of the Matabele is sufficiently large to cover the body, while the other is light, and easily manœuvred so as to throw off the missiles of the enemy. That of a Basuto is smaller still, and seems only capable of defending the left hand, which grasps the spears, and a rod bearing a plume of black ostrich feathers.

Moselekatse did not fail to supply us abundantly with meat, milk and a weak kind of beer, made from the native grain. He appeared anxious to please, and to exhibit himself and people to the best advantage. In accordance with savage notions of conferring honour, all the inhabitants and warriors of the neighbouring towns were ordered to congregate at head-quarters, and on the following day a public ball was given in compliment to the strangers. A smooth plain adjoining the town was selected for the purpose, where Moselekatse took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem with long white wands marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand. He then sat down on his shield of lion's skin, and asked me if it was not fine, and if we had such things in my country. I could not gratify his vanity by saying I did admire that which excited the most thrilling sensations in his martial bosom, and as to there being balls, public balls, in honour of the great and renowned, I did not choose to acknowledge.

This public entertainment or display of national glory occupied the greater part of the day, when the chief retired swollen with pride, amidst the deafening shouts of adoring applause, not only of the populace, but of his satraps, who followed at a distance to do him homage at his own abode. Whenever he arose or sat down, all within sight hailed him with a shout, *Baaite!* or *Aaite!* followed by a number of his high sounding titles, such as Great King, King of heaven, the Elephant, etc

CHAPTER XXXI.

As Mr. Archbell found it necessary to make a very short stay, and having myself left home without any intention of travelling half so far, I informed his savage majesty that my visit must also be short, as my family and friends at the Kuruman would suppose that evil had befallen me on a road where there was little other company than beasts of prey. This was all very reasonable, but he contrived with no little artifice and persuasion, to detain me ten days. During this period, I had frequent interviews with him, but I was not favourably situated for obtaining a knowledge of his real character, for not a soul in his dominions dared breathe a syllable that was not calculated to set him forth as the best and noblest of beings, immaculate in his actions, the very perfection of all that was lovely, just, and good, possessing a power which could hurl the mountains from their foundations; and finally, that his smile was life, while his frown scattered horror and death. However, I learned something of his disposition from the attendants of the chiefs who had visited the Kuruman, and who were permitted to remain at my wagons, with additions to their number, to serve or carry messages, but in reality to watch our movements, and take cognizance of all intercourse between myself and the natives. They were nevertheless very obedient to my suggestions, for when I wanted quietness, I had only to hold up my finger to signify who I wished should go, or who remain. Common people were not allowed to approach without special permission, and I was frequently obliged to prevent my body-guard discharging sticks, stones, or any thing else at any one who should dare approach within certain limits. It was with no little difficulty I prevented broken heads and broken bones, for they appeared to perform their tyrannical functions with real zest.

During one of my first interviews with Moselekatse, the following incident took place, which shows that, however degraded and cruel man may become, he is capable of being subdued by kindness. He drew near to the spot where I stood, with some attendants bearing dishes of food; the two chiefs who had been at the Kuruman were with me, but on the approach of their sovereign, they bowed and withdrew, shouting, as usual, "Baaite 'nkhosi enkolu," but were instantly desired to return. Moselekatse, placing his left hand on my shoulder, and his right on his breast, addressed me in the following language; "Machobane,* I call you such because you have been my father. You have made my heart as white as milk; milk is not white to-day, my heart is white. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before, but you love me more than my own people. You fed me when I was hungry; you clothed me when I was naked; you carried me in your bosom;" and, raising my right arm with his, added, "that arm shielded me from my enemies." On my replying, I was unconscious of having done him any such services, he instantly pointed to the two ambassadors who were sitting at my feet, saying, "These are great men; 'Umbate is my right hand. When I sent them from my presence to see the land of the white men, I sent my ears, my eyes, my mouth; what they heard, I heard, what they saw I saw, and what they said, it was Moselekatse who said it. You fed them and clothed them, and when they were to be slain, you were their shield. You did it unto me. You did it unto Moselekatse, the son of Machobane." These expressions received additional colourings from his retinue, who added fresh fuel to the flame of pride which ever burned in his heart, by assuring him that it was the renown of his mighty name which had commanded the homage of distant nations. The testimony of his gratitude was duly appreciated and acknowledged, and the assurance given that it was in my power to tell him news. This was the news of the love of God, to which he listened at first with apparent attention, but his countenance soon betrayed a truant mind, while his eyes looked with delight on the droves of sleek cattle approaching the town, and which possessed charms infinitely more captivating than the topics of our conversation.

Thus ended the Saturday eve, when his majesty, indicating by a polite bow, that he had heard enough for the present, rose amidst the shouts of his attendants, and retired to society and conversation more congenial with his savage mind. 'Umbate and two of his relations, whom he wished to introduce to my notice, remained behind till a late hour. One of these appeared to be a man of superior intellect, and put rather striking questions on the subjects which I had brought before the attention of the great man. The stillness of a serene night, far from the dance and war-song, which echoed from the neighbouring hills, inspired confidence in these chieftains, who spoke in whispers, as if afraid that their king should hear their liberty of speech. 'Umbate repeated to his friend much that he had heard from me on the road about divine things. Though extremely cautious in their remarks, it was evident that they were not insensible of the rigours of the despotism under which they lived. I had been struck with the fine, open countenances of many of the warriors, who though living amid the bewildering mazes of ignorance and superstition, debased, dejected, and oppressed under the iron sceptre of a monarch addicted to shedding blood, possessed noble minds; but, alas! whose only source of joy was to conquer or die in the ranks of their sovereign. The following morning was marked by a melancholy display of that so-called heroism which prefers death to dishonour. A feast had been proclaimed, cattle had been slaughtered, and many hearts beat high in anticipation of wallowing in all the excesses of savage delight; eating, drinking, dancing, and singing the victors' song over the slain, whose bones lay bleached on the neighbouring plains. Every heart appeared elate but one. He was a man of rank, and what was called an Entuna, (an officer,) who wore on his head the usual badge of dignity. He was brought to head-quarters. His arm bore no shield, nor his hand a spear; he had been divested of these, which had been his glory. He was brought into the presence of the king, and his chief council, charged with a crime, for which it was in vain to expect pardon, even at the hands of a more humane government. He bowed his fine elastic figure, and kneeled before the judge. The case was investigated silently, which gave solemnity to the scene. Not a whisper was heard among the listening audience, and the voices of the council were only audible to each other, and the nearest spectators. The prisoner, though on his knees, had something dignified and noble in his mien. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, but his bright black eyes indicated a feeling of intense interest, which the moving balance between life and death only could produce. The case required little investigation; the charges were clearly substantiated, and the culprit pleaded guilty. But, alas! he knew it was at a bar where none ever heard the heart-reviving sound of pardon, even for offences small compared with his. A pause ensued, during which the silence of death pervaded the assembly. At length the monarch spoke, and, addressing the prisoner, said, "You are a dead man, but I shall do to-day what I never did before; I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father"—pointing to the spot where I stood. "I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood, for his sake I spare your life; he has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white; but he tells me that to take away life, is an awful thing, and never can be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake, for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But," continued the king, "you must be degraded for life; you must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people; nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert."

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* The name of his father.

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon, and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But, no! holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, "O king, afflict not my heart! I have merited thy displeasure; let me be slain like the warrior; I cannot live with the poor." And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued; "How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honour which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!" His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now, my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honours he had won at the point of the spear—honours which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish—to exile and poverty, among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom! This was a Sabbath morning scene, such as heathenism exhibits to the view of the Christian philanthropist; and such as is calculated to excite in his bosom feelings of the deepest sympathy. This magnanimous heathen knew of no hereafter. He was without God and without hope. But, however deplorable the state of such a person may be, he will not be condemned as equally guilty with those who, in the midst of life and knowledge, self-separated from the body, recklessly rush into the presence of their Maker and their Judge. We have often read of the patriotism of the Greeks and Romans, and heard that magnanimity of soul extolled, which could sacrifice honour, property, and life itself, for the public good, rather than become the vassals of a foe, and live divested of the poor trappings of human glory; if this be virtue, there are, even among Afric's sons, men not inferior to the most illustrious of the Romans. The very monarch who was thus influenced by the presence of the Christian missionary, needed only to ask his warriors, "Who among you will become a sacrifice for the safety of the state, and the country's good?" and his choicest men would have run upon the thick bosses of the enemy's buckler.

Moselekatse's conduct in this affair produced a strange impression among his people, some of whom regarded me as an extraordinary being, who could thus influence one more terrible to them than the fiercest lion of the forest. His government, so far as I could discover, was the very essence of despotism.

The persons of the people, as well as their possessions, were the property of their monarch. His word was law, and he had only to lift his finger or give a frown, and his greatest nobles trembled in his presence. No one appeared to have a judgment of his own; none dared negative an opinion breathed by his sovereign. When any were permitted to approach his person, they crouched softly, muttering his great names. Messengers from the distant out-stations of his dominions were constantly arriving. These laid down their shields and spears at a distance, approached, and then kneeled about thirty yards from his royal person; and when it was his pleasure to receive the communication, it was conveyed by one of his chiefs in waiting. Some of these brought the news of the attack of lions on some parts of his distant herds, but no one presumed to be the reporter without bringing the head and paws of the animal which had dared to assail the possessions of its mighty namesake.

Although his tyranny was such, that one would have supposed his subjects would execrate his name, they were the most servile devotees of their master. Wherever he was seated, or wherever he slept, a number of sycophants, fantastically dressed, attended him, whose business was to march, jump, and dance about, sometimes adoring his person, then manœuvring with a stick, and vociferating the mighty deeds of valour performed by himself and Machobane. The same things are repeated again and again, often with a rapidity of articulation which baffles the understanding of their own countrymen. After listening many times, I was able, with the assistance of one of these parasites, to pick up the following expressions:—"O Pezoolu, the king of kings, king of the heavens, who would not fear before the son of Machobane, mighty in battle! Where are the mighty before the presence of our great king? Where is the strength of the forest before the great Elephant? The proboscis is breaking the branches of the forest! It is the sound of the shields of the son of Machobane. He breathes upon their faces; it is the fire among the dry grass! His enemies are consumed before him, king of kings! Father of fire, he ascends to the blue heavens; he sends his lightnings into the clouds, and makes the rain to descend! Ye mountains, woods, and grassy plains, hearken to the voice of the son of Machobane, king of heaven!" This is a specimen of the sounding titles which incessantly meet the ear of this proud mortal, and are sufficient to make the haughty monarch believe that he is what the terror of the name of Dingaan convinced him he was not; for, notwithstanding all his vain boasts he could not conceal his fears of the successor of the bloody Chaka, against whose iron sway he had rebelled.

It may be necessary to notice here, very briefly, the origin of this great man. When a youth his father was the chief of an independent tribe. His people were attacked by one more powerful, and routed. He took refuge under the sceptre of Chaka, who was then rendering his name terrible by deeds of crime. Moselekatse, from his intrepid character was placed at the head of a marauding expedition, which made dreadful havoc among the northern tribes; but, instead of giving up the whole of the spoils, he made a reserve for himself. This reaching the ears of Chaka, revenge instantly burned in the tyrant's bosom, who resolved to annihilate so daring an aggressor.

Moselekatse was half prepared to take flight, and descend on the thickly-peopled regions of the north, like a sweeping pestilence. He escaped, after a desperate conflict with the warriors of Chaka, who killed nearly all the old men, and many of the women. His destructive career among the Bakone tribes has been noticed; but dire as that was, it must have been only a faint transcript of the terror, desolation, and death, which extended to the utmost limits of Chaka's arms. Though but a follower in the footsteps of Chaka, the career of Moselekatse, from the period of his revolt till the time I saw him, and long after, formed an interminable catalogue of crimes. Scarcely a mountain, over extensive regions, but bore the marks of his deadly ire. His experience and native cunning enabled him to triumph over the minds of his men, and made his trembling captives soon adore him as an invincible sovereign. Those who resisted, and would not stoop to be his dogs, he butchered. He trained the captured youth in his own tactics, so that the majority of his army were foreigners; but his chiefs and nobles gloried in their descent from the Zoolu dynasty. He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met with his equal; and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions. Abject representatives came, while I was with him, from the subjugated tribes of the Bamanguato, to solicit the aid against a more distant tribe, which had taken their cattle. By means like these, it may be said, "He dipped his sword in blood, and wrote his name on lands and cities desolate." In his person he was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with a short neck, and in his manner could be exceedingly affable and cheerful. His voice, soft and effeminate, did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, happily for his people, it was not so, or many would have been butchered in the ebullitions of his anger.

The above is but a faint description of this Napoleon of the desert,—a man with whom I often conversed, and who was not wanting in consideration and kindness, as well as gratitude. But to sympathy and compassion his heart appeared a stranger. The following incident, for a day or two, threw a mystery over my character which he could not understand, though it was only an illustration of the principles I laboured to implant in his heart, apparently impervious to any tender emotion which had not self for its object.

It has been before stated that I was accompanied to Moselekatse by Mokatla, chief of the Bahurutsi. Dreading being driven with his subjects from his own native home, and picturesque wilds, and the tombs of his forefathers, and perhaps extirpated, as other tribes had been—whose bones lay withering in the blast, on the plains and vales which lay in our course,—he placed himself and attendants under my protection, though I was myself a stranger, and had not seen the object of his terror, and that of the tribes around. He hoped that as the missionary character had recommended itself to him, also a savage, he might go and return unscathed, and obtain the friendship of one who, as he some times expressed it, "prevented his peaceful slumbers." His attendants were respectable, all anticipating feasting and favour from one who wallowed in the spoils of war. There was one exception. This was a poor man, whose appearance, dress, and manner, informed me that he was truly the child of poverty, and perhaps of sorrow. This led me to take more notice of him than any other of the chief's attendants. I felt sympathy for the man, supposing he had been compelled to follow the train of his chief, and leave behind him a family ill-supplied, or some beloved member sick. No; his downcast looks arose from other causes. He had had two sons, about the ages of eight and ten. These had been absent in a neighbouring glen, when a party of Matabele warriors seized the boys, and carried them as spoils to head-quarters. He and his partner in affliction had for more than a year mourned the loss of their children, and, by taking a few trinkets and beads, his little stock of ornaments, the father hoped to obtain their release. After a journey of deep interest and a flattering reception, and days passed in festivities and displays of kindness to the strangers, the man sent in his humble petition by one who could approach the presence of the king, offering the little he had to redeem his two boys.

Some time afterwards the proprietor of his sons came and seated himself before my wagon, as I drew near to witness the transaction. The poor man spread his ragged mantle on the ground, and laid on it a few strings of beads and some native-made ornaments, valuable to him, but on which the haughty noble would scarcely deign to cast his eye. The father sighed to see his look of scorn. He then drew from his tattered skins, which he had brought with him, and on which he reposed at night, a small dirty bag, containing a few more strings of half-worn beads, and placed them beside the former: these were borrowed. The scornful look was again repeated. He then took from his arms two old copper rings, and rings of the same material from his ears. The chief answered the anxious eyes of the now desponding father with a frown, and an indignant shake of the head. He then took from his neck the only remaining link of beads which he possessed, and which it was evident he had worn many a year. This, with an old, half-worn knife, he added to the offered ransom. It was his all; and it is impossible ever to forget the expression of those eyes, which, though from national habit would not shed the tear of sorrow, were the index of the deepest anxiety as to the result. Neither the man or his ornaments excited the smallest emotion in the bosom of the haughty chief, who talked with those around him about general affairs, maintaining the most perfect indifference to the object of paternal agony before his eyes. He at last arose; and being solicited by one who felt something of a father's love, to pity the old man, who had walked nearly two hundred miles, and brought his little all to purchase his own children, he replied, with a sneer, that one had died of cold the preceeding winter, and what the father offered for the other was not worth looking at; adding "I want oxen." "I have not even a goat," replied the father. A sigh—it was a heavy sigh—burst from his bosom: —one dead, and not permitted even to see the other with his eyes. The chief walked off, while the man sat leaning his head on the palm of his right hand, and his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently lost to every thing but his now only son, now doubly dear from the loss of his brother, and he, alas! far beyond his power to rescue. On taking up his mantle to retire, he and his party being obliged to leave early to return to the place whence they came, he was told to be of good cheer, and an effort would be made to get his son. He started at the sound, threw his mantle at my feet, and spreading out his hands to what he had offered, said, "Take these, my father, and pity me." "Retain them for yourself," was the reply. He kissed the hand of his pledged benefactor, and departed, saying, *Ki tla na le boroko.* "I shall have slumber," (peace of mind.)

In the course of the following day, a favourable moment was sought to bring the case before the king. He instantly ordered his brother, the individual who possessed the boy, to wait upon me, which he promptly did; and on receiving several pounds of a valuable kind of bead, he immediately despatched a messenger to bring the boy, who was at a distance, and who arrived the following day.

On my return to Mosega, and approaching the base of one of those hills amidst which the town lay embosomed, a human being was seen rushing down the steep towards the wagons, with a rapidity which led us to fear that she would fall headlong. Every eye was upon her, while some said, "It is the alarm of war." The wagon-driver who sat by me, most emphatically exclaimed, "It is a woman, either running from a lion or to save a child." Yes, it was the mother. She had heard from some of the party who preceded the wagons that morning, that her son was there; she had ascended the hill behind which the town lay, and gazed till the wagon emerged from a ravine. Frantic with joy, she ran breathless towards me. To prevent her coming in contact with the wagon wheels, I sprang to the ground, when she seized my hands, kissed and bathed them with her tears. She spoke not one word, but wept aloud for joy. Her son drew near, when she instantly rushed forward, and clasped him in her arms.

In the frequent intercourse I had with Moselekatse, he was very inquisitive. The missionary, as an instructor of the natives in divine truth, was to him a mysterious character. He asked me if I could make rain. I referred him to the Governor of the universe, who alone could give rain and fruitful seasons. 'Umbate was more than once called to bear his testimony as to our operations and manner of living at the Kuruman. Our leaving our own country for the sake of the natives, obedient to the will of the invincible Being whose character I had described, was to him a bewildering fact; for he did not appear to doubt my word; and how we could act independently of our sovereign, or without being his emissaries, he could not understand: but his greatest puzzle was, that I had not seen my king, and could not describe his riches, by the numbers of his flocks and herds. I tried to explain to him the character of the British government, the extent of our commerce, and the good our nation was doing in sending the Gospel of peace and salvation to the nations which know not God; and told him also, that our king too had his instructors to teach him to serve that God, who alone was "King of kings, and King of the heavens." "Is your king like me?" he asked. I was sorry I could not give him a satisfactory reply. When I described the blessed effects of peace, the populousness of my own country, the industry of the people, the number of sheep and cattle daily slaughtered in the great towns, the reigning passion again burst forth in the exclamation, "Your nation must be terrible in battle; you must tell your king I wish to live in peace."

The day after this conversation he came to me, attended by a party of his warriors, who remained at a short distance from us, dancing and singing. Their yells and shouts, their fantastic leaps, and distorted gestures, would have impressed a stranger with the idea that they were more like a company of fiends than men. Addressing me, he said, "I am a king, but you are Machobane, and I am come to sit at your feet for instruction." This was seasonable; for my mind had just been occupied in contemplating the miseries of the savage state. I spoke much on man's ruin, and man's redemption. "Why," he asked, "are you so earnest that I abandon all war, and not kill men?" "Look on the human bones which lie scattered over your dominions," was my reply. "They speak in awful language, and to me they say, 'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also will his blood be shed.'" This was fearful language in the ears of such a murderer. "You say," he added, "that the dead will rise again." My remarks on this subject, were startling in the ears of a savage, and he interrupted by hastily assuring me that he would not go to war. While we were yet speaking, a body of *Machaka* soldiers advanced, and bowed behind their shields at a distance, to wait his awful nod. The Entoto (married man) their leader, then addressed him in language and attitude the most suppliant. The burden of the petition was, "Permit us, O king of heavens, to obtain new shields:" in other words, "Allow us to go and attack some distant town, to acquire new spoils and fresh glory." This was an inauspicious moment for these ambitious men. Turning to me, the monarch said, "You see it is my people who wish to make war," and instantly dismissed them from his presence.

As he was rather profuse in his honorary titles, especially in calling me a king, I requested him rather to call me teacher, or anything but a king. "Then," he said, "shall I call you my father?" "Yes," I rejoined, "but only on condition that you be an obedient son." This drew from him and his nobles a hearty laugh. When I recommended a system which would secure not only safety, but plenty to his people, without the unnatural one of keeping up a force of many thousands of unmarried warriors; he tried to convince me that his people were happy, and to a stranger they might appear so, for, alas, they dared not let any murmur reach his ear, but I knew more than he was aware of. I knew many a couch was steeped with silent tears, and many an acre stained with human blood. About ten minutes after the conversation, a lovely boy, the son of one of his many wives, sat smiling on my knee, caressing me as if I were his own father. As some of the king's harem was seated near, I asked the boy which was his mother. He shook his little head and sighed. I asked no more, but learned soon after that the mother, who was the daughter of a captive chief, was a superior woman, and took the liberty of remonstrating with her lord on the multitude of his concubines. In the morning she was dragged out of her house, and her head severed from her body.

The happiness of the king and his subjects appeared to be entirely derived from their success in war, and the reward of a wife was a stimulus to his men to multiply their victims Days of feasting were held, when they glutted themselves with flesh. The bloody bowl was the portion of those who could count the tens they had slain in the day of battle. One evening two men bore towards me an enormous basket It was the royal dish sent from the presence of his majesty The contents smoking blood, apparently as liquid as if it had just come from the arteries of the ox, and mixed with sausages of suet. I acknowledged the honour he wished to confer, but begged to be excused partaking of so lordly a dish, as I never ate blood when I could get any thing else. This refusal gave perfect satisfaction, when the whole breast of an ox well stewed, was immediately sent in its place. As nothing can be returned, the bearers of the smoking present, and others who were standing round it, had scarcely heard that they might do what they pleased with it, when they rushed upon it, scooping it up with their hands, making a noise equal to a dozen hungry hogs around a well filled trough.

On my journey to and from this polite, and, I might truly add, grateful barbarian, I received great attention, and was exposed to no annoyance. Having to pass through a country full of lions, a number of warriors constantly attended the wagons, whom I supplied with food out of the numberless presents of milk, grain, and slaughter oxen which I had received from their munificent master. On more than one occasion as many as fifty dishes were brought from a village and placed before me; but the Matabele escort could not conceal their strong passion for meat; and when I gave them the leg or shoulder of an ox, they immediately kindled a fire, into the centre of which the whole leg would be thrown, and occasionally turned with a long pole. After being burned and roasted some inches deep, it was dragged forth, and as soon as it was sufficiently cool to allow of its being seized with their hands, they squatted on the ground around it, and raising it to a level with their mouths, each tore off a piece, and the mass might be seen moving to and fro, according to the success of the teeth in seizing a firm hold. When they had penetrated to what was too raw, it was thrown again into the fire for a second course. I never saw them eat raw flesh, as some have affirmed to be their practice.

To these facts, extracted from a voluminous journal, my limits will only permit me to add one picture more of heathenism, calculated to awaken all the sympathies of an enlightened mind. I am persuaded no one of my readers would thank me for a minute description of manners and dress, which could only excite disgust, and details of revenge and the punishment of capital crimes, in which there is a combination of all that is ferocious, horrid, and cruel. The following description of their mode of warfare and treatment of captives, cannot but excite the deepest sympathy for the millions of our fellow men, who are perishing thus awfully for lack of knowledge in the dark regions of this benighted world.

The Matabele were not satisfied with simply capturing cattle, nothing less than the entire subjugation, or destruction of the vanquished, could quench their insatiable thirst for power. Thus when they conquered a town, the terrified inhabitants were driven in a mass to the outskirts, when the parents and all the married women were slaughtered on the spot. Such as have dared to be brave in the defence of their town, their wives, and their children, are reserved for a still more terrible death; dry grass, saturated with fat, is tied round their naked bodies and then set on fire. The youths and girls are loaded as beasts of burden with the spoils of the town, to be marched to the homes of their victors. If the town be in an isolated position, the helpless infants are left to perish either with hunger, or to be devoured by beasts of prey. On such an event, the lions scent the slain and leave their lair. The hyenas and jackals emerge from their lurking places in broad day, and revel in the carnage, while a cloud of vultures may be seen descending on the living and the dead, and holding a carnival on human flesh. Should a suspicion arise in the savage bosom that these helpless innocents may fall into the hands of friends, they will prevent this by collecting them into a fold, and after raising over them a pile of brushwood, apply the flaming torch to it, when the town, but lately the scene of mirth, becomes a heap of ashes. Oh! Christians of England, can you as subjects of divine love, as possessing the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, and as holding his last commission from the mount of Olives to publish it to the ends of the earth,—can you gaze on these fields of human blood, these regions of unutterable woe, without emotion? Ah! brethren, could you behold the scenes your missionaries witness, you would wake up with a power of pity which would impel you to deeds of Christian compassion, compared with which your past exertions would appear as nothing.

Having resolved on returning, Moselekatse accompanied me in my wagon a long day's journey to one of his principal towns. He soon became accustomed to the jolting of an African wagon, and found it convenient to lay his well lubricated body down on my bed, to take a nap. On awaking he invited me to lie down beside him; but I begged to be excused, preferring to enjoy the scenery around me. Two more days we spent together, during which I renewed my entreaties that he would abstain from war, promising that one day he should be favoured with missionaries, which he professed to desire. Having obtained from me my telescope, for the purpose, he said, of seeing on the other side of the mountains if Dingaan, the king of the Zoolus, whom he justly dreaded, was approaching, I bade him farewell, with scarcely a hope that the Gospel could be successful among the Matabele, until there should be a revolution in the government of a monarch, who demanded that homage which pertains to God alone. A few moments before I left him, I remarked that it was the duty of a wise father to instruct his son, and as he called me Machobane, I thought it right again to warn him, that if he did not cease from war, and restrain his lintuna (nobles) from perpetrating their secret and dreadful cruelties on the aborigines, he might expect that the eternal God would frown upon him, when the might of his power would soon be broken, and the bones of his warriors would mingle with those they had themselves scattered over his desolate dominions. To this solemn exhortation he only replied, "Pray to your God to keep me from the power of Dingaan." After a journey through the country already described, preserved amid many dangers from beasts of prey, I arrived safely at home after an absence of two months, and found Mrs. M. and our family with Mr. Hamilton well, and cheered with the continued display of the Divine blessing on the Kuruman mission.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The country had been blessed with such plentiful rains that fields and gardens teemed with plenty, such as had not been experienced for several years. The ancient ramparts of superstition had been broken through by our converts, and many others, who could see no reason why the productions of their field and garden labour should be confined to the varieties of their native grain (*Holcus sorghum*) pumpkins, kidney beans, and water melons, the only vegetables cultivated by their forefathers. Instead of purchasing a very inferior tobacco from the Bahurutsi, who were no longer able to supply the market, having imitated our example of leading out water, they began to plant it themselves, and it soon became a profitable article of traffic, as it had formerly been to those who lived in a better watered country. They also thankfully accepted the seeds and plants of grain and vegetables we had introduced, of maize,* wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, carrots, onions, and they also planted fruit trees. As the course of our water ditch along the side of a hill appeared as if the stream ascended, several of the natives set to work in good earnest, and cut courses leading directly up hill, hoping the water would one day follow. Ploughs, harrows, spades, and mattocks were no longer viewed as the implements of a certain caste, but as the indispensable auxiliaries to existence and comfort. The man who before would have disdained to be seen engaged in such an occupation and with such a tool, was now thankful to have it in his power to buy a spade.

The spiritual affairs of the station kept pace with external improvements. The house of God continued to be well filled, and though the strong excitement which prevailed in the early part of 1829 had subsided, knowledge was on the increase, a growing seriousness was observable, and there was every reason for encouragement. Progress was made in reading, which increased my anxiety to make a revision of the gospel of Luke, especially as it was necessary for me to visit Cape Town.

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* Maize I found abundant among the Matabele, where it does not require irrigation; also a fine large species of kidney bean, the pods of which grow under ground, and are earthed up like potatoes.

As soon as the second mission house was finished, and occupied by Mr. Hamilton, the foundation of a place of worship was laid. This was commenced early in the year 1830, at the suggestion of Mr. Millen, the mason, who engaged to devote his spare time, from trading in the interior, to [illegible] building of the walls. This edifice, however, from local [illegible]cumstances, and the difficulty of procuring timber, wa[illegible] finished till several years afterwards. The buildings [illegible] blue or dove-coloured limestone, and thatched with reed [illegible] straw. The place of worship stands between the m[illegible] houses, at a short distance from each, and the more d[illegible] buildings are the trader's shop, the smith's forge, and [illegible] house. The lofty trees opposite are a species of willow [illegible]culiar to the Gariep or Orange River; along the ro[illegible] these trees runs a watercourse five feet wide by two [illegible] and beyond are the gardens and valley ground. The wa[illegible]courses were greatly extended, not only for purposes of [illegible]gation, but to drain the extensive valley intended [illegible] brought into cultivation; a native water-fiscal was app[illegible] to take care of them, and rewarded by those possessing [illegible]dens dependent on irrigation.

Having thus been permitted to witness some of the e[illegible] of the introduction of the Gospel among the Bechuanas, [illegible] having accomplished a translation of the gospel of Luke, [illegible] of Dr. Brown's Scripture Texts,* I repaired with my [illegible]ily to Cape Town, by way of Algoa Bay. Before lea[illegible] the Kuruman, I signified that it was my intention to co[illegible] subscriptions among the friends in the Colony, towards [illegible] building of a new place of worship. When this was ma[illegible] known, a number of the natives cheerfully came forwa[illegible] and begged to add their mite to so important a work. So[illegible] subscribed oxen, others goats, and a few money, though [illegible] was still very scarce among them, and a number engaged [illegible] give some months' labour. We left the station for the Co[illegible]ny, and on arriving at Philipolis, we were not a little [illegible]lighted to meet at the house of Mr. Melvill, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie, of our society, destined to the Bechuana mission, and Messrs. Rolland and Lemure, from the Paris Protestant Missionary Society, also appointed to labour in the interior. To us, so long accustomed to feel as if out of the world, and

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* The printing of this work was afterwards abandoned, and its place supplied by the Scripture Lessons used in the Borough-road and other schools.

comparatively forgotten, the season was one of great refreshment to our souls. The accession of so many new labourers was an answer to many prayers, and while they proceeded to the Kuruman, we went on our way rejoicing in the assurance that as the work of conversion had commenced, a glorious day of grace was dawning on the Bechuana tribes.

After arriving at Graham's Town, where I left my family while I visited several of the missionary stations in Kafirland, and then some of those within the Colony, we reached Cape Town, in October 1830. From the infant state of typography in that place, I found it necessary to apply to Sir Lowry Cole, then governor, to allow the gospel of St. Luke to be printed at the government printing-office. This request was cheerfully acceded to, but compositors were wanted. This circumstance, with the promise of an excellent printing press, which Dr. Philip had in his possession for our mission, was a strong inducement for me to learn printing; and being joined by Mr. Edwards, who was originally destined to the Bechuana mission, and now appointed to go there, the work was completed under the kind superintendence of Mr. Van de Zandt. The paper was supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society, by whom also other incidental expenses were defrayed, which was only a precursor of the boon since conferred by that noble institution on the Bechuana mission, the fruits of which will be reaped by generations yet unborn. A small hymn-book was also printed in the language. These labours were scarcely completed, when a severe attack of bilious fever, occasioned by over exertion in the hottest season of the year, brought me very low, but though I was so weak as to be conveyed on a mattrass on board ship, my health was much improved by a fourteen days' rough passage to Algoa Bay. Sickness among our oxen, in addition to Mrs. M.'s confinement, detained us some time at Bethelsdorp, from whence, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, we journeyed to the Kuruman, where we arrived in June, 1831.

Never since missionaries entered the country was such a treasure conveyed to the mission as on the present occasion, for we brought with us an edition of the gospel of Luke, and a hymn book in the native language, a printing press, type, paper, and ink, besides having obtained very liberal subscriptions from the friends in Cape Town, and other parts of the Colony, towards the erection of a place of worship. In addition to this, Mr. Edward's knowledge and experience in carpentering and building, rendered him not only a very efficient labourer, but a seasonable assistant in the existing state of the mission; and his superior skill was afterwards called into operation, by raising the roof of the largest mission chapel in South Africa, which, in that remote region, in the absence of cranes, required all the muscular force we could collect. This was a new era in the mission, and the press was soon called into operation, when lessons, spelling books, and catechisms were prepared for the schools. Although many of the natives had been informed how books were printed, nothing could exceed their surprise when they saw a white sheet, after disappearing for a moment, emerge spangled with letters. After a few noisy exclamations, one obtained a sheet with which he bounded into the village, showing it to every one he met, and asserting that Mr. Edwards and I had made it in a moment, with a round black hammer (a printer's ball) and a shake of the arm. The description of such a juggling process, soon brought a crowd to see the segatisho (press), which has since proved an auxiliary of vast importance to our cause.

Great was our joy to find, on our return after a year's absence, that Mr. Hamilton, our veteran brother, was well, and that the station continued in a prosperous state. Our two French brethren had suffered severely from an attack of illness, but were recovering. Mr. Rolland had gone to look out for a station among the Bahurutsi, from whom he returned with a very flattering report; and immediately the necessary preparations were made for commencing operations at Mosega.

Among the treasures brought with us from the Colony, was a box of materials for clothing, for the encouragement of such as were making efforts to clothe themselves. This was the first supply of the kind, and nothing could be more seasonable to a people just beginning to emerge from barbarism, the impoverished remains of scattered tribes, but the first-fruits of the Gospel among the Bechuanas. The needy were supplied, and many a heart was made glad. It is impossible for the author to revert to that interesting season, without recalling with gratitude the memory of one who took the liveliest interest in the Bechuanas. To the late Miss Lees, the constant and beloved friend of Mrs. M., we were indebted for active exertions amongst the friends in the congregation of Grosvenor Street Chapel, Manchester, not only in procuring this token of kindness for the poor natives, but subsequent supplies; she also collected a sufficient sum to supply us with a small fount of type: services recorded in the annals of the heavenly world whither she is gone.

Having thus obtained materials to work upon, and Mrs. M. now having the effective co-operation of Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Baillie, a sewing school, on a much larger scale than before, was carried on, to the great comfort and improvement of the natives. The increase of our congregation obliged us to build an additional wing to the chapel, and several members were received into the church. This season of pleasure was not without some alloy, for the small-pox entered the country, and the epidemic, with which old men only were previously acquainted, swept away many of the inhabitants; and among those who died on our station, was one of my own children. This was a fearful visitation, and appeared to have been first brought by the wreck of a commando, which returned from an attack on Moselekatse.

Berend Berend, labouring under an unaccountable delusion that he was destined to sweep Moselekatse, and his gang of blood guilty warriors, from the fine pastures and glens of the Bakone country, and thus emancipate the aborigines from their thraldom, collected a heterogeneous multitude of Griquas from every party except that of Waterboer, Corannas, and other tribes, with sentiments as varied as the costume they wore, but unanimous in their enmity to the Matabele king, and sallied forth on what he considered a noble but daring enterprise, which he might well expect would immortalize his name as a benefactor of mankind. He had not, however, counted the cost, nor thought of the danger of joining hands with the wicked; and unfortunately his valued missionary, the Rev. T. L. Hodgson, of the Wesleyan Society, whose well-known superior judgment, and principles of love and mercy, would have prevented the catastrophe, was absent from the station. The cavalcade of wagons and horsemen, with their magazines of destruction, moved towards the dominions of the haughty tyrant, while the company received fresh accessions from the Barolongs and others, who expected to come in for a share of the spoil. Success attended their arms, while the lovely landscape seemed to invite them to become lords of the wide domain, which had groaned under a tyrant's rod. Moselekatse and his nobles were taken by surprise, and the "mighty Elephant" was ready to take refuge in his native jungle. The men who defended his outposts teeming with cattle, either fell or fled in consternation, till the mass of captured cattle became too unwieldy to be guarded even by such a force.

The sight of fat oxen, and the lowing of kine, captivated their souls; many an evil eye was fixed on the spoil, and anxiety to obtain the largest share began to rankle in the breasts of the victors. They had slaughtered and eaten to the full. The female prisoners had warned them of their danger. "Shall a Kafir dare to fight with a Griqua?" was the evening's watchword; but amidst the reckless band there were quaking hearts, and consciences gnawing like the worm that dieth not. Without a picket, a sentinel, or a watch, all self-secure, they fell asleep. Before the morning dawned, just as the waning moon dipped behind the mountain peak, a chosen band of veteran Matabele rolled over the slumbering host, scattering confusion, terror, and death. While many never awoke, some fled in wild dismay; and when the curtain of night was withdrawn, a scene was exhibited—I leave the imagination of the reader to depict.

In a few days Berend, of whose sincerity no one could doubt, and who had remained by the wagons some days' journey distant from the catastrophe, heard the tale of horror; and, now half-convinced that he was not the man to give redemption to the Bakone, returned, to be greeted by the widow's wail. It may not be improper to state here, that while the southern portion of the Matabele country was thus made the theatre of bloodshed, a large party of our people were on a hunting expedition in the very centre of Moselekatse's domains, and would have been massacred, by a company with which they came in contact, but for the circumstance of their being from the Kuruman.

It was about six months after these events, that our French brethren set off to Mosega, and having led out the water, they built a house, and formed gardens, hard by thousands of the Bahurutsi, with the cheering prospect of successfully planting the standard of the Gospel amidst that people. But the rapid extension of Moselekatse's dominion—the cupidity and overbearing conduct of his ambassadors to Mokatla, chief of the Bahurutsi—and the duplicity and cunning of the latter, who, it must be admitted, had but too good reason to dread so formidable a neighbour—soon compelled the missionaries to retire. The Bahurutsi afterwards fled from their country, which was taken by the Matabele, and the brethren went to Motito.* As this place was within the range of our labours, the brethren

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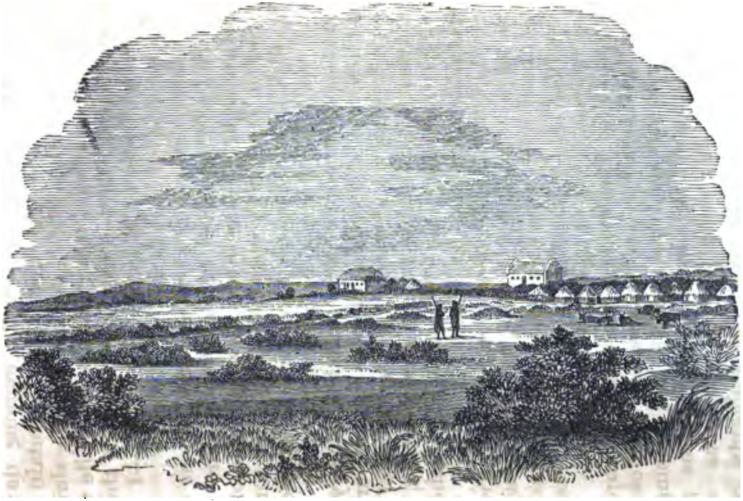
* This spot, nearly forty miles N.N.E. of the Kuruman, was at that time only a fountain, and is now a lovely village, containing a very considerable population.



felt some delicacy in acceding to our proposal, that they should settle there; but Dr. Philip, who had just then arrived, cordially recommended the measure, and since that time we have continued to labour in the most perfect harmony and affection.

The Doctor also considered it advisable to place Mr. Baillie, who had already made considerable progress in the Sechuana language, at Tsantsabane, where a large party of Bechuanas had congregated. While the Doctor was with us, it was deemed proper to select from our candidates such as had approved themselves to the church to be baptized. Five made public profession of their faith in the Gospel. Most of these were foreigners, who, by the wars in the interior, had, in the mysterious providence of God, been brought by a way they knew not, to find an eternal home by becoming fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and often did they endeavour to describe, with native eloquence, the distinguishing love and mercy of that God who had directed their feet to the Kuruman mission. Mamonyatsi, one of these, some years after died in the faith. She was a Matabele captive, and had accompanied me from the interior; had remained some time in the service of Mrs. M., and early displayed a readiness to learn to read, with much quickness of understanding. From the time of her being united with the church, till the day of her death, she was a living epistle of the power of the Gospel. Once, while visiting the sick, as I entered her premises, I found her sitting, weeping, with a portion of the word of God in her hand.

Addressing her, I said, "My child, what is the cause of your sorrow? Is the baby still unwell?" "No," she replied, "my baby is well." "Your mother-in-law?" I inquired. "No, no," she said, "it is my own dear mother, who bore me." Here she again gave vent to her grief, and, holding out the gospel of Luke, in a hand wet with tears, she said, "My mother will never see this word, she will never hear this good news!" She wept again and again, and said, "Oh, my mother and my friends, they live in heathen darkness; and shall they die without seeing the light which has shone on me, and without tasting that love which I have tasted!" Raising her eyes to heaven, she sighed a prayer, and I heard the words again, "My mother, my mother!"

This was the expression of the affection of one of Afric's sable daughters, whose heart had been taught to mourn over the ignorance of a far-distant mother. Shortly after this evidence of divine love in her soul, I was called upon to watch her dying pillow, and descended with her to Jordan's bank. She feared no rolling billow. She looked on the babe to which she had but lately given birth, and commended it to the care of her God and Saviour. The last words I heard from her faltering lips were, "My mother."

The importance of introducing the Scripture Lessons, already referred to, having been suggested by Mr. Miles, who also forwarded me a copy, I immediately set about a translation of this invaluable work, which, after many year's experience, I feel no hesitation in pronouncing an inimitable production for schools, and for building up converts among the heathen, in the absence of the entire Scriptures. To spare my time for this object, Mrs. M., in April, 1833, undertook a journey to the Colony, in order to see the children left at a school near Graham's Town, and to take another for education. On her return, after an absence of five months, our printing-office was enriched with a supply of large type, kindly furnished by the Directors. Our Bechuana schools, including those of Griqua Town and its out-stations, Motito, and other nurseries of education, were supplied with lessons which, we flattered ourselves, in that country, were well printed. New and enlarged editions of elementary works were also printed, and portions of the Scripture Lessons were turned off, each additional sheet being received by the readers with increasing avidity. It was no uncommon thing to see the children around the printing-office door, waiting for a new sheet, and inquiring when additions were to be made to their little treasures of knowledge. We were visited at this time with refreshing showers of Divine blessing, and very considerable accessions were made to the number of believers. Strangers from distant tribes were received into the fellowship of the children of God. Among these, three very aged women, all grandmothers, were striking instances of the power of Divine grace. One of them has finished her course since the author came to England. Although blind, the eyes of her understanding were opened by the entrance of that word which giveth light. From that time till her death, a period of several years, she continued to adorn her profession by a consistent walk and conversation. The infirmities of age prevented her attending public worship as often as she desired. Two or three months prior to her decease she was confined to the house, when, as Mr. Edwards writes, "she appeared to dwell with delight on the marvellous goodness of the Lord to her;" and adds, "On one occasion when I visited her, I had positively to restrain her, that she might not exhaust her strength. Sensible that she could not survive, she admonished all who visited her to think for eternity. A few days before her death she wished her children to be gathered together in her presence, desiring to speak to them before she left them. They surrounded her bed; and when informed that all were present, she addressed them, 'My children, I wish you to know that I am to be separated from you, but you must not on that account be sorrowful. Do not murmur at the thought of my decease. The Lord has spared me not a few days: He has taken care of me many years, and has ever been merciful to me; I have wanted no good thing. I know him to whom I have trusted the salvation of my soul. My hope is fixed on Jesus Christ, who has died for my sins, and lives to intercede. I shall soon die and and be at rest; but my wish is, that you will attend to these my words. My children, hold fast your faith in Christ. Trust in him, love him, and let not the world turn you away from him; and however you may be reviled and troubled in the world, hold very fast the word of God, and faint not in persevering prayer. My last word is, strive to live together in peace. Avoid disputes. Follow peace with all, and especially among yourselves. Love each other; comfort each other; assist and take care of each other in the Lord.' After this charge to her children, she said but little. Her last words were spoken some hours before her death, when a church member, ever in attendance at sick beds, called upon her. She heard his voice, and said, 'Yes, I know thee, Mogami, my brother in the Lord. I am going, but thou wilt remain. Hold fast the word of God. Turn not from his ways. And take a message to thy wife, my sister in the Lord, that she must use all diligence to ensure eternal life.'"

Thus ended the career of Mamotlobogi, whom the author knew when her enmity to the Gospel made her a terror to her own children; but in answer to many prayers, she was thus completely transformed. She was often seen leaning on a stick, led by a grand child to the house of prayer. Let the reader contrast the above death-bed scene with the picture of heathenism given in page 248 of the present work.

Another of these grandmothers, who had wallowed in the very sewers of heathenism, the dupe of all the superstitions of former times, had been an active agent of the wicked one in opposing the progress of the Gospel. As the representative of bygone ages—for the snows of many a year were seen through the mass of grease and dirt which adorned her head—she was regarded with reverence by the younger females on the station, as the oracle of ancient wisdom. She was wont to tell them what they knew not, of the customs of their ancestors. Had she been a man, her contaminating influence would long have been arrested; for there were those on the station whose influence would have driven her to seek an asylum elsewhere, but she was borne with because she was a woman. She hated the very sight of the place of worship, and had taught many to blaspheme. One day she entered the chapel in quest of a child, and was constrained to sit a few minutes. She had not heard many sentences, when she fled from the hated spot. On the Sabbath following she came again, when all who saw her felt alarmed, lest violence was intended against some one; but she quietly heard the voice of mercy, and retired in an orderly manner. In the course of a few days she came to the author in a state bordering on distraction. "My sins, my sins!" was the language of her lips; tears streaming down her already furrowed cheeks. Her half frantic soul would hear no comfort, nor listen to any counsel. Night after night she would call me out of bed, to tell her what was to become of her soul. One day, meeting her in the street, with both hands she grasped mine, and, as if her heart would break, exclaimed, "To live I cannot—I cannot die." Again she was directed to the Lamb of God, and the fountain opened for her sins; but she interrupted, by saying, "You say the blood of Christ cleanses from all sins; do you know the number of mine? Look to yonder grassy plain, and count the blades of grass or the drops of dew; these are nothing to the amount of my transgressions." After continuing in this state several weeks, she was enabled to believe, when the being who once persecuted and cursed all who bore the Christian name, a mass of filth, which had given to her haggard and aged form an unearthly look, was found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in her right mind, adoring the riches of Divine grace, to one who was, as she would describe herself, "like the mire of the street." Remarking to her one day, that, from her constant attendance on every means of instruction, she seemed like the Psalmist of old, desiring "to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," she replied, "I am old in the world, but I am still a child in the school of Christ." She continued fervent in spirit; the subject of Divine mercy and love so completely absorbing all the powers of her mind, that when visited in seasons of affliction, it was difficult to elicit any thing about her disease; for, if her answer commenced with the flesh, it was certain to end with the spirit. When subscriptions were making for the Auxiliary Missionary Society, she one day brought in her hand her mite, a pumpkin; and when my wife remarked that she might retain it, and she would put down her name for a small sum, her soul seemed to melt within her, while she asked, "Who is so great a debtor to the Saviour as I am? Is it too small? I shall go and borrow another." This was verily the widow's mite, and was doubtless followed by the widow's reward.

Among numerous examples of the power of Divine grace, it ought to be particularly noticed, that polygamy, that formidable barrier to the success of the Gospel among barbarous nations, has in numerous instances given way to the principle sanctioned by Christianity. Submission to this law is the severest test to which a savage can be subjected. When we see a man, for conscience' sake, parting with one or more favorite wives, can we deny him the credit of sincerity? can we demand a more satisfactory demonstration of the reality of the change? Among the converts at Griqua Town was a Mosutu, who had ten wives, and he cheerfully parted with nine in obedience to the requirements of the Gospel. I believe all the missionaries among the Bechuanas are unanimous in the opinion, that not only an elder, but every member of the church, ought to be "the husband of one wife;" and that the first wife should be considered as having the rightful claim, unless she voluntarily renounces it, which has sometimes been done. Of course it is understood that such are provided for by the husband as long as they continue unmarried.

The villages of Hamhana, about eight miles distant, containing, at that time, upwards of a thousand inhabitants, were regularly visited by one of us; and from the time that the mission had been removed, we had continued to preach to that people without any fruit whatever from our labours; but on these a blessing eventually descended, and many from among them have been added to the church. These have made delightful progress in the knowledge of Divine truth, and have realized our highest expectations. They derived great benefit from the most intelligent of our members, who resided among them, and laboured for years, influenced only by the constraining love of Christ.

About this time, the seed sown by Mr. Lemue at Motito began also to spring up, to cheer him and his beloved partner in their solitary labours. Notwithstanding these pleasing indications, we were not without our troubles and enemies. We had to mourn over a few who fell back into heathenism, and thus became stumbling blocks to others. Great forbearance and charity require to be exercised towards such as have but just emerged from the grossest ignorance, and it is not to be wondered at if, in studiously avoiding to break the bruised reed, some are received even too weak in the faith. Many, alarmed at the progress made by the "medicine of God's word," as they termed it, were loud in their complaints of the new order of things which was introduced, and some were so determinately opposed to this new word or doctrine, that they removed to a distance beyond the reach of the Christian atmosphere. Some were concerned, lest the water in the river which passed our houses might receive an infusion, and being drank transform them too. None of the chiefs of any influence had then embraced Christianity, and though they did not publicly oppose us, they were of course no advocates for a doctrine, which, though like a leaven, it was diffusing the blessings of purity and peace among the tribes, was dreaded by the worldling and lascivious. They did not, as formerly, manifest any desire that we should leave the country, but on the contrary, would deprecate such an event. Our itinerating journeys became extended, and we were occasionally visited by individuals from a distance, who took with them some portion of the word of life which they had heard on the station, by which means the savour of the Gospel was spread.

In January 1835, Dr. Andrew Smith, at the head of an expedition to explore the interior, sent by an association in Cape Town, arrived at the Kuruman. To myself as well as my wife, this was a dispensation of mercy, ordered by that gracious Providence, without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. Domestic affliction having compelled Mr. Edwards to visit the Colony, in addition to the increase of labour which necessarily devolved on me during his absence, I had been induced to apply to translation and printing more closely than my strength would allow, in the hottest season of the year, during which much rain had fallen.

Dr. S. found me suffering from a severe attack of intermittent fever, but by the Divine blessing on his medical skill, I was soon restored. While the Expedition was surveying the borders of the Kalagare desert, prior to their visit to Moselekatse's dominions, Mrs. M. was, after the birth of a son, suddenly taken ill, and brought to the very gates of death. The doctor, when informed of this, immediately hastened to render all the relief in his power. His tender sympathy, and unremitting attention in that trying season, during which all hope of her recovery more than once had fled, can never be erased from our grateful recollection, for in the midst of his active and laborious engagements at the head of the Expedition, he watched for several successive nights with fraternal sympathy, what appeared to be the dying pillow of my beloved partner, nor did he leave before she was out of danger. While we devoutly acknowledged His hand, "who healeth all our diseases," we cannot but record how much we owe to this intelligent and enterprising traveller, for the untiring assiduity with which he exercised his professional skill.

The Kuatsi disease was also prevailing on the station at this time, and Dr. S. greatly endeared himself to our people in general by his benevolent exertions among them. These circumstances, as well as a disease among his oxen, arising from the luxuriance of the grass,* detained him longer than he intended at the Kuruman, but by his persevering diligence, it added materially to the objects of the Expedition, by enriching his collection of specimens. A regular correspondence had been kept up between our station and Moselekatse, who had never in one instance wavered in the confidence he placed in me since my former visit. Messengers who had now been sent to him, having returned with a Matabele for the purpose of inviting the Expedition to proceed, the Doctor thought my presence might facilitate his object, and was anxious for me to accompany him. Mrs. M., on the day of our departure, was just able to rise from her bed to bid us farewell, with the prospect of our being absent at least three months. A short time before this, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards had returned from the Colony with their family in improved health.

It is unnecessary for me to describe the journey to the Bakone country with the interesting party who thus entered a new field of scientific research. At the Molapo we were met by Kalepi, one of Moselekatse's principal officers, who conducted us to Mosega, then in possession of the Matabele, where we were cordially received. Passing the Marikua river, we arrived at the monarch's abode on the Tolane river, whither he had retired to one of his cattle outposts, during the prevalence of an epidemic in the country, which of course appeared to him more fatal in the large towns than at a sequestered village. The limits of my present work will not allow me to quote from a long journal, written during a residence of two months with Moselekatse. I had intended to accompany the Expedition while traversing his territories, but to this he objected, urging that I had gone there before, and that while he would send men to conduct Dr. Smith wherever he wished to go, he could on no account dispense with my company. I was therefore constantly with him for two months, during which, he visited in my wagon several of his towns. Many opportunities were thus afforded me of conversing with him, and obtaining extensive information concerning the character of his people, the extent and nature of his despotic sway, and the most deplorable state of the aborigines, who were either oppressed by slavery, or compelled to take refuge in the haunts of lions and hyenas. When I brought these melancholy effects of his policy before him, he would reply, that they were owing to the ignorance and disobedience of his chief men, adding, that if missionaries came to dwell with him, they would prevent these evils by teaching the people.

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* It is very common for cattle brought from a distance, to suffer in this way before they become seasoned to the climate and accustomed to the pasture. The missionaries in their visit to Graham's Town and other places in the Colony, have been exposed to severe losses from a similar cause.

From the frequent conversations I had with him and his people on the subject of religion, and some of the strange ceremonies which I witnessed, it was evident that though they were entirely ignorant of the origin of all things, and of a Creator and Governor, they used the name Morimo*—or Molimo according to their pronunciation—which they applied not to a being or power, but to the state of the dead, or influence of the manes of the dead. One evening an ox, bearing no particular mark, was driven into the presence of the sovereign, and kept before him while he walked backward and forward. It was said he was praying, but his prayer consisted of an eulogium on myself, and on his own power and renown, as well as those of his father Machobane. To my inquiries concerning their ideas on the immortality of the soul, I could obtain no satisfactory answer. Nevertheless, there appeared some reason to believe, that Moselekatse had an idea that the spirit of Machobane had some influence on his successes and conquests, though his address was more like calling to mind his heroic deeds, than supplicating his aid. He also expressed himself in strong language, desiring, or rather commanding, that no evil should befall me on the road, but that I should return to my friends with a heart as white as his own had been made by my visit. After a long preamble, the ox, which had been some time in his presence, was allowed to mingle with the herd. From all I could see in this affair, or could hear of the nature of their superstitious customs, many of them similar to the above, differing from those of the central tribes, I could not consider them as idolatry, or adoration of any being, but ceremonies that sorcerers had invented, or the mere fragments of what had passed into oblivion. M. Casalis, the French missionary, is of the same opinion with regard to the Basutos, among whom very similar customs prevail. He remarks, "The Basutos speak of Morimo, consult their rain-makers, and their amulets, slaughter their victims without appearing to attach the least religious idea to these actions. 'We have learned this from our fathers, but we do not know the reason of it.' This is the answer they make to the questions which are put to them on these subjects. Perhaps it would facilitate our labours if they had some notion of this kind."

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* This being the Sechuana word, as I never could discover that the Zoolus had even the name in their language.

Having travelled in a circuitous direction, we came to Kurrechane, or as it is more commonly called, Chuenyane, a noble mountain, in a fine, well-watered country, the boundary of Mr. Campbell's journey; but the town which bore the name of the mountain was not to be found by my Matabele attendants. The number of lions was fearful; my old and only horse happening to wander from the wagons in the evening, I begged Moselekatse to send out some of his men to find it if possible, as it would, in all probability, be devoured before morning. He promptly complied with my request, and as the men passed my wagon, all inquired the name of the horse; "Mars," was the reply. A diligent search ensued, when they all shouted lustily for Mars, but were compelled to make a speedy retreat owing to the lions. When they returned they said that Mars had wandered far, or had fallen asleep, as he did not reply! Of course I gave up all hope of recovering him; but Moselekatse, to comfort me, sent a message, "That Morimo would assuredly take care of his own servant's horse." In the morning the horse was found, though, during the night, we had heard the lions roar from every point of the compass.

It is a pleasing, sometimes an exciting exercise, to look back on the rugged path which we have been called to tread, and to recount the dangers from which a gracious Providence has rescued us. Some of these have been so striking, that when I recall the circumstances, I am forcibly impressed with the sentiment, that "man is immortal till his work is done." On the present journey, when travelling alone in a woody and sequestered place, I left the direct road to avoid a ford, where there were many crocodiles. I had not proceeded two stone casts, when it suddenly occurred to me, that I should like to examine a projecting rock which lay beyond the path I had left. After examining the object which had attracted my attention, I turned towards the place whence I had come, in order to retrace my steps, but saw a lion, which had caught scent of me on that spot, looking about for his prey. I of course made for the old ford, when, after throwing in, as is customary, some stones to frighten the crocodiles away, I hastened to the other side, glad enough to get the watery monsters between the lion and myself. The lions in this part of the country having gorged on human flesh, if hungry, do not spend time in looking at the human eye, as some are said to do, but seek the easiest and most expeditious way of making a meal of a man.*

In the course of our journeys, Moselekatse manifested great anxiety to convince me that the ruined towns we passed were the remains of former ages, and not the spoliations of his warriors; and in this instance he was correct. When we reached the Mosega Basin, in which one portion of his warriors dwelt, among thirteen villages, six of which were Bahurutsi, who appeared to be tolerably well treated, he took great pains to point out this to me as a proof of the benignity of his sway.

Dr. Smith and party having returned from one trip, I rode to Tolane, forty miles distant, and after an interesting meeting, and a day's social converse with the doctor, I returned to Mosega, to prepare for leaving the country, while the Expedition proceeded towards the tropics. Having received letters by messengers sent to the Kuruman, including one from the American missionaries, proposing to commence a mission among the Matabele, I laid the subject before Moselekatse, to which he gave his cordial assent. Thus, having settled every thing necessary respecting future measures, and surveyed the country to find large timber for the roof of our new place of worship, I returned to the Kuruman, to record again the goodness and mercy which had encompassed me and all the mission families during my absence, Mrs. M.'s health also being much improved.

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* In one of my early journeys, I had an escape from an African tiger and a serpent, no less providential. I had left the wagons, and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in quest of game. I had a small double-barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot; an antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, I saw a tiger-cat staring at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This I knew was a critical moment, not having a shot of ball in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly, but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra de capello serpent, asleep on the grass. It instantly twirled its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a thin pair of trowsers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me, and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, I threw my piece over my shoulder, and shot it. Taking it by the tail, I brought it to my people at the wagons, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted, that had the creature bitten me, I could never have reached the wagons. The serpent was six feet long.

Before concluding this chapter I would only observe, that the countries I visited on the present as well as on my former journey to Moselekatse, are the finest I have seen in Southern Africa, and capable of supporting a dense population, which they evidently once did. The soil is exceedingly fertile, and minerals abound. Iron ore lies scattered over the surface of the hills, many of which appear to be entirely composed of it. This ore the natives contrive with the simplest apparatus to smelt, and from it they procure iron of a very superior quality. I have seen little hills composed entirely of loadstone, and from experiment found that every fragment possessed a north and a south pole. Copper mines also abound, and from some specimens I saw would yield about fifty per cent. The Bakone country also yields tin. The mines of this metal I had no opportunity of seeing, but the specimens of *moruru*, as it is called, which I purchased from the natives, were of the best quality. The country of the Bamanguato and to the east of the great lake is not without timber, but water is scarce. The neighbourhood of the lake itself is reported to be exceedingly fertile.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE Tract Society having kindly supplied us with sixteen reams of paper, Mr. Edwards had, during my absence, printed several tracts in the language, translated by himself and Mr. Lemue. I had, on my journey, translated the Assembly's Catechism, and an additional portion of the Scripture Lessons; these also were put to the press, while the work of conversion was steadily advancing among the people, and the demand for books rapidly on the increase. Having, from the troublous state of the interior, failed in a former attempt to procure timber from the Bahurutsi, we availed ourselves of the present tranquillity, and Messrs. Hamilton and Edwards started with men, and all the wagons, for that purpose; obtained the timber with great labour, and what was a no less arduous task, brought it a distance of two hundred miles in ox wagons. As they returned they met with the Expedition at Mosega. When Dr. Smith* arrived at the Kuruman, he found Mrs. M. in such a debilitated state, that he considered it necessary for her to avoid the summer heat, by visiting the coast for a few months. The printing of the Scripture Lessons had been greatly retarded from the want of paper, sickness in the mission families, and the late journeys; she was as reluctant as I could be that it should be longer delayed, and therefore cheerfully undertood the journey without me, and was absent seven months. She went down to Graham's Town, under the guardianship of Mr. Hume, a trader, who was in the habit of visiting the station.

Early in 1836, our American brethren, Messrs. Lindley, Venables, and Dr. Wilson, after sojourning a season at Griqua Town, and on our station, removed to Mosega—where, after a season of deep domestic affliction, every member of the mission families, except Dr. Wilson, taking a fever, of which Mrs. Wilson died, their prospects were unexpectedly blasted, by an inroad of some disaffected farmers, who had located themselves on the Yellow River. It appears that the farmers had hunted on what Moselekatse considered his dominions, and had used some people who acknowledged his authority rather roughly. This the haughty monarch would not brook, and sent his men more than once to attack them; and on one occasion a desperate conflict ensued, when the farmers repulsed their assailants, who, seizing the cattle, retired with them, leaving many of their number dead on the spot where they had intended to massacre the farmers. Exasperated at this, the latter came down in a large body on the mission premises, in rather savage style; and there being only a handful of Matabele in the Mosega basin, these were cut off; and the farmers, with the cattle they had seized, made a precipitate retreat to the Yellow or Orange River, taking with them the American missionaries, who were so dispirited by the effects of disease, as to be scarcely able to judge how they should act. The latter were prevailed on to leave their property behind, except that which the farmers took for their own use. Thus was the mission to Mosega again broken up. Into the merits of the case we do not pretend to enter. It was altogether a melancholy affair, like many others, which have resulted from the unrestrained power of the farmers who emigrated from the Colony; and it is deeply to be regretted that there should have been causes, either real or alleged, for such a procedure.

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* Dr. A. Smith, the head of that Expedition, is at present in this country, publishing his work on South African Zoology, and intends, ere long, to give to the public his Travels, a work which the author has no hesitation in asserting will prove an abundant source of deeply interesting scientific information; and to whom the author is indebted for some of the sketches in this volume.

Moselekatse was soon taught that his shields could not resist the balls of the farmers, who were not Griquas, whom his tried warriors had hitherto routed. To the latter he had the most uncontrollable hatred, and supposed that all the hordes on the boundaries of the Colony, and the vicinity of the Orange River, were Blooms, Berends, and Bergenaars, and such as had made unprovoked attacks on his assumed territories. In the last conversation I had with him I warned him against a rupture with the farmers; and as he had never heard of Waterboer and his people, I took the opportunity of informing him that from them he need apprehend no injury, as they were such as I could confidently recommend. After inquiring about their character, he very significantly shook his head, saying, he would trust no one who had not a recommendation or introduction from the Kuruman. To this engagement he remained faithful, and treated with kindness two of our people who had accompanied the American brethren, and who, on the assault of the farmers, escaped the balls, by concealing themselves among the reeds of a neighbouring stream.

Moselekatse's power had reached its zenith; for, in addition to the attacks of the farmers, a large commando from Dingaan came upon him from the east, when many of his men whre cut off, and great numbers of his cattle taken. Overwhelmed by such superior and unexpected forces, he fled to the north; and it merits notice, that before his departure he allowed all the captive Bahurutsi, Bakhatala, and other neighbouring tribes, to return to their own land. This was a measure which astonished the natives, who have since congregated on the ancient domains of their forefathers; and if no foreign power again drive them from their native glens, they will ere long become the interesting objects of missionary labour.

A few missionaries among the Bakone tribes, and an effective native agency, would, under the blessing promised to the seed sown, authorize us to expect a rich harvest of immortal souls from these rocks and plains, to grace the triumph of the Redeemer. Hitherto our native assistants have been occupied only in their own villages; but there is little doubt that, after the Gospel has been introduced to a distant town or tribe by the missionary, these assistants will be enabled, with the help of a comparatively small sum, to follow him; and, by reading, teaching to read, exhorting, and a humble, devout deportment, prepare the people for greater advances in divine knowledge, and render them the cheerful recipients of that civilization which the Gospel introduces. So fully were we convinced of the value of such auxiliaries, that, as early as 1834, we found it conducive to the interests of the mission to have recourse to native assistance, employing Aaron and Paulo to catechize the people, and lead on inquirers. In 1837, some of the influential young men among the Batlaros, who were good readers, cheerfully undertook the task of instructing their neighbours, by holding service and school. This they did among their own people, without being styled native teachers, and without stipend or reward, except what the missionaries spontaneously gave to encourage them. The Bechuana converts being still in their infancy, we deemed it necessary to be cautious in appointing official agents,—it being an acknowledged principle that novices are very easily puffed up; and in this respect my colleagues and myself have seen no reason to regret the caution exercised. Since that period they have been gradually advancing in Christian knowledge; and we consider that there are many who, with the Scriptures in their hands, will be able assistants to the missionary in carrying into effect the evangelization of their countrymen. The author has been much gratified, since his arrival in England, by the liberality with which several churches have come forward, to provide for a number of such as the missionaries shall deem competent to the work, and this without any appeal from him, but merely from statements of the importance of such auxiliaries.

At the Kuruman, measures are in progress for preparing, by a particular course of instruction, an efficient agency, without which the progress of the Gospel must be tardy in so large a continent, where the tribes are, in many instances, so far separated by vast tracts of country, with little water. The necessity of such a mode of procedure has been forced upon the judgment of the author by his experience among the different tribes of South Africa for twenty-three years. He has had demonstration of the evil arising from the appointment of individuals who could scarcely read, and who did not comprehend the doctrines they were set up to preach. It is not surprising that some, with only a small portion of the word of God in their hands, and having few opportunities of hearing the voice of the missionary, should be found to conceive wild notions; and it therefore requires untiring vigilance on the part of the missionary to direct these early native efforts; as errors propagated in the commencement of a mission are the most difficult to eradicate. It is not enough that the hearts of such agents are affected by the constraining love of Christ; they should be men of good natural understandings and prudence, and, at the very least, good readers; and the more their understandings are cultivated, the more efficient we may expect them to be.

Having been repeatedly requested by the inhabitants of the towns on the Yellow and Kolong Rivers to pay them a visit, I left home for that purpose near the close of 1836. Pursuing my course along the Kolong River, I met large congregations of attentive readers; and the demands for spelling-books were beyond what I could supply. I also visited Musis, one of the Griqua Town out-stations, and was delighted to see the improvement made among the Batlapis, by the blessing of God on the labours of the brethren, Wright and Hughes. At Taung, where Mahura, the brother of Mothibi, resides, and where, including the Bamairis, there was a population of nearly twenty thousand souls, I preached to large congregations. As it was well known that I had performed some cures, I had some dozen of patients brought to me; and, among others, a young woman, who, from great exposure to the sun, was slightly deranged. It was most gratifying to see the sympathy of the chief and relations towards this afflicted creature. Knowing their general treatment of such diseases, viz., to throw the sufferer into a chasm, and cover him with stones, or tie him to a tree, I asked one of the roughest characters among the bystanders why they had not done so with this woman. "We heard the word of God at the Kuruman," was the reply.* This was, strictly speaking, a heathen town; for though there were a few secret inquirers, there were none who made any profession, although most of them had heard the voice of the missionary at the Kuruman, before they were driven away by the Bergenaars; and there had been a constant intercourse kept up with the station. Having finished my engagements at this place, I proceeded to the distant and isolated village of Mosheu.

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* The natives, though afraid of poison, never once suspected that the missionaries would do them harm by administering medicine. They are passionately fond of medicine, and of being bled, believing that all diseases lie in the blood. I have known individuals, after I had bound up the arm, open the orifice, and allow the blood to flow until they fainted.

Before relating the particulars of my visit to this people, it will be necessary to give some account of their chief, whose name is Mosheu. He is a Coranna, and, with his people, lived in that sequestered part of the country. When he first visited our station on the Kuruman in 1834, with two or three attendants riding on oxen, he was to us an entire stranger. He looked clean, was tolerably well dressed, and had a mild and interesting countenance. Having halted at my door, he asked where he should sleep or put up. On inquiring about the object of his visit, he replied that he had come to see me. This was very evident, as he very attentively surveyed my person. As I had at that time a long black beard, I thought that might be one of the objects of attraction. Having feasted his eyes on myself, the family, and the various strange-looking articles constituting the furniture and ornaments of the house, he retired for the night to an outhouse, to which he was directed for that purpose. On a person being sent to offer him supper, we were informed that he had brought plenty of food with him. This was so unusual an occurrence in the conduct of visitors, that we were rather puzzled as to his real motive. Indeed we had not previously known an instance of the kind; for all our numerous native guests, noble or plebian, from far or near, were always a heavy tax upon our stores. Whoever they might be, they always came as hungry as hawks, and expected to be feasted by the missionary's bounty. His conduct divested us of all suspicion; and on the following morning we could not help looking on him and his attendants with more than

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No matter how nauseous a draught may be, they will lick their lips even after a dose of assafœtida. On one occasion I requested a man at a distance to send some one for medicine. He sent his wife; and having prepared a bitter dose, I gave it into her hand, directing her to give it in two portions, one at sunset, the other at midnight. She made a long face, and begged hard that he might take it all at once, lest they should fall asleep. I consented, when down went the portion into her stomach, when I exclaimed, "It is not for you." Licking her lips, she asked, with perfect composure of countenance, if her drinking it would not cure her husband.

usual interest. As he could understand the Sechuana language, he heard a little about the "one thing needful," though he appeared to listen to what was said to him on divine subjects without any attention. After remaining two days, he left, apparently much pleased with his visit. He asked nothing, but remarked on leaving, holding my hand in his, "I came to see you; my visit has given me pleasure; and now I return home." It was evident that the visit of this stranger was entirely one of curiosity; and I afterwards learned, that on a journey to see his friends on the Yellow River, he had seen one of the Wesleyan missionaries, which probably gave rise to the desire of visiting Motito and the Kuruman.

After some time he repeated his visit to our station, bringing with him a large retinue, which included his brother, their wives, and other relations. The journey occupied about five days on ox-back. Nothing could equal our surprise, when we discovered that he was not far from the kingdom of God, and that he was striving, or rather agonizing, to enter. All the powers of his soul seemed overwhelmed with the contemplation of the love of God. He had only to open his lips, and his tears would flow; his experience was simple, and his affection ardent. When asked the cause of his sorrow, he said, "When I first visited you I had only one heart, but now I have come with two. I cannot rest, my eyes will not slumber, because of the greatness of the things you told me on my first visit." It was evident that an especial blessing had descended on the seed sown at that time, though it was little more than the outlines of Christian doctrine. It also appeared, that during his solitary ride across the lonely plains, his mind became deeply interested in the subject. On his arrival among his own people, he not only began to teach them all he had heard, but he desired to affect their hearts; nor did he labour in vain. The efforts of this inquiring disciple were attended with a blessing. His brother, an intelligent man, had evidently derived benefit; while their wives, and others of his retinue, were so far interested in the subject, as to inquire, "What shall we do to be saved?" Their knowledge was scanty, and their views very imperfect, but they believed in the Divine Being, and that He sent His Son into the world to save sinners. These truths were the spring of their emotions, and they thirsted and sighed for further instruction, and more light on subjects of which they possessed but the glimmering rays. Delightful was our task to pour into their souls the light of heaven, and direct them to the Lamb of God. Their deportment was serious and devout, their attendance on public and private instruction incessant and unwearied.

They prolonged their stay, and when compelled to return, seemed anxious to linger a little longer. Their zeal and devotion afforded a fine example to others, and it greatly cheered our own souls. The few who could not understand Sechuana, were addressed through one of our members, who could speak the Coranna language. By this means they were all instructed, though, of course, but partially, in all the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel, and they returned home with hearts filled with joy. Before Mosheu left, he entreated me to visit his distant village. This, from a multiplicity of engagements, I could not promise to do soon. His affecting appeals and entreaties, however, overcame me, for holding my hand, and looking me earnestly in the face, he said again and again, "Just look at me, and try to refuse me if you can. There are many at home who cannot come so far, and I cannot remember all that I have heard; I shall forget some on the road." A considerable period elapsed before, from public work on the station, and from translating and printing, I could fulfil my promise. Thinking the time long, he was on his way with his friends to make another visit, but having heard at Motito that I was on a tour which would include his village, he returned, and waited my arrival with great anxiety.

On reaching his village after having travelled the whole day over a rough and bushy country, and walked much, I was fit only to throw myself down to sleep. The moment I entered the village, the hue-and-cry was raised, and old and young, mother and children, came running together as if it were to see some great prodigy. I received an affectionate welcome, and many a squeeze, while about five hundred human beings were thrusting themselves forward, each exerting himself to the utmost of his power, to get a shake of the hand. Some, who scarcely touched it, trembled as if it had been the paw of a lion. It was nearly midnight before they would disperse, but their departure was a great relief to a wearied man, for their exclamations of surprise and their bawling out to one another in two languages, was any thing but melodious. On awaking from a short sleep, and emerging from my canopy, before my eyes were thoroughly open, I was astonished to find a congregation waiting before the wagon, and at the same moment some individuals started off to different parts of the village to announce my appearance. All hastened to the spot; I confess I was more inclined to take a cup of coffee than to preach a sermon, for I still felt the fatigues of the preceding day. I took my Testament and a hymn-book, and with such singers as I had, gave out a hymn, read a chapter, and prayed; then taking the text, "God so loved the world," etc., discoursed to them for about an hour. Great order and profound silence were maintained. The scene was in the centre of the village, composed of Bechuana and Coranna houses, and cattle-folds. Some of these contained the cattle, sheep, and goats, while other herds were strolling about. At a distance a party were approaching riding on oxen. A few strangers drew near with their spears and shields, who, on being beckoned to, instantly laid them down. The native dogs could not understand the strange looking being on the front of the wagon, holding forth to a gazing throng, and they would occasionally break the silence with their bark, for which, however, they suffered the penalty of a stone or stick hurled at their heads. Two milk maids, who had tied their cows to posts, stood the whole time with their milking vessels in their hands, as if afraid of losing a single sentence. The earnest attention manifested exceeded any thing I had ever before witnessed, and the countenances of some indicated strong mental excitement. The majority of my hearers were Bechuanas, and but few of the Corannas could not understand the same language.

After service, I walked to an adjoining pool in the bed of the river to refresh myself with a wash, hoping on my return to get something like a breakfast, but found, owing to some mistake, that the kettle was not boiling. The people were again assembling, and again requested me to preach. On begging half an hour for refreshment, the chief's wife hobbled off to her house, and immediately returned with a large wooden vessel full of sour milk, saying, with a smile on her countenance, "There, drink away, drink much, and you will be able to speak long." Having cheerfully accepted this hasty African breakfast, I resumed my station, and preached a second time to, if possible, a still more attentive congregation. When I had concluded, my hearers divided into companies, to talk the subject over, but others, more inquisitive, plied me with questions. While thus engaged, my attention was arrested by a simple looking young man at a short distance, rather oddly attired. He wore what was once a pair of trowsers, with part of one leg still remaining. For a hat he had part of the skin of a zebra's head, with the ears attached, and something not less fantastic about his neck. I had noticed this grotesque figure before, but such sights are by no means uncommon, as the natives will hang any thing about their bodies, either for dress or ornament, without the slightest regard to appearance. The person referred to was holding forth with great animation to a number of people, who were all attention. On approaching, I found, to my surprise, that he was preaching my sermon over again, with uncommon precision, and with great solemnity, imitating as nearly as he could the gestures of the original. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than the fantastic figure I have described, and the solemnity of his language, his subject being eternity, while he evidently felt what he spoke. Not wishing to disturb him, I allowed him to finish the recital, and seeing him soon after, told him that he could do what I was sure I could not, that was, preach again the same sermon verbatim. He did not appear vain of his superior memory. "When I hear any thing great," he said, touching his forehead with his finger, "it remains there." This young man died in the faith shortly after, before an opportunity was afforded him of making a public profession.

In the evening, after the cows were milked, and the herds had laid themselves down in the folds to chew the cud, a congregation, for the third time, stood before my wagon. The bright silvery moon, holding her way through a cloudless starry sky, and shining on many a sable face, made the scene peculiarly solemn and impressive, while the deepest attention was paid to the subject, which was the importance of religion illustrated by Scripture characters. After the service, they lingered about the wagon, making many inquiries, and repeating over and over again what they had heard. Mosheu very kindly presented a sheep the evening before for myself and people, and the wives took care that we should not want milk. It had been a day of incessant speaking, and at a late hour I was thankful to retire to rest with the hum of voices around the wagon.

The following day, Monday, was no less busy, for though the wind was very high, so as to prevent a public service in the morning, I was engaged addressing different parties at their own dwellings, and teaching them to read. They thought that it would be a fine thing indeed to be able to read books in common with myself, and supposing that there was some royal road to learning, they very simply imagined the art could be acquired by a single exertion of the mental energies, or by some secret charm which they thought I might possess. I had administered medicine to some few sick, and one who was seriously ill derived much benefit from having a quantity of blood taken from her arm; and as doctors among the Bechuanas generally unite physic and charms, they very naturally thought that I might be able to charm the knowledge of reading into their heads. I also addressed those who knew only the Coranna language through an interpreter. When another deeply interesting evening service had closed, the people seemed resolved to get all out of me they could. All would learn to read there and then. A few remaining spelling-books were sought out, and the two or three young people I had with me were each enclosed within a circle of scholars all eager to learn. Some were compelled to be content with only shouting out the names of the letters, which were rather too small to be seen by the whole circle, with only the light of the moon. While this rather noisy exercise was going on, some of the principal men with whom I was conversing, thought they would also try their skill in this new art.

It was now late, and both mind and body were jaded, but nothing would satisfy them; I must teach them also. After a search, I found, among some waste paper, a large sheet alphabet, with a corner and two letters torn off. This was laid down on the ground, when all knelt in a circle round it, and of course the letters were viewed by some standing just upside down. I commenced pointing with a stick, and when I pronounced one letter, all hallooed out to some purpose. When I remarked that perhaps we might manage with somewhat less noise, one replied, he was sure the louder he roared, the sooner would his tongue get accustomed to the "seeds," as he called the letters. As it was growing late, I rose to straighten my back, which was beginning to tire, when I observed some young folks coming dancing and skipping towards me, who, without any ceremony, seized hold of me. "Oh, teach us the A B C with music," every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded.

The tune of "Auld lang syne" was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices till every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heartfelt satisfaction. The longer they sang the more freedom was felt, and Auld lang syne was echoed to the farthest corner of the village. The strains which infuse pleasurable emotions into the sons of the north, were no less potent among these children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening's slumbers, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; "for music," it is said, "charms the savage ear." It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste, which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished by melody and softness. After two hours' singing and puffing, I obtained permission, though with some difficulty of consent, and greater of egress, to leave them, now comparatively proficient. It was between two and three in the morning. Worn out in mind and body, I lay myself down in my wagon, cap and shoes and all, just to have a few hour's sleep, preparatory to departure on the coming day. As the "music hall" was not far from my pillow, there was little chance of sleeping soundly, for the young amateurs seemed unwearied, and A B C to Auld lang syne went on till I was ready to wish it at John-o'-Groat's house. The company at length dispersed, and awaking in the morning after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming their alphabet over again.

Before my departure I collected the people once more, and gave them some general directions how to act in their isolated position, so as to benefit by what they had heard; recommending, if it were quite impracticable for them, as a body, to remove to the vicinity of a missionary station, to visit either ours at the Kuruman, or that at Motito, and both when convenient, and concluded by strongly pressing on the minds of all, the importance of acquiring the knowledge of reading, and urging the Corannas to acquire the Sechuana language. While here I received a message from a distant Coranna village, in the form of a memorial, from the chiefs and people, to go and stay some time with them, and make books in their language, as I had done in the Sechuana. From these messengers I could gather, that they supposed that to reduce their click-clack language into writing, and to make books, would be the work of only a few days. This induced me to be the more earnest with those who were living in contact with the Bechuanas, and had become partially acquainted with their language, to cultivate the same with increasing diligence.

Having made all necessary arrangements, I departed The whole population of the village accompanied me to a considerable distance, when they all stood gazing after me till my wagon was concealed from their view by a thicket of acacias. The solitary ride afforded time for reflection, and improvement of the past. I felt my heart overflow with gratitude for what God had permitted me to witness during those three days. I felt assured some good had been done, and it has often afforded pleasurable emotions to look back on the dawn of the emergence of immortal beings from the moral darkness of many generations.

Mosheu and his people made very pleasing advances in Christian knowledge, and so eager were they to benefit by the instructions of the missionaries, that at a considerable sacrifice of time and comfort, they made frequent journeys to the Kuruman. It was an interesting spectacle to see forty or fifty men, women, and 'children, coming over the plain, all mounted on oxen, and bringing with them a number of milch cows, that they might not be too burdensome, either to the missionaries or the people. Their object was to obtain instruction; and they would remain at Motito and the Kuruman for more than two months at a time, diligently attending to all the opportunities afforded; and Andries, the brother of Mosheu, being the more talented individual, was soon after appointed schoolmaster, and under his humble and devoted labours they made wonderful progress. What they valued for themselves they were anxious to secure to their children, and Mosheu left his daughter to the care of Mrs. Moffat, for education, while Andries committed his son to that of Mr. Lemue, at Motito, both of whom made most satisfactory progress, not only in reading and writing, but the daughter in needlework, and in general domestic employments. On her return from Cape Town, when the author came to England, she died of the measles, after giving most pleasing evidence that she was prepared for the great change. Mr. Lemue, who visited her father's village shortly after this event, remarks in a letter, how forcibly his mind was struck with the mighty change Christianity had produced on a people who, when sorrowing without hope would have revolted at the idea of visiting a spot where the remains of a dear relative lay, but who could now, looking forward to immortality, sit on the grave of one beloved, and with hallowed pleasure talk of the "rest that remains for the people of God," and the certain prospect of meeting her in the heavenly world.

In consequence of the locality of Mosheu's people, the distance from our station being one hundred and fifty miles, they have been given over to the Paris Society, and a missionary went a year ago to reside among them. To this brief detail, the following fact may be added, which has been communicated since my visit to England. This little Christian band had met, on a sabbath morning, with the people in the centre of the village, to hold the early prayer-meeting before the services of the day.* They were scarcely seated, when a party of marauders approached from the interior, whither they had gone for plunder, and not having succeeded to their wishes, had determined to attack this Coranna village on their return. Mosheu arose, and begged the people to sit still and trust in Jehovah, while he went to meet the marauders. To his inquiry, what they wanted, the appalling reply was, "Your cattle; and it is at your peril you raise a weapon to resist." "There are my cattle," replied the chief, and then retired and resumed his position at the prayer-meeting. A hymn was sung, a chapter read, and then all kneeled in prayer to God, who only could save them in their distresses. The sight was too sacred and solemn to be gazed on by such a band of ruffians: they all withdrew from the spot, without touching a single article belonging to the people.

Before closing the account of the Bechuana mission, it will be proper to state, that during the years 1837, 1838, a rich blessing descended on the labours of the brethren at home, at the out-stations, and, indeed, at every place where the Gospel was read and preached. Large additions of Bechuanas to the church at Griqua Town have already been noticed; and in 1838, great accessions were made to that of the Kuruman. Under the very efficient and assiduous superintendance of Mr. Edwards, the number of readers connected with the mission had increased in equal ratio; while the Infant School, commenced and carried on by Mrs. Edwards, with the assistance of a native girl, gave the highest satisfaction. The people made rapid advances in civilization; some purchasing wagons, and breaking in their oxen for those labours which formerly devolved on the female sex. The use of clothing became so general, that the want of a merchant was greatly felt, to supply the demands for British commodities. This induced us to invite Mr. D. Hume, in whom we placed implicit confidence, who had already traded much with the natives, and travelled a great distance into the interior, to take up his constant abode on the station for that purpose. He built himself a house, and the measure has succeeded beyond our expectations. Mr. H. had also rendered a very considerable amount of gratuitous labour, in assisting the late Mr. Hugh Millen in raising the walls of the chapel, and subsequently in finishing it. The place of worship was so far in readiness, that it was opened in November, 1838. This was a deeply interesting season to all, and especially to the missionaries and the church which has been gathered from among the heathen. Between eight and nine hundred entered those walls, now sacred to the service of Jehovah. A deep sense of the Divine presence was felt during the services on that memorable occasion. The Rev. P. Lemue, of Motito, took part with the resident missionaries in the solemnities. In the afternoon of the following sabbath, one hundred and fifty members united in commemorating the dying love of Him who had redeemed them by his blood, and brought them, by his providence and grace, from tribes—some very distant—to participate in the heavenly banquet. Many, with eyes suffused with tears, compared their present happy condition with the ignorance and degradation from which they had been graciously delivered. The church has since increased to two hundred and thirty.

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* When Andries was once asked by the author how they spent the sabbath, he replied with great simplicity, "We read much in God's word, and pray and sing, and read again, and again, and again, and explain what we know to those who do not understand the Sechuana language."

Mothibi, the chief of the Batlapis, had long turned a deaf ear to the invitations of the Gospel, and his declining years and fading faculties led us to fear that he was following some of his contemporaries who had died without hope, after having possessed abundant means of becoming wise unto salvation. By a letter, however, lately received from Mr. Edwards, we have the following delightful intelligence, which cannot fail to proclaim to all the potency of the everlasting Gospel to one who was truly subdued by it in the eleventh hour. Two of his sons, with their wives, were already members of the church; and Mahuto, his wife, was some years ago baptized by the Griqua Missionaries.

"Mothibi, our old king, feeble from age, stood forth with others to make a public profession of his faith, by being baptized. He has for some time been reckoned among the dead; his people viewing him as one of the past generation. I had heard, a few months before he last visited us, that he was becoming much concerned about the state of his soul, and could no longer conceal his fears, which only increased the longer he kept silent. Being quite overwhelmed, he made known his alarm to the believers, and requested their counsel and sympathy. Monsanyane, the native reader at his residence, was made useful to him. Mothibi at length urgently entreated his sons 'to take him to Kuruman, to see his own missionaries:' immediately on his arrival, he bent his feeble steps to the mission house. Never before, I believe, did he visit a missionary with so much anxiety and diffidence. I found him not inclined to speak much, but rather to hear what might be said to him. He said, however, that 'he had come to speak about his soul—that he was an old man, great from age, but without understanding: there is nothing left,' he exclaimed, 'but my old bones and withered skin; I heard "the word" from the beginning (twenty-five years ago,) but never understood, and now have no rest night nor day; my soul is sorrowful, and burning with anguish; my heart is sick, and rises into my throat; my mind is dark, and my memory cannot retain the good word; but though it forsakes me, it does me good; it leaves something behind in my soul, which I cannot explain, but which causes me to hope. I wish to cast myself at the feet of Jesus the Son of God, in hope and expectation that he will have mercy on me. I feel that it will be my wisdom to sit at the feet of believers, who are grown to manhood in knowledge, to be ever instructed by them in the paths of duty and salvation.'

"On inquiring among those who had observed him of late, I found that they all thought favourably of him, for they had seen him weep repeatedly over his sins, and his lost state as a sinner. He expressed ardent desires to live and die at the feet of Christ, and to be united to his people; and there being no scriptural objection, he was proposed, and received by the church in this place. Though the rightful chief of 20,000 Bechuanas, Mothibi stood with as much humility, as others of his people beside him, whom he formerly considered as his 'servants' or 'dogs,' to receive the ordinance of baptism. He may not be a bright star among the believers, but if enabled to follow up his desire, 'to live and die at the feet of Jesus,' though he go halting the few remaining days of his life, he will be at last received to glory, a monument of what grace can do even in the eleventh hour."

In reference to this pleasing event, Mr. Hamilton remarks, "Things are now coming to close quarters. The surrounding heathen chiefs are in a state of consternation, at the father of their cause embracing the faith, and becoming a little child in the kingdom of God; and on being assured that this is really the case, shake their heads as mournfully as if he were dead."

It is a remarkable fact, that some of the heathen chiefs, upwards of one hundred miles distant, are opposed to the introduction of the Gospel among their people, though they view missionaries as their benefactors, receive them with civility, and attend upon their ministry; when, at the same time, those of more distant tribes are anxiously desiring to have missionaries both for themselves and their people. To us this is not at all surprising, the latter being sensible only of the temporal benefits enjoyed by those who have received the Gospel, but comparatively ignorant of the strict requirements of the word of God; while such as live nearer, and have mingled with Christians, often have the enmity of their carnal hearts aroused by witnessing the havoc it makes among their heathenish customs and darling sins, without having tasted the blessedness of being turned from them to serve the living God.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Having already exceeded the limits of the present work, the Author feels it necessary to confine the different subjects on which he intended to dilate within a very narrow compass. It is with the greatest satisfaction he refers to the French and Wesleyan brethren in the Basuto country, south-east of the Kuruman, whose labours have been abundantly blessed, not only in that district, but to the borders of the Colony. Mosheshe, king of the Basutos, had long desired to receive a missionary, in order to procure for his subjects those advantages which he had heard other tribes had derived from the residence of a missionary among them. After long reflection, in 1833, he sent two hundred oxen to some of his servants, ordering them to go and find the great chief of the white people, and obtain from him, in exchange for the cattle, men capable of instructing his subjects. His servants obeyed; but, after a few days' march, they fell in with some Corannas, who deprived them of their cattle. This adverse circumstance did not discourage Mosheshe; for, having heard that a Griqua from our missionary station at Philippolis was hunting in his dominions, he sent for him, inquired respecting the object and labours of the missionaries, and entreated the stranger's assistance in the accomplishment of his wishes. This was promised; and on the Griqua's return to Philipolis, he related the affair to his missionary; and it is worthy of remark, that just at this juncture three missionaries from the Paris Society arrived at the station. They were on their way to the Bechuanas beyond the Kuruman; but, on learning this circumstance, they could not but consider it as an unequivocal call, which they were bound to obey. That was a part of the country which had been but little traversed by Europeans, and had been made the theatre of crime and bloodshed by the Bergenaars. The brethren arrived in July, 1833, when Mosheshe gave them a most friendly reception, and assisted in selecting a suitable spot for a mission station, which they called Morija. Messrs. Casalis, Arbousset, and Gosselin, commenced this important mission, and they now exert an influence over at least twelve thousand souls. Public worship is well attended, and the Sabbath punctually observed, by those of the people who make a profession of the Christian religion. The unremitting and self-denying labours of these valuable men have been remarkably blessed, and their hands have been strengthened by additional labourers from the same Society. They have translated portions of the word of life into the native language. The influence exerted by Mosheshe over the minds of the people has been a most effective auxiliary to the labours of our brethren. The following remarks, in a speech of his, taken from the journal of J. Backhouse, Esq., who himself heard it, will show that he is a man of considerable talent:—

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* Mr. Edwards accompanied by one of the younger missionaries has lately gone into the interior, with the prospect of commencing a mission among the Bakone tribes.

> "Rejoice, you Makare and Mokatchani! you rulers of cities, rejoice! We have all reason to rejoice on account of the news we have heard. There are a great many sayings among men. Among them some are true, and some are false; but the false have remained with us, and multiplied; therefore we ought to pick up carefully the truths we hear, lest they should be lost in the rubbish of lies. We are told that we have all been created by one Being, and that we all spring from one man. Sin entered man's heart when he ate the forbidden fruit, and we have got sin from him. These men say that they have sinned; and what is sin in them is sin in us, because we come from one stock, and their hearts and ours are one thing. Ye Makare have heard these words, and you say they are lies. If these words do not conquer, the fault will lie with you. You say you will not believe what you do not understand. Look at an egg! If a man break it, there comes only a watery and yellow substance out of it; but if it be placed under the wings of a fowl, there comes a living thing from it. Who can understand this? Who ever knew how the heat of the hen produced the chicken in the egg. This is incomprehensible to us, yet we do not deny the fact. Let us do like the hen. Let us place these truths in our hearts, as the hen does the eggs under her wings; let us sit upon them, and take the same pains, and something new will come of them."

Mosheshe's son is a convert, and several have been admitted into church fellowship. In 1840 they had a large number of candidates. "Thus," they write, "the hope of the missionary has not been deceived; for under the influence of Christianity there has been effected a sensible amelioration in the mind, character, and manners of the natives." Nor can we overlook the remarkable successes which have crowned the labours of Messrs. Rolland and Pellissier, of the same Society, located among the Bechuanas of the Caledon River.

The Wesleyans had laboured among the Barolongs alternately at Makuase, Platberg, and Boochap, on the Yellow River, and eventually removed with their people to the Newlands, in the country of the Basutos. Among the Barolongs, Basutos, Mantatees, and Corannas, they have flourishing stations, and the Divine blessing evidently rests upon their labours. Chapels have been erected at all the principal places. A printing press is in operation, the work of civilization is advancing, and youths are under tuition for native agency, on which subjects copious information is before the public.

It is impossible to look to the noble band of Church, Wesleyan, and Baptist missionaries, on the west coast, without being compelled to acknowledge the special blessing from on high which has rested upon their labours; and to admire the zeal of these men of God, who, with their lives in their hands, venture on those pestiferous shores. The result of their truly self-denying labours at once solves the problem: it is now demonstrated that the Gospel can transform these aceldamas, these dens of crime, weeping, and woe, into abodes of purity, happiness, and love.

I leave these details of missionary labour to the judgment of the reader, who must now be in some measure acquainted with the character and extent of the operations of the London Missionary Society, as well as those of others, on behalf of the greatly injured and still suffering tribes of Southern Africa. From what has been stated, it must be evident, that if the tribes which still survive the devastations to which they have been exposed, are to be saved from annihilation, it must be by the diffusion of the Gospel. It is omnipotent; and if we had only a tithe of the money which is expended on the defence of our colonies against incursions of barbarous nations, we could adopt those means which, under the promised blessing of Him who holdeth the reins of universal sway, and who willeth that all should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved, would bring them under the reign of the Prince of Peace. And melancholy as is the past history of Africa, we are fully warranted to anticipate that the warlike and savage tribes of that immense continent will ere long present a scene, in the intelligence, holiness, and happiness of its regenerated nations, which will far exceed the most sanguine expectations of those who have laboured, and are still labouring, in behalf of her afflicted children. If we bring within the mind's view the history of that vast portion of our earth,—to only one speck on the surface of which the author has been directing the attention of the reader,—can we refrain from exclaiming, O Africa! how vast, how overwhelming thy burden! How numberless thy wrongs,—the prey of fiendish men,—the world's great mart of rapine, bondage, blood, and murder! On no part of earth's surface, in no state or condition of mankind, can we find a parallel to thy woes! Thy skies have been obscured with smoke of towns in flames!—thy lovely landscapes and sunny groves transformed to lions' dens!—thy burning deserts bedewed with the agonizing tears of bereaved mothers!—and thy winds have re-echoed back to thy blood-stained soil the orphan's cry, the widow's wail!

There is yet hope for Africa. The deep groan of her untold sorrows has been responded to by the sympathies of the British heart. Her almost boundless plains have invited the enterprise of nations; a vast amount of property has been expended, and a still greater sacrifice of life and talent has been made, to heal her bleeding wounds; but are these to suffice, or have we paid the debt we owe? Are we, on slight discouragement, to abandon the noble project of Africa's salvation? Have all the energies which have been employed been spent in vain? Surely not. They have been the developments of moral worth, the results of Christian philanthropy. We have thereby become better acquainted with her real condition, more conversant with her wrongs, and more convinced that it is to the everlasting Gospel we must look, as the instrument to chase away the mass of darkness brooding on her bosom. Yes, her unknown regions must be explored by the messengers of the churches, and her vast moral wastes must be watered by the streams of life. The truth of God is the grand engine by which the demon of slavery will be repelled from her shores, and her sable sons and daughters made to sit under their own vine and fig-tree,—when her ransomed millions shall reiterate from shore to shore her jubilee.

Yes even now thy beams
Suffuse the twilight of the nations. Light

Wakes in the region where gross darkness veiled
The people. They who in death's shadow sat
Shall hail that glorious rising; for the shade
Prophetic shrinks before the dawning ray
That cast it: forms of earth that interposed
Shall vanish, scattered like the dusky clouds
Before the exultant morn; and central day,
All shadowless, even to the poles shall reign.
Volume of God! thou art that eastern star
Which leads to Christ; soon shall thy circuit reach
Round earth's circumference, in every tongue,
Revealing to all nations—what the heavens
But shadow forth—the glory of the Lord.*

Although the noble scheme of ascending the Niger, for the purpose of scattering the blessings of peace and plenty in the centre of Africa, has in a measure failed, it has taught the world what England can do, and what she is ready to do again. It has taught the Africans that their cause is not forgotten at the foot of the British throne, and that it has pledged itself to encourage every project calculated to bring about the anticipated event, when Ethiopia will stretch forth her hands unto God. This subject has occupied the attention of the noblest minds in our kingdom, and the excellent of the earth are generally agreed that, in order to civilize we must evangelize Africa. Nothing can be more to the point than the following extract from the valuable work on the Slave Trade, and its Remedy, by Sir T. F. Buxton, who has so long laboured with intense interest to alleviate the sad condition of untutored minds, and to eradicate "that gigantic and accursed tree which for ages has nourished beneath its shadow, lamentations, mourning, and woe." "Nationally and religiously the duty is plain," continues that great philanthropist: "we have been put in trust with Christianity; we have been the depositaries of a pure and holy faith, which inculcates the most expanded benevolence; and yet have not only neglected, as a nation, to confer upon Africa any real benefit, but have inflicted upon it a positive evil. Covetousness has dimmed our moral perceptions of duty, and paralysed our efforts during many generations; and now that the nation has awakened from its lethargy, it is high time to act up to the principles of our religion.

"Africa still lies in her blood. She wants our missionaries, our schoolmasters, our Bibles—all the machinery we possess, for ameliorating her wretched condition. Shall we, with a remedy that may safely be applied, neglect to heal her wounds? Shall we, on whom the lamp of life shines, refuse to disperse her darkness?

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* "Star in the East," by Josiah Conder, Esq.

"If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels of mercies; we must awake to the duty, amidst every difficulty, of freely and liberally distributing to others those rich and abundant blessings which have been entrusted to us.

"Missionaries find less difficulty than any other class of persons, perhaps, in winning the confidence of the native tribes. The secret of their success is the spirit of fair dealing, and the manifestation of upright and benevolent intentions which they carry with them. These speak to all men, but especially to the uncivilized, in a language which they accurately comprehend, and to which they freely respond."

These principles speak for themselves, and they ought to speak; for the destinies of unborn millions, as well as the millions who now exist, are at stake. To rescue Africa from the abyss of misery in which she has been plunged, as the same able advocate writes, "Let missionaries and schoolmasters, the plough and the spade, go together, and agriculture will flourish, the avenues of legitimate commerce will be opened, confidence between man and man will be inspired, whilst civilization will advance as the natural effect, and Christianity operate as the proximate cause of the happy change."

The preceding chapters show what has been accomplished among the tribes in the southern portions of this vast continent. What now remains to be done, but to go up and take possession of the land? The means have been described, and our prospects are inviting; avenues have been opened up; translations of the word of God have been made into different languages;* a native agency is in operation. The once enslaved negroes of the slave-cultured islands of the west, unmanacled, and freemen in the Lord, are now ready to go and proclaim the liberty of the Gospel to their captive brethren, while creation is groaning for her redemption. We are warranted to expect, from what has already occurred, great and glorious results, as the consequence of the simple distribution of scriptural truth, and the influence of that truth in connexion with native agency. When only the Gospel of Luke was printed in the language, and the first edition of Scripture lessons had been put into the hands of the natives, Mr. Hughes, writing to the author from an out-station, made the following striking remarks:—

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* Since the author arrived in England, he has been enabled, by the munificence of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to carry through the press a translation of the New Testament and the Psalms in the Sechuana language, some thousands of which have been sent out to the interior of Southern Africa, to supply the increasing wants of a people rapidly acquiring the art of reading; thousands of them being able already to read in their own language the wonderful works of God. A large edition of the Scripture Lessons has also been printed, the whole expense of which has been defrayed by a number of the Society of Friends. Numerous elementary works and tracts have emanated from printing presses in the Bechuana country.

"The good work here is making progress. What has been accomplished by feeble means (in our eyes) makes me exclaim, 'What hath God wrought?' The sword of the Spirit is truly in unskilled hands, but it hath shown itself two-edged. Its success here is evidently not owing to the hand that wields it, but to its own native power and destination from above. Jesus and the apostles teach here without any human infirmity intruding between them and the hearts of the hearer. The great principles of the Bible Society are exemplified here, the simple reading and study of the Bible alone will convert the world. The missionary's work is to gain for it admission and attention, and then let it speak for itself. The simplicity of means in connexion with the greatness of the effect, is quite in character with its Divine Author. To Him be all the praise."

The vast importance of having the Scriptures in the language of the natives, will be seen when we look on the scattered towns and hamlets which stud the interior, over which one language, with slight variations, is spoken as far as the Equator. When taught to read they have in their hands the means not only of recovering them from their natural darkness, but of keeping the lamp of life burning even amidst comparatively desert gloom. In one of my early journeys with some of my companions, we came to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River, between Namaqua-land and the Griqua country. We had travelled far, and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued. From the fear of being exposed to lions, we preferred remaining at the village to proceeding during the night.

The people at the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons which still remained on my jacket for a little milk; this also was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. We found it difficult to reconcile ourselves to our lot, for in addition to repeated rebuffs, the manner of the villagers excited suspicion. When twilight drew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand, and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire, and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent till affectionately entreated to give us a reason for such unlooked for kindness to strangers. The solitary tear stole down her sable cheek, when she replied, "I love Him whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place." On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the life of God in her soul in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years previous, before she had been compelled by her connexions to retire to her present seclusion. "This," she said, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil which makes my lamp burn." I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive how I felt and my believing companions with me, when we met with this disciple, and mingled our sympathies and prayers together at the throne of our heavenly Father. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN!

THE END.

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